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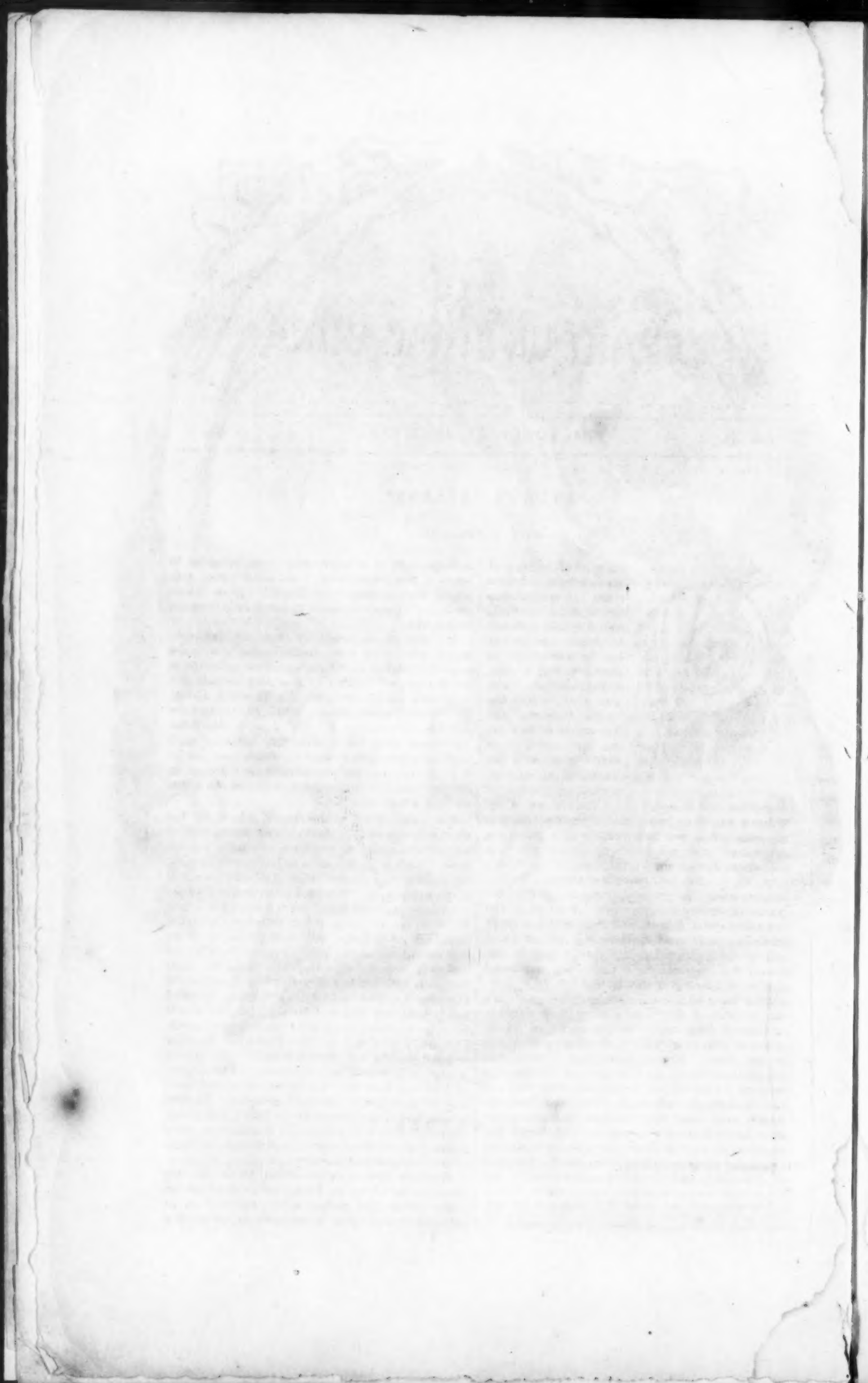




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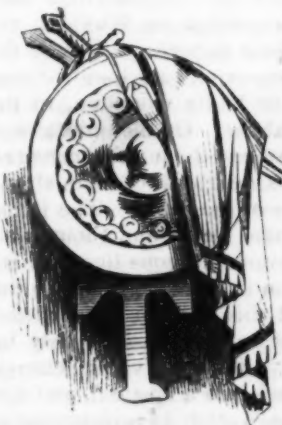
VOL. XI.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1852.

No. 1.

## ANDREW JACKSON.\*

BY J. T. HEADLEY.



HE spirit of faction is always unjust, and often cruel. A spotless character, and a life of self-sacrifice and devotion to others, cannot allay its resentment, or shame it into honour. It was, therefore, doubtless, well for both Generals Harrison and Taylor, that they fell on the threshold of their political life. They had already experienced enough of

detraction and injustice to convince them of the untiring hatred of party spirit. General Jackson not only tasted the bitter cup which an unjust opposition presented to his lips, but drank it to the dregs, during the eight years of his stormy presidency. But now, each succeeding year that sweeps over his grave, obliterates some of the marks of former struggles, and former hate, and retouches those half-effaced lines which a grateful nation had traced to his memory, and which will be read with pride and love, when the animosity that obscured them shall be remembered only to be pitied and condemned.

In 1765 a transient vessel modestly crept into the harbour of Charleston, having on board a number of emigrants, who had fled from persecution in the old world, to find shelter and repose in the new. Among them was a Protestant family from the north of Ireland, by the name of Jackson. Like all the Protestants from that section of Ireland, they were descended from the Scotch, who came over to settle on lands confiscated by the English government. This family consisted of Andrew Jackson, his wife, and two sons, Hugh and Robert. The father was the youngest of four sons, and though unaccustomed to the

management of a large, wild farm, resolved to leave a land torn with civil dissensions, and vexed and outraged by English injustice, and make for himself a home in the distant colonies of America.

He was accompanied by three of his neighbours, who, with him, disliking the low lands near the coast around Charleston, passed north, to the borders of North Carolina, and settled in a wild and remote spot, on the Waxhaw Creek. Two years after, March 15th, 1767, Andrew Jackson, the subject of this sketch, was born. The father lived but a short time after the birth of the son who was to bear his name, and render it immortal, leaving the disconsolate widow to struggle with the difficulties that attend the settlement of a new country.

The property left to the family, was small, but by the energy of Mrs. Jackson and her two older sons, it was made to yield a comfortable subsistence. Such a mother as watched over the opening existence of the fatherless Andrew, is seldom given to children. Like the mother of the young Napoleon, she was gifted with a strong intellect, while, in the strictness of her religious principles, fixedness of purpose, and fearlessness of heart, she resembled the old Covenanters, from whom she was descended. Had she lived in those troublous times of her church, when the sword of Claverhouse was making the hills of Scotland ruddy with the blood of its children, she would have been among the first to resist the oppressor, even at the cost of her life. From her, Andrew derived his daring spirit, inflexible will, tireless energy, and hatred of oppression. The history of both her Irish and Scotch ancestors, had been one of wrong and cruelty inflicted by English power, and as she recounted the past to her listening child, deep and permanent impressions were made that no change of circumstances or time could afterwards obliterate.

Whether there was something about this, her youngest born,—in his flashes of youthful genius—the fervid and daring spirit, which even in boyhood would often burst forth, or whether a

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by J. T. HEADLEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



YOUNG JACKSON VIEWING THE SLAUGHTER AT WAXHAW.

deeper love, clinging around the child of her bereavement, who bore the name of her lost companion, influenced her determination, at all events, she resolved, limited as her means were, to give him an education. True to the faith of her fathers, she dedicated him to God. That bright young intellect, whose development she watched with such maternal solicitude, must bestow its powers on no mere worldly object, and she resolved that he should become a herald of the cross—little thinking how soon that voice, instead of uttering accents of mercy, would ring loudest on the battle field.

Amid the peaceful studies of Waxhaw academy, to which Andrew had been sent to commence his education, passed the first years of his boyhood. While here, the Revolution broke out, and though the conflict was principally in the northern colonies, still the war notes which a free people uttered, found an echo in the bosoms of the inhabitants of South Carolina, and the battles of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill,—the news of the disastrous campaign that followed,—the brilliant movement of Washington on Trenton,—the toils and sufferings of the American soldiers,—the battle of Saratoga, and the surrender of Burgoyne, fanned the flames of patriotism, and filled the hearts of young and old with a burning desire to strike one blow for their common country. Nor had they long to wait, for the desolating tide of war, soon rolled south, and the rallying notes of the bugle rang through the pine woods of Carolina.

In 1778, Savannah was taken, and the next spring the British troops passed over into South Carolina. They were met by the hardy yeomanry, among whom was Hugh Jackson, the elder brother of Andrew. He fell in his first battle, at Stono overcome by the heat and labour of the day.

The next year Charleston surrendered, and the British army, in three strong columns, pierced the state in three different directions. Colonel Buford, with four hundred men, slowly retired before the column under Cornwallis, who, hearing of the presence of his adversary, despatched Colonel Tarleton

with two hundred and seventy dragoons, in pursuit. Colonel Buford was overtaken at Waxhaw, the home of Andrew, and cut to pieces. Out of the four hundred in his command, two hundred and sixty were left dead, or badly wounded, in the peaceful village of Waxhaw. On the quiet green, along the rural street, around the humble cottages, lay the mutilated bodies, nearly all of them showing the ghastly wounds of the sabre. The fierce dragoons, with their bugle blasts, and shouts, and trampling steeds, had come and gone like a whirlwind, leaving desolation in their path, while the silence that succeeded this sudden uproar, and short, fierce death-struggle, was broken only by the groans of the dying. The little village church was immediately turned into a hospital, and the inhabitants vied with each other in ministering to the wounded.

Andrew was at this time but twelve years of age; but as he listened to the tumult of the battle, and afterwards gazed on the ghastly spectacle, his young heart kindled into rage, and in that dreadful hour, the soldier was born.

Not long after, as the marauders, under Lord Rawdon, advanced towards the settlements on the Waxhaw, marking their course with rapine and murder, Mrs. Jackson and her two remaining sons, together with most of the inhabitants, fled into North Carolina, where they remained till the British commander was recalled to Camden.

In July of this year (1780), General Sumter made his gallant but unsuccessful attack on the British at Rocky Mount. Soon after, he was reinforced by a party of Waxhaw settlers under Col. Davie, among whom were the two sons of Widow Jackson. Andrew, at this time, was but thirteen years old, and could scarcely stagger under the weight of his musket. It was sad to behold one so young marching to the carnage of battle; but there was a sublimity, a grandeur, about the gallant boy, that wins our highest admiration. It is a terrible thing to have such a child cast into the midst of strife and bloodshed; and yet it is a noble spectacle to behold so young a heart laid on the altar of his country, so fresh a life offered a sacrifice to liberty.





JACKSON AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER TO JOIN THE PATRIOT ARMY.

It was hard for the solitary widow to part with her "Benjamin," the child of her love. As she strained him to her bosom, she thought of the hardships and toilsome march before him, and alas! of the battle-field on which, perchance, his pale and innocent cheek would be pressed in death, while his clotted locks lay trampled in the earth; yet, Spartan-like, she bade him, in God's name, go, and strike for the land of his birth.

On the 6th of August, General Sumter attacked the British post at Hanging Rock. At first, he was successful; but, owing to the insubordination of some of his troops, he was at length compelled to retreat. The young Jacksons were in Col. Davie's corps, which fought gallantly to the last. This was Andrew's first battle, and in it he showed the metal he was made of.

Soon after this engagement, he returned to his mother, who again fled for safety to North Carolina. Here they remained till February, when they once more recrossed the borders, in search of their home.

The conflict, which now raged with violence in the Carolinas, was not confined to British and Americans, but civil war broke forth in all its fury. Towns, and even families, were divided; and with the success of the British, the Tories increased both in numbers and boldness, and, in knowing the country thoroughly, rendered concealment on the part of the Whigs difficult. The patriotic inhabitants were compelled to be on their guard as much as if surrounded by hostile Indians. Andrew and his brother, therefore, with others, kept their horses and guns to be ready at a moment's warning for any enterprise that might offer itself. One night, a Captain Lands, an officer in the rebel army, came to the Waxhaw to spend a night with his family. Fearing his arrival might be known to the Tories, who would at once capture him, a guard of eight men volunteered to keep watch around the house. Andrew and his elder brother Robert were among the number.

No signs of disturbance having been seen during the evening, the party lay down on the floor of the house and went to sleep. One of

them, however, being a British deserter, and fearing re-capture, could not so easily compose himself.

The night wore on, and all was still without, save the music of running water; and everything betokened repose and safety. But, a little after midnight, the British deserter, who sat, wide awake, outside the door, thought he heard a noise near the stable, and, stealing cautiously out, saw a party of Tories stealthily approaching the house. Rushing back, he seized the person lying nearest the door by the hair, exclaiming, "The Tories are upon us! the Tories are upon us!" The sleeper thus suddenly aroused was the boy Andrew. Instead of showing the agitation natural to a lad of fourteen, he quickly snatched up his musket, and, running forth in the direction pointed out by the deserter, saw the dim outline of a body of men silently advancing. Resting his musket in the crotch of an apple tree, he stoutly hailed them. Receiving no answer, he hailed again, and, still receiving no reply, fired. A volley instantly followed, and the deserter fell dead by his side. The party, however, finding themselves discovered, halted, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. The house had a hall running directly through it, from east to west, with a door at either extremity. The party at which young Jackson fired was approaching the east door; but, in the mean time, another detachment had taken a slight circuit around the house, in order to stop the inmates from escaping by the west entrance. The latter, mistaking the volley which had been discharged at Jackson for that of a sallying party from the house, wheeled, and fired at their friends. In the mean time, Andrew had re-entered the house, and, running to the west door, began, with two others, to fire on the enemy. In a short time, both of his companions were shot down by his side; but the gallant boy, though alone, boldly maintained the contest. It was uncertain how this unequal conflict would end; when, suddenly, over the crack of musketry, there rang on the clear night air the shrill blast of a bugle, sounding the charge. The Tories, alarmed, turned and fled precipitately.



YOUNG JACKSON WOUNDED BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

Andrew expected every moment to hear the tramp of cavalry sweeping along the road; but no cavalry came, and he and his remaining friends kept undisturbed watch over their dead and wounded comrades till morning.

It turned out afterwards that Major Isbel, who was in the neighbourhood, had heard the firing, and, supposing that Captain Land's house was attacked, snatched down his bugle, and blew a charge to alarm the assailants, though he had not a man with him.

The coolness and self-possession of Andrew in this night attack exhibit a presence of mind and courage seldom witnessed in a tried soldier, and foreshadow the great commander.

In the mean time, Lord Rawdon, hearing that the stubborn and patriotic Waxhaw settlers had returned, despatched Major Coffin with a detachment of infantry and dragoons to capture them. The sturdy settlers were informed of their approach, but resolved to maintain their ground. Some forty of them assembled at the village meeting-house, and were waiting for a reinforcement which was momentarily expected, when the British detachment approached, with the Tories, dressed in the garb of settlers, in front. Deceived by their dress, the patriots supposed them to be friends, till they were about entering the village; when, discovering their mistake, they leaped upon their horses and fled. The dragoons, however, dashed in among them, and captured eleven out of the forty. The two Jacksons were among the number who escaped. Andrew and his cousin, Lieutenant Crawford, kept together; but, in galloping across a marshy field, the horse of the latter mired, and fell. Before he could recover himself, he was fired upon, wounded, and taken prisoner. Andrew kept on, and soon after encountered his brother, when the two continued their flight to Cain Creek, on the banks of which, in a dense thicket, they concealed themselves till next morning. Crouching like hunted panthers in their place of retreat, the two brothers passed a long and anxious night, and watched the sun struggling up through the tree-tops with longing eyes. They, however, dared not venture

out till late in the day; but, as hour after hour passed by, and they heard no sounds of pursuit, they finally resolved to sally forth in search of food, which they had not tasted since twelve o'clock the day before. The house of their cousin, Lieutenant Crawford, was near; and, leaving their horses tied in the thicket, they cautiously approached it. Unfortunately, a party of Tories had discovered their retreat, and immediately surrounded the house. Resistance and escape were alike hopeless, and they surrendered themselves prisoners. A scene of ruffianism and brutality followed. The house was sacked, the furniture destroyed, the clothes of the inmates torn in pieces, and every indignity put on the family of Mrs. Crawford, without a word of rebuke from the British officer in command. The latter, coolly seating himself, ordered Andrew to clean his boots. The fiery young republican, whose heart was swelling with suppressed wrath at the brutality he was compelled to witness, indignantly refused, when the dastardly officer struck at him with his sword. Andrew, throwing up his left arm to parry the blow, received it on his hand, which was nearly half severed. The officer then turned to the elder brother, Robert, and peremptorily commanded him to perform the menial service. Meeting with the same proud refusal, he, in his cowardly anger, laid open the head of the unarmed man with a sword-cut, inflicting a wound from which the sufferer never recovered.

After this exhibition of cowardice and ferocity, young Andrew, with his hand gashed and still bleeding, was placed on a horse and ordered to lead the way to the house of Major Thompson, a gallant Whig. He was told that if he flinched, or failed to do as he was directed, he would instantly be put to death. Forgetful of his wound, and scorning the threats of his captors, the noble boy thought only how he might save the American officer. Fearing the latter might be at home, he resorted to a stratagem, that seems marvellous in a lad only fourteen years of age. Surrounded by vindictive men,—assailed with threats of vengeance, and bleeding fast from a ghastly wound,



he still rose superior to the fear with which man is always able to overcome a child, and self-collected and reserved, plotted in their very midst, how he might thwart their plans. Knowing if he took the direct route to the house, their approach would not be discovered till it was too late for the fugitive to escape, he made a wide detour, and crossing fields and traversing patches of woods, at length came in sight of the building from an eminence half a mile distant. As he cast his anxious eye down, he saw Thompson's horse tied near the house,—a certain sign that the rider was within. The British dragoons immediately put spurs to their steeds, and dashed forward. But before they could reach the dwelling, Andrew, to his inexpressible delight, saw Thompson rush out, leap into the saddle, plunge boldly into the creek near by, and swim to the opposite shore. The latter, seeing the dragoons pause on the brink of the rapid stream, afraid to cross, turned and shouted back his curse and defiance, and then trotted leisurely away.

Andrew and his brother, with some twenty others, were then placed upon horses, and started for Camden, forty miles distant. No food or water was allowed the prisoners during the whole route—the attempt even to snatch a handful of water from the streams they forded on the way, was resisted with a brutality, that would put a savage to shame. Arriving at Camden, they were thrust, with two or three hundred others, into the redoubt which surrounded the jail, and left half-naked, and their wounds undressed, to suffer and to die. Andrew was separated from his brother and Lieutenant Crawford, when their relationship was discovered, while, to add still more to the horrors of his confinement, nothing but the most disgusting bread was allowed him for food.

One day as he sat by the entrance of his prison, basking in the warm sunshine of a spring day, the officer of the guard, struck by his boyish appearance, began to question him. To his surprise, the high-spirited lad, instead of complaining and appealing to his sympathy, boldly denounced the treatment he and his fellow-prisoners received, as inhuman, and unsoldierlike. A report was immediately made in the proper quarter, and meat was added to the rations, and comforts hitherto denied, were allowed.

While the boy hero was thus counting the hours of his weary prison-life, growing old before his time, he heard that General Greene was advancing to attack Camden—indeed was already encamped on Hobkirk Hill, only a mile from the town. Knowing that a battle would soon be fought, he determined, if possible, to witness it. From the eminence on which the jail stood, Hobkirk Hill, and Greene's encampment were in full view. But soon after the arrival of the American army, a high, tight plank fence was built around the redoubt, which effectually shut out all the surrounding country. Young Jackson, however, was not thus to be foiled, and having obtained an old razor, used by the prisoners to cut their provisions, he, on the night of the 24th of April, commenced his attack on the planks. While the rest of the prisoners were wrapped in slumber, he worked away, by the dim light of the stars, hour after hour, and at length, towards morning, succeeded in loosening a knot. Applying his eye to the aperture thus made, he found, to his

infinite joy, that he had a fine view of Greene's encampment. The next morning, ascertaining that Rawdon was about to issue forth with all his force and attack the Americans in their entrenchments, he mounted the redoubt and placed his eye at the knot-hole to watch the progress of events, while the prisoners gathered in a crowd below to hear his report. What hopes and fears alternately shook that young bosom as he watched the English column slowly ascending the hill, making straight for the heart of the American encampment. His eye gleamed and his voice trembled, as he saw the American pickets and advanced guard rapidly driven in, but when he heard the artillery of Greene open, and beheld the descending wings of the American army swoop like an eagle, on the contracted flanks of the enemy, crushing them in their headlong charge, a cry of joy startled the listeners below. And again, as he caught a glimpse of Washington's cavalry about to burst on the rear, he believed the battle gained. But the sudden unexpected panic of the veteran Maryland regiment, made the tide of battle again set against the patriot army, and at length, with grief and anguish unspeakable, he saw the latter rolled back, and disappear over the hill, while the English flag waved above the spot, where, in the morning, proudly floated the banner of his country.

That excited boy, watching from far the wavering fortunes of his country—a group of prisoners, standing breathless below, gazing intently on his form, to catch every word that fell from his lips, present one of the finest scenes to the imagination, which our history affords. Rebecca, leaning from the battlemented castle, looking down on the tumultuous fight at the base, and reporting its progress to the wounded Ivanhoe, as he tossed on his impatient couch, does not exhibit so much the true sublime, as this young republican, watching the progress of freedom's battle, and now in exultant, and now in mournful accents, reporting to the ragged, emaciated group beneath him, its changes and its disastrous issue.

Soon after the retreat of Greene, young Jackson was surprised to hear that his mother was in town. From the moment her boys were taken prisoners, she had not ceased to devise means for their release. She had lingered round their prison walls, and prayed and wept in secret, over their fate. At length, through her influence, an exchange was effected, and Andrew and Robert, together with five others, were set at liberty in return for thirteen British soldiers, who had been captured by a Whig. The spectacle those two sons presented to their mother, was enough to break her Spartan heart. The wound in Robert's head had never been dressed, and he looked haggard and wan, while the faces of both showed that they were infected with the small-pox. The hospital was the proper place for them instead of the highway, still they resolved to start for their home. They had means only sufficient to procure two horses, one of which was given to Mrs. Jackson, while Robert was placed on the other, supported by his fellow-prisoners. Young Andrew trudged along on foot, with every vein in him swelling with the fever of disease. This sad, sick group, presented a sorrowful aspect, as past desolated dwellings, and deserted hamlets, they slowly travelled back to their homes. The second day,





THE BOY JACKSON REPORTING TO HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE.

when within a few miles of the settlement, a sudden shower of rain overtook them, before they could reach shelter, which drenched the party to the skin, and drove the small-pox in on both the boys. They were immediately taken dangerously ill, and the disease combining with the putrid undressed wound, brought on inflammation of the brain in Robert, and in two days he was dead. Andrew became delirious, and nothing but the constant care and nursing of his afflicted mother, saved him from sharing the fate of his brother.

He had scarcely recovered his health, when this "mother of the Gracobi," forgetting her own sorrows in the sufferings of her countrymen, resolved, with four or five other ladies, to go to Charleston, and succour, if possible, their neighbours who were there confined on board a prison-ship.

Her last surviving child demanded her attention and care at home, but she had long since placed him, with her other children and herself, on the altar of her country, and the successive immolation of the victims could not swerve her great heart from the sacrifice.

Taking with them such supplies as they thought would be needed, these noble women commenced their long, tedious journey of nearly two hundred miles to Charleston. Having arrived there, they sought out the British commander, and asked permission to go on board the prison-ship and attend to the sick. Inhuman as the conduct of the British had been, it was not in the heart of man to refuse this request, and it was granted. The stench and filth and malignant sickness that made that prison-ship like the crowded hold of a slaver in the horrors of the middle passage, could not repel these angels of mercy from their kindly ministrings.

But Mrs. Jackson, weighed down with her heavy afflictions—having just arisen from the grave of one son and the sick bed of another—was not in a condition to combat successfully the effects of the putrid atmosphere in which she moved. She took the fever which was raging among the prisoners, sickened, and died. Stranger hands placed her in an unknown grave, and

though her son, in after years, could not do honour to her tomb, her memory has been enshrined in the hearts of millions.

Young Andrew was now alone in the world. Amid the utter desolation of his father's house, the orphan boy stood and surveyed, with an anxious heart, the world before him. Through what scenes of bloodshed, cruelty, oppression, and suffering; through what grievous afflictions he had passed! How they had developed his character and matured his mind before the time; so, that, although but a boy in years, he was a man in thought, energy, resolution, and resources.

But as he contemplated the devastation that had swept his home and left him alone in the world, he remembered the hand that had wrought it all. His father had been driven from the land of his nativity by English oppression; one brother had died on the battle-field, nobly repelling English invasion; another had sunk under English cruelty and barbarity; and, last of all, the mother he loved more than his life had fallen a victim to English inhumanity, and been buried in an unknown, unhonoured grave; and no wonder there became planted in his heart an inextinguishable hatred of the English nation. It had run up a long and bloody score, which, with the accumulated interest of years, that orphan boy was yet to wipe out with one terrible blow which should cover the British Isle with mourning.

After the death of his mother, he went to live with Major Thomas Crawford, and, still later, entered the family of Mr. White, an uncle of Mrs. Crawford. Camden having been evacuated by the enemy, the Waxhaw settlers were left unmolested. Many of the wealthiest citizens of Charleston, who fled when the city was captured, had taken up their residence at Waxhaw, with whom young Jackson became intimate. This led to habits of dissipation, and he soon squandered the little patrimony left by the family. At the close of the war, these wealthy and gay companions returned to Charleston. Mounted on a splendid horse, the last of his property, Jackson soon followed them to seek his fortune. In the hotel at which he stopped, he found some of them

engaged in a game of dice. In the recklessness of spirit, which had characterized him since he departed from the counsels of his mother, he staked his horse against a sum of money, and won. This sudden stroke of good fortune instead of intoxicating him, as it would have an ordinary character, sobered him. The youthful follies to which all are subject, and which, in his case, were the result of his lonely condition, and the excitement they furnished him, were suddenly thrown aside, and he resolved to change at once his whole course of life. Mounting his horse, he turned his head homeward, a wiser and a better youth. That long journey had not been in vain, for it had reformed him; and, day after day, as he rode thoughtfully towards home, the past came back with fresh sorrow, and the gentle pressure of a mother's influence was felt upon his heart, and he resolved to devote himself to the profession to which in his infancy she had dedicated him.

But after continuing his studies awhile, he changed his mind, and adopted the legal profession, as more congenial to his tastes. He removed to Salisbury, in his native State, where, in the winter of 1786, he was admitted to the bar. At this time, he was but nineteen years of age, yet by his energy, good conduct, and superior ability, he soon won the confidence and esteem of the most influential men of the State, and two years after, without solicitation on his part, was appointed by the Governor solicitor for the western district of Carolina, now the State of Tennessee. Crossing the mountains to Jonesborough, he remained there several months. He then visited the settlements on the Cumberland, where he found that the debtors, who composed a large portion of the population, had monopolized the services of the only lawyer in their district, and thus tied up the hands of their creditors. Of course the latter flocked around Jackson, and he issued seventy writs the morning after his arrival. The rude and fierce frontiers-men did not relish this interference with their plans, and they threatened him with personal violence if he did not desist. This was the last mode to be adopted successfully against such a man as Jackson, and he determined at once to remain. There being no hotels or boarding-houses in the settlement, he, together with Judge Overton, took up his residence in the family of Mrs. Donelson, a widow, near Nashville.

The animosity which his arrival had excited soon began to manifest itself in attempts to embroil him in quarrels, and thus drive him out of the country. Men who dared not attack the young Carolinian themselves, hired bullies, noted for their physical strength and brute courage, to do it for them. A flax-breaker—a huge, powerful man, of whom all the neighbourhood stood in awe—was first set upon him. Advancing in the full expectation of giving the young lawyer a sound drubbing, he was about to strike him; when the latter, whose rapid movements and almost ferocity of countenance when enraged took the sturdiest fighter all aback, seized the bully's winding-blades, that lay near, and beat him over the head with such violence that the bruised and astonished fellow begged lustily for quarter. He expected a regular fist-fight, and not such a fierce and murderous attack.

Not long after this, while he was attending

court in Sumner County, a noted fighter, whom he had never seen before, deliberately walked up to him and trod on his feet. Jackson immediately seized a slab that lay on the ground by his side, and, sending the end full against the fellow's breast, bore him heavily to the earth. The crowd standing around then interfered and separated them. But the baffled and enraged bully rushed to the fence, and, wrenching out a stake, came back on Jackson, swearing horribly, and threatening to dash out his brains. The crowd again attempted to interfere, when Jackson begged them to keep aloof, and let the villain come on. They immediately drew back; when, with his slab poised like a spear, and his gleaming eye fixed on that of his antagonist, he fiercely advanced upon him. The terrified man gazed for a moment on that embodiment of wrath, then, throwing down his stake, leaped over the fence, and ran for the woods. Physical force he understood, and had been accustomed to meet; but a human soul on fire with passion was something entirely new, and he dared not meet it. It was *man* taming a *brute* by his eye. Some natures are capable of an excitement that would paralyze a weak man, while the features transmit the passion to the senses with such vividness, that the beholder recoils from the expression as he would from a blow. Jackson was one of those; and when his excited soul flashed forth on his face, his brute antagonist forgot the slight frame before him:—nay, it swelled into gigantic proportions in his sight.

These efforts to intimidate the young solicitor were soon abandoned; for they found that the intimidation came from the other side.

Jackson's business at this time often required his presence in Jonesborough, two hundred miles distant. The only road to the place was but a half-beaten path, and led, most of the way, through an unbroken wilderness. Sometimes alone, with a rifle, hunting-knife, and saddle-bags, and sometimes with companions, he performed this tedious journey, which was frequently attended with great peril. Large bodies of Indians, acknowledging no sovereignty of the white man, then roamed unmolested the vast forests that covered the fertile plains of Tennessee; and it often required great care and skill to avoid being captured by them.

On one occasion, as Jackson, with three companions, was returning from Jonesborough, he reached one night, a little after dark, the east bank of the river Emory. Looking across, he saw on the opposite side the camp-fire of a large body of Indians. Immediately drawing back, and bidding his companions keep silent, he directed them to turn up stream, and, leaving the road in different places, so as to make three different trails, hurry on as fast as possible. They proceeded in this way for some time, and then reunited, and pushed eagerly forward all night and next day till two o'clock in the afternoon. At length, arriving at a point in the river where the current was not so rapid, Jackson resolved to cross. A raft of rough logs was soon constructed, on which the rifles, ammunition, baggage, &c., were placed. Jackson, with one of his companions, was to carry these across first, and then return for the horses. The place he had selected was just below the foot of one cataract, and near the brink of another. But no sooner was the raft





JACKSON PUTTING THE BULLY TO FLIGHT.

pushed adrift than it swept rapidly down stream, with a force the two navigators strove in vain to check. Finding they were driving steadily towards the brink of the cataract, Jackson wrenched loose one of the long, rude oars he had constructed, and, rushing to the stern, reached one end to the bank, down which his terrified companions were running, and bade them seize it and pull with all their might. They did so; and the raft struck the shore just as it was entering on the rapids above the waterfall. On being reprovved by his companions for his recklessness, Jackson smiled, and replied: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how near I can graze danger. Come on:—I will save you yet."

They continued on up stream, and next day, crossing at a ford, reached Nashville in safety.

At another time, he appointed a rendezvous with a party with whom he was to cross the wilderness; but being delayed by business, he did not arrive at the place till they had been gone nearly a day. Resolved, however, not to be left behind, he took with him a guide and travelled all night, and early in the morning came upon the smouldering camp fires around which they had slept. He was still pressing forward, when suddenly he discovered the trail of quite a body of Indians, evidently in pursuit of his unsuspecting friends ahead. Nothing daunted he kept on till he had nearly overtaken the savages. The guide then became alarmed, and refused to proceed further. Jackson coolly divided his provisions with him, and told him to return. Resolved that his fellow-travellers should not perish while there remained the least chance of his warning them of their danger, he continued cautiously to advance, revolving a thousand schemes how he should circumvent the savages. Presently he saw the trail turn off to the right. It flashed over him at once that they were endeavouring to get in advance, and lay in ambush for the unsuspecting party. He immediately gave spurs to his horse, and at length, a little before dark, came in sight of his friends encamped on the opposite bank of a deep and half-frozen stream. Their fires were already kindled for the night, and their

clothes and baggage spread out to dry. As they heard the plashing of his horse in the water, they sprang to their feet in alarm; but at sight of the intrepid young Carolinian, a joyful shout of welcome went up from the whole camp. The tidings he brought, however, soon dissipated their gladness; and in a few minutes the horses were re-saddled, and the whole party straining forward through the wilderness. They kept on all night without halting, and when daylight appeared, urged their jaded beasts to still greater speed. The day, however, was almost as gloomy as the night; the sky was overcast; not a breath of air disturbed the lofty tree-tops under which they passed, and that ominous silence which precedes a storm brooded over the solitude. At length the welcome sight of the log cabins of some hunters met their view, and they felt that protection from the Indians and shelter from the approaching storm were at last before them; but to their surprise and grief, and Jackson's indignation, both were refused them, and they were compelled to push on and bivouac in the forest. Jackson, who had not slept for two nights, wrapped his blanket around him, and throwing himself on the ground was soon fast asleep. Soon after the snow began to descend, silent and soft, on the sleepers, and when the young solicitor opened his eyes in the morning, he found himself covered six inches deep.

The Indians, when they discovered they had been baffled in their attempt to get in advance, pressed forward in pursuit till they arrived at the cabins of the hunters who had treated Jackson and his party so churlishly. Being met with the same inhospitality, a fight ensued, and the hunters were all massacred.

In these trips from Nashville to Jonesborough, Jackson's courage and presence of mind were constantly put to the proof, and he went through an excellent training for his after career in the war with the Creeks.

At this time he was in the full bloom of youth. Athletic, fearless, impetuous; filled with chivalric feeling; ever ready to succour the needy, his reputation spread far and wide among the settlers.



If a band of needy emigrants from the eastern slope required assistance on their way, he was the first to volunteer to go to their aid; if an expedition was to be fitted out against a tribe of marauding Indians, he was first at the rendezvous, and first in the assault on the hostile towns. The savages feared him, and gave him the name of "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow."

On one occasion he was accompanying a party of travellers from Nashville to Lexington, among whom was a lady going to join her husband. The intervening country was then a wilderness, which rendered it dangerous to travel except in parties of some size. The second night after they had started, the lady was taken so unwell that in the morning she was unable to proceed. The party, however, had no idea of stopping there till she recovered, and were preparing to depart without her. Jackson remonstrated with them against the brutality of leaving a woman unprotected in the wilderness. A son, who had been nurtured by such a mother as watched over his childhood, would never desert a woman in distress though a thousand deaths stared him in the face. To his amazement his appeals were received with cool indifference or silent contempt; and by their conduct they plainly told him he had better mind his own business. The whole nature of Jackson was suddenly aroused; his eye flashed fire, and seizing his rifle, he levelled it, swearing that he would shoot dead the first man who dared set foot in stirrup. Every feature of his countenance expressed the determination of his heart, and his well-known character forbade trifling. They then consented to remain a day, at the end of which time the lady was able to proceed.

At this period of his life, an event occurred which caused considerable excitement at the time, and many years after was the fruitful source of much slander and abuse. Mrs. Donelson, with whom Jackson boarded, had a daughter distinguished for her beauty of person, and engaging manners. She had married a Mr. Robards, whose character proved to be worthless and vile. After bearing patiently, for a long time, his violent outbursts of temper, and made to suffer from his vicious course of life, she left him, and returned to her mother. Jackson and Judge Overton occupied a cabin by themselves, but took their meals with the family of Mrs. Donelson. It was, therefore, natural and proper, that Jackson, then a young man, should become charmed with the society of Mrs. Robards. A reconciliation having been effected between her and her husband, by Judge Overton, the latter came to Nashville, and prepared to settle down as a farmer. His jealousy however was soon aroused at the intimacy that existed between Jackson and his wife, and caused much unhappiness in the family. Jackson being informed of it, changed his boarding place, hoping by this means, to allay the excitement. The state of things, however, not improving, he went frankly to Mr. Robards, and remonstrated with him on his causeless jealousy. But nothing could satisfy the suspicious husband, and he abruptly left, declaring he should never return. Mrs. Robards, indignant at the treatment she had received, and the implication cast upon her character, resolved that the separation should be final. Not long after, being informed that he intended to return, and take her to Kentucky, she determined to accompany Colonel Stark, an elderly gentleman,

and his family to Natchez, in order to avoid him. The Colonel, fearful of the Indians, requested Jackson to pilot him through the wilderness. As the latter was almost constantly called upon to perform this service for other travellers and emigrants, he did not see why he should refuse in this case, and he therefore accompanied them. This was unwise, and strengthened the suspicions that had already been whispered about. There is no doubt that he felt the attraction of a young and fascinating woman, and it is very probable she preferred the high-minded, chivalric Jackson, to her own vicious, cruel, and heartless husband. She ought to have done so at all events, but there was never the shadow of proof of criminality, and it would not have been safe for any one to have said so openly, within a hundred miles of where Jackson lived.

Robards being confirmed in his suspicions, by this departure of his wife under the protection of Jackson, applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a divorce,—at least such was the report,—and Jackson, on his return to Nashville, was told that the appeal had been granted. Resolved at once to vindicate the character of an injured lady, from the aspersion this divorce cast upon it, and at the same time to show the high estimation in which he held her,—prompted, no doubt, too, by his feelings, he immediately returned to Natchez, and offered himself to her. At first she refused him, but afterwards, overcome by his importunity and ardour, she relented, and they were married in the fall. To some the marriage was damning proof of guilt, while others saw in it the evidence of an attachment which had never been sullied by any outward improper act. It was one of those unfortunate occurrences which would be misconstrued, whatever the termination might be.

But there was another feature in this affair which chagrined Jackson much. On his return with the bride to Nashville he discovered that the act, which had passed the Virginia legislature, was simply one granting permission to bring a *suit* for divorce in Kentucky, and not a *bill* of divorce. He had married the wife of another man, to whom she was still bound by her marital vows. Luckily for him, however, the suit which had been brought in Kentucky just then terminated in favour of Robards, and the divorced wife was free. Jackson immediately took out a license, and was married over again.

Thus ended an affair which has since been so much distorted. The results to Jackson were of the happiest kind. The meek and gentle nature of his wife was just adapted to his impetuous, stormy, and yet, frank and generous spirit, and they lived long and happily together.

Notwithstanding the scandal and excitement which this affair had created, Jackson continued to increase in popularity and influence. Tennessee had been set off into a territory, of which he was appointed attorney-general. In 1796, when it was erected into a state, he was elected a member of the convention to frame a constitution. The next year he was chosen representative of Congress, and the year after, senator of the United States. He took his seat in November, but the following April, asked leave of absence and returned home. Soon after he sent in his resignation to the Legislature, which immediately appointed him Supreme Judge of the State, an



JUDGE JACKSON ARRESTING THE DESPERADO, BEAN.

appointment which he had not solicited, and which he accepted with great reluctance. He distrusted his own abilities for such a station, being then but thirty-one years of age. But, however much he might be wanting in experience he possessed some qualities exactly adapted to the rude and lawless inhabitants of the frontiers. One thing was certain, that law in his hands would not be a mere bit of parchment, nor its decisions allowed to be disregarded. This was of vital importance in a new country, where threats and violence often turned aside the course of justice, and weakened respect for the mandates of law.

His first court was held in Jonesborough where his executiveness was strikingly developed. Among other cases to be tried, was that of a ruffianly fellow, named Russell Bean, who, in a drunken fit, had cut off the ears of his infant child. He was a powerful, ferocious villain, and disdaining to flee, proudly paraded the court-yard, daring the sheriff to seize him. The latter, fearing to approach him, reported in Court that "Russell Bean would not be taken." Judge Jackson, with an emphasis now seldom used in court, rebuked the sheriff, and peremptorily ordered the arrest to be made, and if necessary to "summon the *posse comitatus*."

Soon after, the court adjourned for dinner; and, in the mean time, the sheriff summoned his "*posse comitatus*," and among them the judges themselves. The sheriff, doubtless, thought that they would refuse to obey the summons, and he would thus avoid the danger of attempting to arrest this armed and desperate man. He, however, very much miscalculated as to one of the judges; for Jackson, when the sheriff had finished reading his summons, coolly replied, "Very well, sir, I will attend you, and see that you *do your duty*."

Taking up a loaded pistol, he walked to the court-yard, where Bean stood, with a brace of pistols in his hands, and a dirk in his bosom. Fixing his eye on him, he said to the sheriff, "Advance and arrest him; I will protect you from harm." Bean, however, firmly stood his

ground; the sheriff hesitated, not liking the prospect of a ball through his body. Jackson observing the cowardice of the sheriff, sternly advanced upon Bean, when the latter began to retreat. "Stop," thundered Jackson, "and submit to the law." The bold borderer instantly threw down his pistols, exclaiming, "I will surrender to you, sir, but to no one else." Jackson might have spared himself the trouble of evoking the majesty of the law; it was not the law the fellow was afraid of, but the *man*, who was never known to flinch from danger, or turn back from his purpose.

With such a representative, law soon became an object of fear, and the turbulent spirits that had heretofore defied its power, were tamed into submission.

This sudden yet firm decision was one of Jackson's peculiar characteristics. Men who make up their minds on the issue of the moment, are apt to hesitate in a crisis which includes life and death. Not so with Jackson. His mobile nature was easily flung into a tumult of excitement; but when there, it became rigid as iron. Quick to decide, action followed decision, as the bolt follows the lightning's flash.

He possessed another peculiarity not commonly found among men. His excitements, though so high and terrible, were not transient gleams; but permanent as the object that created them. A less hardy frame would have sunk under them.

In 1803, a difficulty occurred between him and Governor Sevier, who was candidate for re-election. The quarrel was taken up by Sevier's political friends, and many threats of vengeance were uttered against Jackson. This feeling was very strong in Jonesborough, and when in the fall he proceeded thither to hold his regular court, a mob was organized, with Colonel Harrison at its head, to tar and feather him. Jackson having been taken sick on the way, arrived with a high fever upon him, and, scarcely able to dismount, retired to his room, and flung himself upon the bed. In a short time, the mob, being notified of his arrival, assembled round the tavern. Being told the object of their assembling, Jackson arose,



and throwing open his door, said to a friend, "Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me; and I hope the Colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not *follow* them." The hint was understood; every individual of that mob well knew that the floor of that chamber would swim in blood with the first attempt to cross the threshold of the open door. No one liking to be the first to encounter Jackson, the crowd quietly dispersed. Harrison apologized for his rudeness, and ever after by his attachment evinced his regret.

But not long after, while holding court at Knoxville, Jackson came in collision with Sevier himself. Leaving the court-room one day, he found the Governor in front of the building, haranguing in an excited manner a crowd of men, and swinging his naked sword about as if cutting off the heads of imaginary foes. No sooner did the latter observe Jackson approaching than he turned fiercely upon him, and addressed him with oaths and insults. The latter retorted, and a fierce fight of words ensued. The result of it was, Jackson sent the Governor a challenge, which he accepted, but deferred the time of meeting so often, that the former at length published him as a coward. This brought things apparently to a crisis, and an informal meeting was agreed on, just over the Indian boundary. Jackson repaired to the place, and waited two days for his opponent. He then wrote a letter, stating the nature and ground of the quarrel, and set out for Knoxville, determined that it should be adjusted in some way or other. He had not proceeded far, however, when he met the Governor, accompanied by twenty men, on horseback. Halting in front of this formidable array, he sent forward his friend with the letter he had prepared. The Governor refused to receive it, which threw Jackson into a paroxysm of passion. The former was armed with a brace of pistols and a sword; Jackson also had a pair of pistols in his holsters, but without thinking of these more deadly weapons, he no sooner saw the letter returned and heard the insult that accompanied it, than he set his cane, which he held in his hand in rest, and plunging the spurs into his horse, dashed full on the Governor and his band. The company parted to the right and left in dismay, and the astounded Governor, seeing the maddened steed rushing full upon him, leaped from the saddle to avoid the shock. In doing so, he trod on his scabbard and stumbled. In a moment Jackson was upon him, and but for the interposition of friends would have punished him severely.

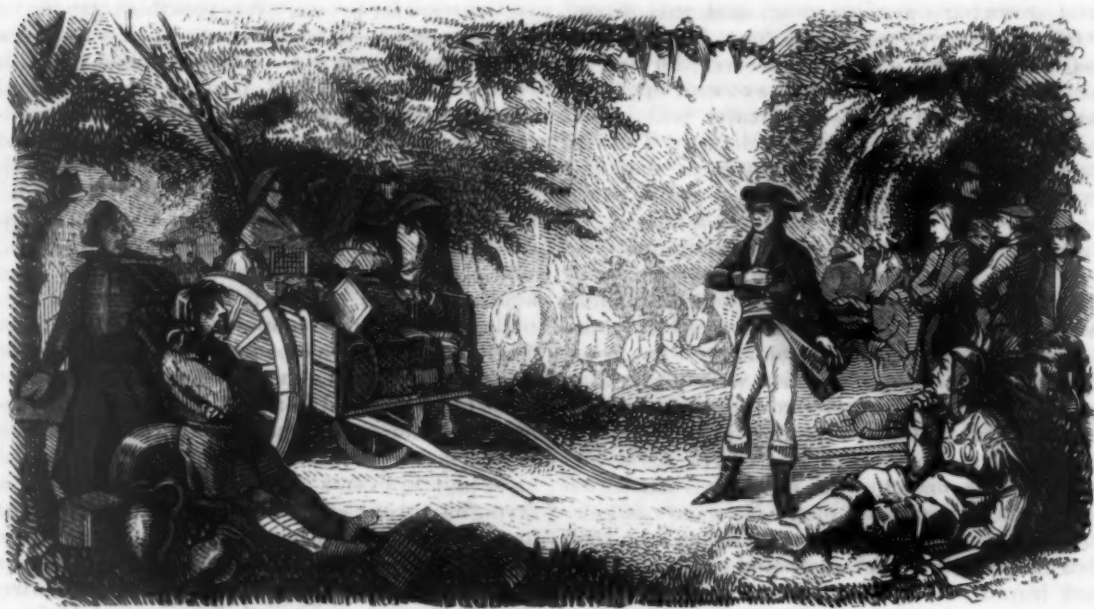
This ended the duel, and the parties separated, if not good friends at least peaceable enemies.

The next year Jackson resigned his Judgeship, and, tired of the furmoil and vexations of public life, bought a farm ten miles from Nashville, on the Cumberland River, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Beloved by his neighbours—reverenced for his integrity, decision, and kindness—blessed with a wife who filled his home with sunlight, he passed his days serenely, and coveted no higher honour than that of a successful farmer. Early in the morning he was out on his farm, looking at his stock and superintending the labourers, and evening found him enjoying the sweets of domestic comfort. He took more pride in his stock than in his crops, and had an espe-

cial passion for horses. Nor was this strange; he had scarcely been off the back of one since he was thirteen years old. The horse had been his companion in long and perilous marches, and often the only one, for days together, in the boundless forest. To his sure feet and courage he had more than once been indebted for his life, both on the mountain side and in breasting the rapid stream. For forty-eight hours on a stretch, without food or rest, his noble steed had borne him, when hard beset, and no wonder he became attached to him. He delighted in blooded animals, and imported many from North Carolina and Virginia. This naturally led to trials of speed and bottom on the race-course, where large sums often changed hands. This custom, so beneficial in improving the breed of horses, but so pernicious to the morals of men, led to one of the most painful events of Jackson's life. He had a favourite horse named Truxton, distinguished for his speed and endurance. A match was made between him and a horse owned by a Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson, of two thousand dollars, with a forfeiture of eight hundred dollars, in case of the withdrawal of either party. On the course, Mr. Erwin and his son-in-law withdrew their horse, and offered to pay the forfeit. The notes tendered, however, were not cash notes, and Jackson refused to receive them, claiming the right to select from the list in the hands of the stake-holder. This was granted, the payment received, and the affair settled. Not long after, however, Dickinson was told that Jackson had accused his father-in-law of producing a *false* list. This the latter denied, when the author's name was given. It was then proposed to call him in, but Dickinson would not consent. Jackson meeting the slanderer not long afterwards, gave him the lie, and a fist-fight followed.

Notwithstanding all this, either through the recklessness of Dickinson, who was a loose character, a trader in blacks and horses, and a professed duellist; or, through the persuasion of Jackson's enemies, who thought this an opportunity of getting rid of a man they feared and hated not to be omitted, the quarrel was kept alive. Severe and insulting letters were published in the papers, and language used which exasperated both parties to the highest degree. At length, Jackson was informed that a letter charging him among other things with cowardice was in the hands of the editor. He immediately mounted his horse, and in a tempest of passion rode to Nashville, and demanded a sight of it. Finding his information correct, he sent Dickinson a fierce challenge, and demanded an immediate meeting. The latter, however deferred it for a week, and spent the intermediate time in practising at Jackson's figure chalked out on a board. This was hardly necessary, for he was a dead shot, and was certain to hit his antagonist if he fired. It was arranged that they should stand back to back, move off a certain distance, wheel, and then approach and fire as soon or as late as either party chose. Dickinson had insisted on this mode of fighting, so as to get the first fire, or call forth Jackson's before he had approached sufficiently near to make it dangerous. His own practice had been perfect, and he knew he could strike his antagonist at a distance the latter would scarcely attempt to fire if he kept cool. Jackson





JACKSON FREEING THE EMIGRANTS FROM THE DETENTION OF THE CHOCTAW AGENT.

understood this manœuvre, and had made up his mind to be shot. He wore a frock coat on the field, which he threw back over his shoulders. At the word given they walked away, wheeled, and advanced towards each other. Soon after Dickinson fired. Jackson staggered a moment as he felt the ball enter him, but the next moment he drew his coat around him to staunch the blood, and walking deliberately up to his foe, shot him dead. It was a bloody deed, and though sanctioned by the custom of the times, to which so many of our best men have fallen victims, it was a crime for which no apology should be offered. By nature Jackson was a man of terrible passions, and in this instance they had been aroused into tenfold fury, by the injustice that refused the reconciliation he sought, and by the conviction that a sense of injury did not lay at the bottom of the quarrel, but the deliberate desire and determination to take his life. The friends of Dickinson were resolved to provoke him so that he *must* challenge his adversary or leave the country, and thus give to the latter the choice of time and mode of meeting. The plan was well laid and succeeded perfectly in every respect, except that the ball did not happen to reach a vital spot. It entered the breast, shattered two of his ribs, then lodged in his side, where it remained for years. He, however, mounted his horse and rode twenty miles before his second discovered that he had been shot, and then only by seeing the blood ooze from his garments. He must have been in an extraordinary state of mind, to have borne all this in silence so long. Were his thoughts busy with the man he had slain? Had he left his fierce hate on the field where his enemy lay weltering in his gore, and was remorse now gnawing at his heart, and conscience whispering in his ear "You will meet that foe again beyond the tomb?"

There were rumours of unfairness in the fight, &c.; but these died away, and men spoke in astonishment of the steadiness of nerve which so severe and painful a wound could not even for a moment shake.

Jackson, after some weeks, resumed his agri-

cultural pursuits, and not long after entered as silent partner in a mercantile house in Nashville. Placing entire confidence in his partner, he trusted everything to his sagacity and honesty. Things went on smoothly for awhile; but at length it was discovered that the house was insolvent. It could not pay its debts by some thousands of dollars. The concern was closed at once, and Jackson, with that high sense of honour and justice which had so often entangled him in quarrels among lawless men, immediately sold his fine plantation on the Cumberland, parted with his favourite stock, paid off the debts of the house to the last cent, and retired to a log cabin to begin the world anew.

Prompt to redress the wrongs of others as well as his own, he won the esteem of all upright men. Such a man is not to be measured by ordinary rules. A positive executive character like his must be averaged to be treated justly. Impelled by passion, he may at times commit deeds on which the staid moralist looks with horror; but it must be remembered, too, that he would breast danger, venture his life for others, and undergo privations, toils, and sufferings, from which that same moralist would shrink in affright. The good in such a man must be made to balance the bad. The departures from the common track of life from *both* sides must be taken, before the balance against him is struck. He must be *credited* as well as *charged* in the book of common morals before one is able to decide how he stands. This is the only just rule, and by it Jackson would stand head and shoulders above most of those who have condemned him.

By his industry and perseverance, he soon recovered from his embarrassments, and became a flourishing farmer again. Having occasion to go to Natchez after some blacks for his plantation, he found at the station of the United States' agent among the Choctaws, by which his road passed, several families of emigrants detained because they had no passports from the Governor of Mississippi. In the mean time, the agent was selling them provisions at an exorbitant price, and making them work for him at a very low one. Indignant

at this outrage, he demanded of the agent how he dared thus to arrest a free American on the public road. Taking the matter in his own hands, he told the frightened emigrants to gear up their teams, and follow him. The agent fumed and threatened; but seeing Jackson well armed, dared not interfere. He, however, determined to be revenged on the latter when he returned, and armed some fifty men to arrest him, unless he came fortified with a passport. Jackson heard of this, and his friends advised him to procure one; but he indignantly refused, declaring it was a humiliation no American freeman should submit to. Arming his negroes with axes and clubs, while he himself carried a loaded rifle and two pistols at his saddle-bow, he approached the station. The agent came forth, and asked if he intended to show his passport. "*That depends on circumstances,*" replied Jackson, as he carelessly swung his rifle so as to bring the muzzle where it could look the agent full in the face. The latter understood *what* circumstances, and the kind of passport alluded to, and wisely let him pass on.

He afterwards reported the agent to the government, and he was removed. His hatred of wrong

and oppression was intense, and though his way of defending the injured was not always strictly legal, it must be remembered that no other mode of redress was open to him.

Jackson had scarcely reached home, when he received a letter from Governor Carroll, requesting him to act as second, in a duel between him and a brother of Colonel Benton. He could not well refuse him, but Colonel Benton, who was also intimate with Jackson, took it unkindly, and spoke bitterly of him. A bitter correspondence in the papers followed, and some time afterwards, meeting at a public house in Nashville, a most desperate, murderous fight took place, in which Jackson had his arm broken and mutilated by a pistol-ball. The estrangement which followed, was afterwards healed, and they became fast friends.

Through such rough scenes of war and border-life, was Jackson trained for the high responsibilities which were to be placed on him. He had not been indifferent to the oppressive acts of the English government, and his voice was loud for immediate redress. At length the long-surcharged clouds burst,—war was declared, and the mustering of arms was heard over the land.

## ALEXANDER'S VISION.

AN ENIGMA.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

WHEN the divinely-fated son  
Of the madman of Macedon  
Had quelled the world, from Hellespont  
To Lybia, and the fabled font  
Of Ganges, and had overthrown  
More kingdoms than before were known,  
He, with the reins within his hands  
Of many curbed and bitted lands,  
Returned to Babylon, and there  
Died of debauch and royal fare.  
That heroes are not gods, we tax  
No other proofs than their own acts.

While, just between the shears of Fate,  
Maintaining then his sensual state,  
He lay, within a palace fair,

The seat of old voluptuous kings,  
Bowered by the gardens hung in air,—

A palace built with equal wings,  
The which, from near Euphrates' side,  
A moat did curiously divide:  
On either bank of which canal  
The palace towers were mutual.  
The moat was sixty cubits wide;  
And, the same space above its tide,

A pass between the towers was made,  
Of trellis-wicker, bravely stayed,  
Quite overblown with tropic flowers,  
Where, in the breezy evening hours,  
Sometimes, from that superior height,  
The king would make it his delight  
To watch the vastly populous space  
Sinking into the night's embrace;—  
Parks, temples, turrets, gardens, spires,  
Perspectives vast as his desires,  
Glowing, and through the haze, afar,  
The umbrageous girdle of Shinar,  
Infolding, to his conquering eyes,  
An empire in a Paradise.

Crowned, in a hall of splendid state,  
One night the king at supper sate,  
Till frolic Bacchus, ruder grown,  
Thrust him, asleep, beneath the throne.  
There, at unrest, in hard position,  
Sadly he saw a dreary vision.  
He dreamed that in a lonely boat  
He rocked upon the palace moat:  
Blackness was on the earth and skies,  
When, from the waters, did arise



A ball of sight-afflicting fire,  
 That flowed with flame, and, spinning higher,  
 Touched, kindling, at the wicker bridge,  
 Then flashed to either palace ridge.  
 Malignant flames, with forky heads,  
 Frolicked, like devils, on the leads;  
 Till, in a quick, consuming space,  
 The palace had not left a trace,  
 Save dust and smoke about the boat;  
 Out of the which, above the moat,  
 Rose, to the monarch's troubled eye,  
 A demon, forty cubits high.  
 His eyes were cavernous lighted holes,  
 His hair was flame, his teeth were coals.  
 Then, with a gesture grand and wide,  
 "Three days, three hours," the demon cried,  
 "Those old Assyrian towers shall bear  
 That wicker pass aloft in air.  
 If, after three and three, those towers  
 Uphold that wicker pass of flowers,  
 Come flame and wreck,—the whole is mine.  
 Which to avert, O prince divine,  
 Be thou of me completely skilled:  
 Raze down the wicker, and rebuild,—  
 Build with the symbol of command,  
 And that whereon the mountains stand."  
 Moved by his dream, th' ensuing day  
 The monarch cut the pass away;  
 And sent for one Stasicrates,  
 (Famous, in such mechanic crises,  
 For ready engines and devices),  
 To build as might the demon please—  
 "Build with the symbol of command,  
 And that whereon the mountains stand."  
 Stasicrates the riddle sought,  
 Piling his will on his intent,  
 In utter agony of thought,  
 But found not what the demon meant:  
 A brave device, that coin, nor stone,  
 Nor old historic scroll has shown  
 Was found before the later day  
 Of Rome's predominating sway.  
 Whose whole, and parcels twain, did bless  
 Rome with all power and pleasantness.  
 Whose First,—the symbol of command,—  
 Makes Rome an awe in every land.  
 Whose Last,—whereon the mountains stand,—  
 Should Rome and all her structures fall,  
 Would mark her site of burial.  
 Whose Whole, with ages, drops aside  
 From all the works of Roman pride.





## VIEWS FROM A CORNER.—NO. V.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

### A GLANCE AT THE MIDAS FAMILY.

KING MIDAS, the head of a long line of Mid-asses, still extant in our *midst*, as their name indicates, was the son of a peasant-king,—one Gordius by name,—whose fame came through a knot, which made him, though celebrated, *knot*-famous, a term, to which, in our days, we substitute the prefix *in*, for *not*. The Gordian knot was not such a knot as the glory of kings has been so often compelled to sneak out at; whatever mythologists say, it was doubtless the hymeneal knot, between himself and Mrs. Gordius, the mother of my hero. That is verily the only knot that is not to be untied, the safest way to escape it, being to "cut," and not "come again." Alexander cut it, and his father did before him, if I am right in supposing it to be the knot hymeneal. History, indeed, declares in a figure, that it was the conjugal knot, that by which the team of Gordius was *yoked together* to the cart,—entirely a domestic figure,—and they are not the last couple who might be called "a whole team."

My business, however, is not with the team, but with the "dog under the wagon," to pursue the same metaphor, and a lucky dog he seemed for a while, this Midas. Sometimes he is called a Brygian, and sometimes a Phrygian, according as he is looked upon, as bridging the gulfs of difficulty, or "freezing to" everything he could lay hands on,—a cool expression for greedy avarice. Whatever might have been his national name, his occupation at one time was floraculture, if we believe history; and roses grown in his garden are said to have had sixty petals, with very rich scents. This, I dare say was an arithmetical figure, for sixty *per cent.* advance on *stocks*, which indicates a *flourishing* business. Here, doubtless, it was, that he cultivated the root of all evil which grew so rankly with him; and here, too, as he leaned tenderly on some green-topped trunk, he welcomed the notes of many a "wild lark" who, alas, was plucked on the spot, to feather his nest.

The garden of Midas was frequented by a Satyr (which creature, half goat and half man, is considered a satire on the human form), or, as some say, it was a river demi-god, or demi river-god and nurse of Bacchus. This is doubtful, for who will believe that Bacchus was brought up on water, or on milk-and-water, if you will, since Silenus was only half a river-god. You may suppose that the wine- and the water-god untied in the story, meant grog, of which Midas partook at his place of business,—but no; he took the Satyr, it is true, and by the stratagem of pouring wine into the fountain; but he did it not for his own consumption, but to make the Satyr drunk and capture him.

Silenus, in liquor, was a bit of a philosopher, and made some very singular ethical statements, which, if Midas believed on hearing, it justified his long ears. For instance, the goat-footed moralist declared that "the best thing for all men

is not to be born!" which proves that the peculiar verdancy of Erin, dates from a high antiquity, and was green enough in the garden of Midas; for who, indeed, is it that the stupid goat contemplates as enjoying his own non-existence?

The catching of a Satyr, as it proved to Midas, was about equivalent to the modern idea of catching a Tartar; for it was through the means of Silenus that he obtained the fatal gift, which has made his name highest in the auriferous calendar of great capitalists. After keeping his goatship ten days, at the king's own expense for fodder, he took the creature to Bacchus, who, in gratitude, offered the king whatever he might choose. Being a prudent man, ready to turn a good penny, and believing that gold was the metal of all keys to happiness and power, and being, withal, a devout pagan, he was glad to find a path to fortune, through praying for it, so he prayed that whatever he might touch should turn to gold. Bacchus giggled behind his vine-wreath, and Silenus snorted in a goat-laugh—horse-laugh would be a misnomer—but Midas supposed they might be in liquor, and took no offence. Now the gods of these old Pagans were very accommodating, and would load down a foolish suppliant with blessings till his back broke, so the prayer of Midas was answered quite too literally; a caution to his kin to make proper reservations in advance.

Midas went forth for home, happy, not merely as a king, but happy enough. His cane became gold-headed at the first flourish, and, pulling out his old "pinchbeck" (kings had no *better* watches then) to see what the hour was,—which henceforth was to be sacred to the gods,—he was pleased to see it transformed to a gold repeater, with gold chain and seals. He cut a caper for very glee, and snatching up the pebbles on his way, began to get "a pocket full of rocks, my boys!" till he became as rich as if every pebble was the famous Philosopher's Stone, before he reached his door-sill. In fact, he worked at picking up stones, with a zeal which would have insured good wages without a miracle, and came sweating in, under a back-load of the precious metal. All the morning he amused himself with handling his furniture, till his palace floors came near to breaking down with their extraordinary load; and it was luckily for them that the dinner-bell rang in the midst of his operations, and luckily for him, he thought, for the unwonted exercise gave him a ravenous appetite. A drop of his old Falernian would taste well, he was sure. Down he sat, too greedy for a grace, and first rubbing off a shower of gold beads from his moist forehead, with the palm of his hand, he snatched the old bronze mug, and laughed to see it glisten into gold. Gulp went one great draught into his mouth, but horrors! it froze into stiff metal, and filled his mouth with a thicker gold plate than

ever dentistry attempted to adjust to human jaws.

A king, any more than common folks, does not desire to drink gold, though a great queen once drank pearl upon a wager; and when it comes to that, that he cannot bite off his draught, by dint of his teeth, it may be called *hard* drinking, without any joke. King Midas found it so, and by stammering, choking, and bouncing up and down, he testified his inability to swallow down his troubles, at which his attendants rushed to the rescue, opening a new *placer*, to their astonishment, in the king's throat—it was no *pleasure* to him, however. After wrenching and pinching, with pain and peril to all parties, they succeeded in extracting the clog, to the amount of seventeen ounces, Troy weight,—for he was a great drinker,—and perhaps nothing so valuable, ever before issued from his royal head. Chrysostom never was blessed with more golden utterance, to earn his happy name; the difference was this, however, that while the lips of one gave forth oracular utterance, the issues of the other were auriferous.

The good king was more "down in the mouth" than his wine, at this astonishing result, but hunger demanded, and he must try again. The king was fond of prunes; could he not swallow one without touching it? he would try; so carefully transfixing one with his fork,—a gold fork now,—he thrust it into his wide-open jaws, and brought his teeth together like a steel trap. The monarch fairly howled, as he belched forth a solid gold ball, in size and appearance, much like the knobs on an ox's horns. Two of the imperial grinders came with it, and that made an end of his dinner, as King Midas was no ostrich.

Going to the mirror a few days later, to see how thin he had grown, he was astonished at what he beheld. He had been accused by Apollo (on occasion of a musical contest between that god and Pan), of having no *ear*; but should that god, or anybody venture the assertion now, they might be safely accused of having no *eyes*, for the good monarch's longitude of ears was surprising. The gods, in derision, had crowned him gratuitously with those appendages, which, though long, were not so dull but he could hear the reeds sing as he passed, "Midas hath Asses ears." Reed-music had been his favourite, as in the contest of *Pan v. Apollo*, and now, since he liked it, he had a plenty of it.

Having collated all these facts concerning this excellent, but unfortunate man, it is presumable that their publication will prove a benefit to his family; with this benevolent design, they are, therefore, put forth; and especially for the instruction of one Jonathan Midas "of that ilk," a lineal descendant of the royal old gentleman. Jonathan, settling in the New World, and fond of novelty, took to Republican sentiments, satisfied with the legacy of the paternal prudence and devotion, without aspiring to the royal badge of his ancestors. He yielded his claim to the *crown*, for a large consideration in eagles, a more federal coin. Jonathan dug, drilled, and was drilled, built mills, sold ice and rocks, and in many ways showed his paternal instinct, and more than paternal energy. Matters went well enough for his stomach, as long as *all* that he touched was not turned to gold. There was a residual tithing of actual value to human wants, in all his works. But in process of time, having had the fortune to win a thousand dollars in a

lawsuit which cost him three thousand, and upwards, he began to feel his ears sprout, like green corn in June, and casting about him, he discovered a door open to all the opulence of his father. This door was the Golden Gate of California, whither he proceeded with all haste, leaving his mills, railroads, and ice-ponds, with the home branch of the family, while he took an army of his kindred with him to the land of Ophir, the holy land of his great grandfather's gods.

Some took passage in sieves, around Cape Horn, and not being witches, made an innocent but deplorable end. Some traversed the Isthmus, and lodged with one Pest, an innkeeper there, whose house was somewhat infested with robbers. Some traversed the deserts, and supped with Famine, while others, less tender of their fellow-creatures, feasted on roasted monkeys, with an "appetizer" of raw horsehide. Jonathan, with a few thousands of his followers, reached the placers with no great damage. Some of his cousins, not out of their remaining stock of bread and linen, took a pocket-full of dust and returned to see their treasure transmuted to brass-filings by a chemist. Jonathan was too shrewd for that; he went for gold, and his Scriptures told him that all was not gold that glistened. He dug till his bread was gone, and then ate his old shoes to keep his soul in his body, not quite so tough feeding as his progenitor's. Finally he parted with a back-load of the precious metal for a little whiskey, just to keep clay and spirit together till he could pick up a little more gold. Now you would hear of him making heavy draughts on the banks of the Sacramento, now lodging outdoors, sleeping in the bed of the Feather River, with a pillow as hard as the Pillars of Hercules, and at last, too weak and faint to crawl to the rivers, you may see him behind a hill of gold-rocks, and yellow as the metal, looking, with cavernous eyes, for some passer, and crying, "A little water, for God's sake!" If a generous fellow brings it, you will see him wash out another pan of dust with it, before drinking.

Poor fellow! if his ears had not lopped over his eyes, he would have seen whither he was tending, some time before. Nick Bottom, caressed on his asinine cheek by the fair Titania, was a king of good luck compared with our Junior Midas. Athirst for "a bottle hay," the transformed Nick would have fed on it, like an ass as he was, and not wasted it for gold, like the Ass Midas, succeeding to the crown of his royal ancestors.

With the old man there was no *per contra*, and here ends the likeness in the family, for our branch of it works out a great end of Nature, after all. She uses strange devices and methods, to sow the seeds she would have flourish. She fits the thistle's parachute, on which the seed sails gracefully to its place, and all to preserve no better stock than a thistle. She sets a spring-gun (or is it a pistol?) in the centre of a flower, to discharge gold-dust upon its mate, and bring about a union by a kind of mechanical cupid; the laurel bloom is an example, and that is the way Nature gets her laurels. She uses strategy even to grow squashes, putting honey about the place of the pollen, and then politely begging Miss Busy Bee, if she is not too busy, to step in and take a sip; she steps in, and becomes the unconscious mail-carrier to Miss Squash, in her solitude, and paying down the dust for a marriage-dower, never



sees jolly Nature laughing in her sleeve all the while.

Thus, when she has an empire to plant in the West, she draws in thousands by the lure of the golden dust itself, the pollen of a fast-blooming new empire, growing out from the old. She has her work, of which they may not know, but which

she will not forget; and already, while we have scarcely recovered from the shock we felt, at the want and suffering of our pioneer prince Midases, a stately commonwealth stalks out, full-grown and ready armed, as from the brain of Jupiter; and the reeds of Pan, a god to whom many bow in the "washings," sing another tune at the event.

## MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

### MOUNTING THE RIGHT,—IN THREE HEATS.

BY R. M. RICHARDSON.

#### HEAT THE THIRD, CONCLUDED.

THE noon had passed some hours, as our radiant band wound up their craggy path. There are few things more full of delight and splendour than a procession of happy human faces, through the bright realms of the sun-warm wind. Novelty, natural or social, is greedily sought by all. Even its partial fruition is cheerfully obtained by most, at great pains and great sacrifice. Yet what conjuncture in life affords it more felicitously, than a morning among new companions in a strange land?

It was still a splendid day. Corduroys and a Prussian officer, tall as Saul, whose coat streamed with as many orders and colours as a flag-ship, essayed to marshal the multitude into regular battalions. They might as well have commanded a comet. The pedestrians ran ahead, as the Prussian declared, like *Tirailleurs* in a panic, skirmishing proclivitously, and scrambling on oblique points. The cavalry charged rear and van, intercepting salient angles, dispersing echellons, now enfilading, now detaching, now in eccentric movement, and now in rallying concentrated mass. I observed a fat Burgomaster well mounted, with no less than three horses in his train, on every one of which he seemed to appear in the space of ten minutes. Now he ambled upon a russet; he now shambled on a bay. The baggage slowly trailed. Then came the sutler guard of junkers, sepoy, banditti, condottieri, couriers, and all other myrmidons who could muster equipment to stroll a cowherd, or skulk a catamaran. The devil might, with colourable title, have taken all the hindmost. Tandem and random, we shuffled on, moulting as many spoils in our wake, as a flock of canaries in their flight. The tall Prussian rejoiced in a giraffe exemption from the little miseries that befell little men; Corduroys solaced himself on their recurrence with a jest, good, bad, or indifferent, according to the magnitude of the cause. The invalid (where does he not intrude?) with a mind like a concave mirror, magnifying every trifle, propped up on a mule and a medicine chest, whimpered forth his woes:

"Is there no styptic for a sweating frame? no prophylactic for my baking brain?"

"I shall be sciatic for a month, with this jo-o-ho-o-ling!" ejaculated an old Podesta, as his beast commenced to trot. He had left the great Canalopolis for change of scene, and the wretched

man discovers that there are worse places than in a gondola.

But *apropos* of gondolas, what spectacle is this? gondolas of the air? Blush, fair lady, if you have never graced a palanquin,—or rather exult, for your time is yet to come.

The records of a thousand travelling diaries declare that contentment and locomotion are seldom sisters. But the inditers of such experience must either have travelled post or pedestrian. Dissatisfaction never yet glided in a palanquin. Look at this curtained canopy, rustling in concert with the waving leaves; a fragmentary *boudoir* wandering through wildernesses, impelled by the roving volition of its elegant inmate. And did you see that hand of dazzling radiance parting the drapery? 'Tis past. The equipage of Queen Mab, you say? No, no! 'Twas Juno in her chariot, returning to her native skies. Oh, for the wings of a dove, or the Dædalian gift—to hover postilion near!

But "morning on mid-noon," what softer vision succeeds! Has Hebe turned Centaur? As soon should I have thought to spy a mermaid here, as *La Parisienne*. Radiant-tipped *Coryphée* of elegance! kind Peri, who hast venturously strayed "without the gate," of thine assigned Eden, the drawing-room—a grateful welcome! A general stare proclaimed that she was *La Parisienne*. What a volume in a word! Marked you that exquisite figure,—that indescribable *tournure*,—those high, artillery eyes, and that glancing foot? Know you that semi-regal, semi-comic *desinvolture*,—even more effective on the wild, than on the Boulevard,—*plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*? Heard you those tones which so singularly surcharge the nervous system? *Assurement, qu'elle ne soit pas Française, elle le doit être.*

She swept upon a dappled barb, as graceful as herself. Whence did it come? Unchastised, it received the guidance, which she scarcely seemed to impart,—with docile intuition, as the world receives her *ribbons*.

The construction of voyaging costume being a subject interesting to my countrywomen, let me say that hers was of an almost impossible brown. You must seek it among the evanescent hues of forest foliage in autumn. It was of full make, of a precise waist, and flounced five deep. Upon her wondrous head, fitted with airy exactness, a snowy bonnet, trimmed with a scarcely perceptible plume, from whose purity the dusty wind seemed to withhold his profaning breath. Beau-



tifully did the Praxitelian countenance within, pre-eminent in loveliness, suffused with luscious fever, contrast. So much for her exterior; but the electric fascination which danced from her flounces, her features, and her parasol points alike, was from a secret source. It was her alone. It harmonized and transfigured incongruities of attire, which another would have branded almost barbarous taste.

The beautiful face bowed, as we paid our tribute of adoration without venturing to speak. Had we done so, we should, probably, have received a still lower declination of head, and a *froide*, glittering response, which would have sent us howling at heart, to seek refuge "under the rose" of silence. Talk of English repulsion; but for an unsocial *abord*, commend me to a Frank, when out of France. Yet it is not the taciturnity of a cold head and a sullen heart; it lurks in smiles.

Corduroys was our Pocourante. He was one of those blessed anomalies, that are occasionally met during a travelling lifetime; who, with a decent appreciation for ruins, a taste for art equalled by their knowledge of it, an unbiassed insight into governments, devote their hearts neither to stuffs nor statues, but under every dominion, conform and enjoy,—relishing alike, the spirit of Balzac, or of Rousseau. We meet many who avow the truism that the end of existence is happiness,—few who illustrate it. He sustained his part well, playing with untiring variation upon our risibles, modulating their music with that most magical of *batons*, the human tongue. Under his influence, every atrabilious humour had been exorcised from our party and rolled down hill. Comus and Momus caracolled in our midst; Mentor and Mammon kept in the rear. Even blue spees had ceased to view him "as through a glass, darkly," and had sidled up to say that such a day upon the Culm would be an "immense event." Various attempts had been made to win over *la petite Française*, but she had "still eluded and glittered still." Luckily she "affectioned" flowers: and Corduroys, spying a red rose blooming in seeming safety, out of reach, found means of making it an offering, after first galvanizing her nerves by his frightful "*pluck*." Who could have resisted? *La Petite* did not. The ice was broken, and the flood of charms leapt forth. *Monsieur*, her protector, was lured away, and a guard of honour was formed round her pony; all as deep in love, as she could have wished her best friend or her worst enemy. And then she sparkled most delightfully; the bright blood flashing to her cheeks, her smiles playing like lightning, and her eyelids flitting like a shuttle: giving and receiving raptures. Each airy pasquinade drew anew beauties from her face, which, in its turn, eclipsed the scenery. And then the rest of the ladies would practise that eloquent reserve, which decorous dames are wont to manifest in the company of "a 'vengwoman." They too, would be admired. The paucity of good coquettes is astonishing, considering the number of them. Yet harmony prevailed. No misadventure had occurred. Peals of laughter rose incessantly from up and down declivities as unequal as the gamut; elicited, not by wicked scandal, or resplendent repartee, but, as the sincerest mirth is always the result of an exuberance of spirits on the part of every one.

Up came a lady, "stretched on the rack of a too easy chair," and exhorting her two carriers to "tumble up" in a ratio of velocity more commensurate with her impatience. These chair occupants usually sit like rowers, with their backs towards their destination; and like the latter, they sometimes find it difficult to provide for "breakers ahead," as the following incident will show. As she advanced, we were all forcibly struck with the contrast between her air, "made up of languish and of light," and the exhausted mien of her *attachés*, the carriers, who toiled with many a suffocating strain. Perhaps our compassionate expressions might have operated suggestively upon the lady. Corduroys saluted her, as he seemed to salute every one, like an old acquaintance.

"Enchanted to see you making an attempt, Mrs. T——; when did you have your horoscope cast?"

"Not since the fortune-teller at *Mabille*," was the artless reply.

"And did the seer say that you were 'born when the crab was ascending?' for 'all your affairs go backwards,' I perceive."

"Oh sir, don't allude to my situation! You cannot imagine how repugnant to my sensibilities to rise thus on the tide of human perspiration. Doesn't it seem like degradation to make a man a mule? If I could only endure the harsh fatigue of walking like you; or, if my nerves were even strong enough to ride. But none of my family ever had any breath: a family failing sir,—a family failing of ours."

"You ought to smoke," said a gentleman who had hitherto been wrapped in silence and a segar.

"True," said Corduroys, "but let it be a pipe. A meerschauum gives Herculean elasticity to the lungs. Witness our German friend above there; his windpipe is a very bellows; and I can vouch, that that same mouthpiece has taken him up the Jungfrau and Wengern Alp without panting."

"But faugh! my dear sir, a man with a pipe is the leper of society."

"Well then, what say you to Scotch snuff. I'll thank you for a pinch, Mr. Owlton. But sneezing is rather awkward up here. My guide made the best prescription after all—quite infallible against what he terms the lung-devourer."

"But is it applicable when a lady is in the case?"

"The very thing, madam. Buy two kittens at Weggis, and strap one under each arm to breathe for you. A lady once travelling in great haste tried it, and assured me she felt like a *post-angel*."

"Law sir!" exclaimed the lady, quite mystified, "you're always so poetic."

At this moment we all paused to let the infantry blow, while our quadrupeds did the same for us. The lady's chair-bearers, who had been urged almost beyond the powers of endurance, seemed most gratified by the halt. But, as ill-luck would have it, some inadvertency, induced by excessive fatigue, caused them to deposit their vehicle with its fair freight, in a portion of the road which a select junto of ill-behaved donkeys had recently converted to the purposes of a temporary stable. The worst cold or the most perverted of perceptions could never have mistaken the spot for Castalia, or even an *entrepôt* of

Monsieur Lubin's commodities. The despair of the lady, when the nature of her predicament became apparent, was inconceivable;—happy, if her sense of discomfiture could have passed unnoticed!—but a gale of laughter blew away all hopes of *bienséance*.

"An eagle, hawked at by a mousing owl," could hardly have flashed such fury from his eyes as then did *la pauvre Anglaise*. Erect she sat, writhing with crucified dignity, and railed in good set terms at the recreant carriers, who all unconscious, had mean time trotted off to "blow a cloud."

"Guides! wretches! you *bêtes! entendez!* You filthy *cochons*, do you hear? This moment! Mercy deliver us!—move me on—you scum of the earth! Lazy brutes! do you think of nobody's ease but your own? Oh!—*quelle horreur!*—somebody!—somebody!—help!—help!—help!"

It was edifying in the extreme to "look upon this picture and upon that," for there sat the two carriers, who had lighted their pipes, and understanding nothing save German, were now contemplating their fair enemy through the smoke, with all the abandonment of German listlessness. Poor lady! She sat flurried and flabbergasted—inhaling salts with a fury that started the water from her eyes.

"It's a comfort to find *one* gentleman," said she at last, adjusting her flounces, when by three tremendous jerks, Corduroys had succeeded in dragging her establishment upon *terra firma*; "but as for those *beggars*, hah! they must wait to be paid yet,—yes—yes—there's a *settlement* yet to come;" and she shook her fist.

"How finely she chafed and foamed!" remarked *La Petite*, who had been inspecting her through a *lorgnette*, with the same species of interest as she had just before evinced on beholding a rapid chafing in its bed of rocks.

"Bah! poor philanthropy! with a heart no bigger than a pin, and a head softer than a pippin," said Corduroys, as we started afresh. "I thought her professions were louder than deep."

"I had hoped that human nature might appear to better advantage here," said I, giving a commonplace.

"No," was the quick replication; "it is only more displayed, and in prodigious variety too; else this would not be the third time I have ascended this mountain. One finds characters of every growth, as well as plants of every climate, in quick succession here," said he, stooping to pluck a curious fragment of tannen; "in half a day's herbalizing you may cull specimens of every zone's vegetation—from the India hothouse at the bottom, to the Muscovite *glacarium* at the top; you see I have already a tolerable nosegay,—'the pearled Arcturi,' snowdrop, pansies, lily, and a tulip for our French Titania; but we are now above the reach of perfume; nothing now remains except the sour moss, you may weave *immortels* of, and Madame would hardly relish a funeral offering."

"Are ye an heerbalist?" inquired MacShindig, who, in the pure, cool air, aided by exercise, had quite recovered his equanimity and his senses.

"Enough to make a bouquet; but my taste does not lie that way."

"Ye will oblige me by expounding whilk is your taste or predelection, sin' ye drink all leecors alike; but sure it isna in poosuit o' gude

speerets ye cam' to Jarman Sweetzerland. A mon shoold hae a *motive* to desairt his ane coontrie an' trust his thrapple here—abooove all, if his hame is *Scotland*."

"Well, sir, perhaps you will be surprised to learn that my vocation is geology."

"My dear sir," cried blue specs, "what a coincidence! I have come clean from Devon, for the purpose of making granitic and calcareous observations on the structure of this range."

"Then, sir, you will bear me out in saying that geology is the best hobby to ride upon in Switzerland."

"Yes, indeed, 'tis, for in half the time these artists have spent in their painting, I have collected twelve varieties of pudding-stone, and a hunk of *nagel-flue*, which I would not change for a lingot of gold." Saying this he jerked forth from an abysmal pocket, a black mass, which he handed to the Scot, assuring him that the muddy particles were "only pure argillaceous earth;" but upon the latter's swearing that if the slimy abomination chanced to defile the neatness of his plaid, he would knock him where he "couldn't tell a bane in his body from an organic remains," the geologist desisted, contenting himself with grumbling at "the unscientific stupidity of some people."

"You say, Mr. MacShindig," resumed Corduroys, "that men should have a motive to send them here. Yours, you acknowledge, was to institute a comparison between your own Highlands and these, and you have failed in finding results satisfactory enough to reward your toil. You will return, then, as you declare, disappointed abroad, and contented with home. But what have you gained?—enjoyment?—knowledge?—wealth? Nothing at all."

"Ye ken, my braw lad, I loo' a land where ane can hae things aboot him to mak him coom-fairtable, an' to recroot his powers o' apprecceation; a tass o' summut to inspire him, and a lingo less grievous to a weel-regulated lug."

"Precisely; and every one here will tell you in confidence of some similar want. It requires something more than a hankering after clouds and skyborn streams to appreciate this tour. Bacon long ago said that a certain preparation was necessary for travel: classic information for Italy, and history for all lands. Switzerland was not on his schedule, for it was not travelled then. Had he lived later, he would have prescribed scientific qualifications for Switzerland—a land which is the inexhaustible laboratory of scientific research. Look at our companions, and tell me which of them is not suffering from *ennui*. Do you really suppose that those misguided cockneys, who go on cascading their affected transports over rock and dell, live in real pleasure? No, sir, they do not; for they are neither true poets nor misanthropes; and whoever does not either breathe the divine *afflatus*, or brood over an unsocial heart, cannot long exist in lonely communion with imagination, even here. Madame, our French acquaintance, may enjoy the novelty of Nature in the morning; but, when night comes, she will sigh after the absent drawing-room. And the Frenchman there is proud to tread the ground on which Suwarro was vanquished by French marshals; he walks with honourable *hauteur* where the footsteps of Soult and Massena have tracked the retreating Grand Duke. We shall



now soon reach a point which overlooks a greater number of memorable battle-fields than any other on earth. But those fields are marked exclusively by associations; and few, I conceive, will climb to yonder terrific passes only for the sake of viewing where armies once marched, whose march has left no trace. The only track that has left permanent impression here is the track of science. Sir, I am no Frenchman; but if I were, I could hardly enjoy more highly the consciousness of advancing through the regions where Saussure laid bare the existence of former worlds; nor can any German feel more pleasure than I in pursuing the vestiges which led Humboldt to the first rank of fame—the fame of doing good. Besides, geology is no mean auxiliary of the picturesque. The geologist, and the geologist alone, here lives in two worlds—the past and the present—the world of instructive fact and the world of illimitable imagination. In the solitudes, where others can scarcely be said to live and breathe, he multiplies existence. Does the poet's skill afford any pleasure exceeding this? Waive the consideration of knowledge, if you will, and even then compare the condition of a geologist with that of a Manfred."

"Ay! ay! dinna suppose me to disceep fra' sic sound doctrine. I perceive ye ken the *veeritable* science o' poesy mickle better than a' the Lakers. Pheelosophy and Poesy are tweens, and Pheelosophy shud iver gie Poesy a knack on the knoockles for her instroocion. An' Poesy is indeegenous to mauntins, an' grows in the soil. Rob Burns tilled it on his bit o' ground at hame, an' had he been mair o' a husbondmon he had e'en been mair o' a poet. Helvetia wil'na raise gude poets till she raises mair corn."

"True, sir; for people must be fed before they can sing," said Owlton, pulling out a gingerbread.

"But, sir," I remarked to Corduroys, "you seem to regard Switzerland as a California of geological curiosities and scenery. Do you concede it no other merit?"

He shook his head more deliberately than he had yet done. "If there were a land," he replied, "where the most surpassing nature is vilified by misery and the most staining crime—where the arts of war have entailed venality and the arts of peace misfortune—whose unity is severed by the Charybdis of opposing creeds—whose government is in leading strings; a republic without glory, without enjoyment, bound upon a perpetual *peine forte et dure* by the stress of a narrow-minded policy—whose institutions shut out merit, installing everywhere privileged mediocrity—whose military are mercenaries whose apostacy is only equalled by their ignorance—and whose population is at this moment herded in their fastnesses, like lambs in folds, waiting to be shorn by environing tyrants—

"Who would not grieve, if such a land there be;  
Who would not weep if Switzerland were she!"

The scenery, mean time, was more attractive than the dissertation to all who in toil sought a safety-valve to restless vitality, and courted variety as the mother of enjoyment. Is there a sight on earth of such mysterious beauty as the musically fantastic forms of flowing water? Thence have sprung Kubleborn and Undine, and her myriad sisters of foam, the most lovely of all the creatures which imagination has known. The

recent rains had multiplied and enlivened the streams, which saluted us on all sides. It began to be a familiar sight, but we would still halt to watch a rivulet quickening into rapids, skipping furiously, as if in mad havoc of rollicking spirits, to the very verge of its lofty leap; whilst from below the burnished vapours, dipped in rainbow, soared like soft chrysales to kiss their source of life. Owlton and Corduroys clambered up to take the altitude of a mouldering and moss-shagged mass that lay across our path, and whose hugeness and evident relation to the parent cliff, suggested the idea of a rib torn by convulsion from the mountain side. An old gentleman, who had disparagingly asserted that it was "nothing to the Oberland," experienced such jealous and hostile looks, that he soon became loudest in acclamations. The prospect was indeed lovely, even beyond the hyperboles of Miss Mawkish Aimable, the heroine of the chair. Even *la petite* descended from the height of careless and voluptuous elegance, where she had been making conquests over dulness, and drinking a finer spirit of humanity: she descended when she saw the perfect revelation of glaciers, and became as common clay. Her chattered notes of admiration were a new chapter in æsthetics. Similes crowded into expression like the animals into the ark. Diapasons of wonder broke on the air from every mouth. One young lady vowed that the tract of glistening snow was exactly like her white satin mantle, and made a mem. of it in her *carpet*. "All satin and pomp, like their serene highnesses, the mediatised princes of Germany, but barren as poor—poor as the d—l;" added the Prussian. The young lady wrote down this observation, too.

"A mon that invents a new feegure for a mauntin in these days o' guide books, desairves to be as great a mon as Rob Roy," said MacShindig.

"But, halloo! what is our Aulic counsellor at up there?" exclaimed Corduroys.

"A horse-leech!" said the Scot.

We had just turned by the *châlet* whence the northward panorama breaks for the first time on the view. But so extraordinary was the spectacle which Corduroys had pointed out, that none took time to pause. At last we reached the object. What an object! Mr. Cruikshanks, swallow your pencil; you cannot approach it. Stand aside, Mr. Darley! There was a man, or rather a shadowy presentiment of humanity. Long, long, dry, dry, as a poplar in dogdays, he stood, motionless, as if taking root in the solid rock. A faded military scarf was bound round his waist, as if contesting with the wind possession of his tattered coat. Over one ear was poised a conical cap, hardly larger than a German extinguisher, from beneath which, straggled, like smoked tallow, masses of flaxen hair just maturing into gray. He wore a mustache, strung like a mandarin's, and trimmed with the severity of a martinet. From the breast downwards, he was completely encased in flowing pantaloons of pliant leather. An ancient chlamys fell in folds at his feet. Salvator Rosa was stamped upon the man. As we came up, he raised an eye-glass to his eye, and his eye to heaven, appearing totally unconscious of a new presence. The brimming expression of anguish upon his countenance was startling.



What was the cause? Before him lay extended the brown body of a donkey, whose broken lariat and fixed eye told the tale. I thought for a moment that its hoof was moving; but before a word had passed, all was still.

Cordueroys was the first to speak. "'Tis the toothless old counsellor who was ejected. Monsieur le Conseilleur," he continued, addressing the Aulic phenomenon, "I commiserate you; can we be of assistance?"

"Nein," answered the counsellor, with a dreamy start, and a dry bow, revealing all the blankness of his tawny face and toothless mouth. Then, with a sudden stoop, he made a lunge at the quarter where he expected to find a tail; but, for many years, apparently, the poor beast had ceased to enjoy familiarity with such an appendage. This hope of resuscitation was gone, and further experiment proving all others futile, the unfortunate man gained his original posture, and in a few words of unidiomatic French proceeded to explain.

"Messieurs, it was not my fault. I told them at Weggis the animal was too small; but they forced him on me, saying that he was a convenient size. My legs touched ground. They said I should escape a fall. The donkey was hungry and emulous. I had no guide to restrain him; but I did not urge him. He weakened as he warmed. He drank of the cold rills. He brayed aloud. He passed the *châlet* with a snort;—he snorted out his breath. Ah, Messieurs! it is all over with him and me. How shall I get down to-morrow with a gout and no donkey? This air is sharpening it into rheumatism," swore he with a German oath, as, resting on one leg, he

"Steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
And bitterly thought of the morrow."

"Rank equicide!" growled the Scot. "Puir mellow!"

By this time, the entire procession was gathered round the deceased. Many a dampened face and madid eye did justice to departed merit. Blue specs pretended to be adjusting little Gaspar's shawl; but he nearly strangled him by mistake. Perhaps our ranks contained no Coleridge nor Sterne to contribute the deserved epitaph; but the donkey found a flattering apotheosis in our sympathies. Miss Mawkish Aimable, who had feelings for everything, from an outang to an oyster, declared that she would like to see her two carrier brutes share the same fate. Alack! poor fool of misfortune. Thine existence has ever been a foreshadowing of the infernal realms. Sisyphus-like, summer after summer, thou hast "heaved up the high hill" at thy still recurring, unremitting task. Ixion-like, winter after winter, thou hast toiled at the ceaseless wheel. Hood-winked, thou hast travelled in lightning; thou hast tramped on through bellowing thunders. Frailty, thy name is fatigue! But was thine end untimely? Why hast thou, who never dreamed of harm, sustained accumulated wrongs? No, no. Death was not premature, where the heritage was despair. Dissolution was an escapade. "Life's fitful fever" has subsided in a grateful chill.

"*Allons donc*," at last murmured *La Petite*, in her most silky voice, and the donkey soon reposed among buried recollections. For the Aulic counsellor no alternative remained but the un-

pathetic necessity of walking. Vaurien lent him his Alpenstock, and Corduroys lent him a helping hand. Those who frequented the Hotel du Faucon at Berne, during last summer, have, at some time or other, seen the hero of the above misadventure, sitting, like a modern antique, over half a bottle of white wine, and, no doubt, have listened to his strange language. Two years ago, he received his official *congé* for contumacy in discussions relating to some matter of alliance among the Lilliputian German sovereignties. Since then, he has been, in the ramble of life, a confirmed wanderer. He openly preaches the doctrine of revolutionizing Switzerland, and the first fruit of his mission hitherto has been a residence in various prisons, besides a reputation of insanity. His friends absolutely refuse credence to the latter report, although they find it difficult to confute. For if ever a man blended a disordered ideality with a gnomie reasoning, it was the Aulic counsellor. All his ideas were involute as zebra-wood. His imagination contained enough secret passages, cells, recesses, and rat-traps, to have baffled the inquisitorial skill. Like an eleutherarch of old, his observations were all invested with the sublimity of obscurity;—they were auricular oracles which only the confidential initiated could comprehend. No art could clarify their hopeless confusion. His voice was musically dismal, and every word sounded prophetic, as a cuckoo's under song. And his disposition was of the dreariest turn. No one ever had a finer sense of the thrilling. No one ever *affectionated* more the lachrymose; no one could have taken a higher degree in ghastly æsthetics. A set of midnight resurrectionists, chaunting their lively dirge, "Down among the dead men," would have crowned him with cypress, as the "king of good fellows." It will readily be believed that the recent loss of his four-footed friend, together with the concomitant circumstances, had not agreeably converted his frame of mind. Now, if, since the world began, two persons ever differed from each other *toto cælo*, they differed not more widely than the Counsellor and Corduroys. Nevertheless, to the surprise of all, they fraternized instantly. The darkly-moulded Egyptian mind of the Counsellor seemed invested with fascination for the geologist; and a spirited dissertation of the latter, on the formation of landslides, had the effect, as the French say, of *exalting* the Counsellor. He commenced to stir the conversation with many a dusky remark. When he received a little impetus from the *gallimatias* of *La Petite*, you might have fancied Alfred Tennyson run maudlin. Corduroys had drawn him in advance to the edge of a cliff, in order to obtain an advantageous view of the several strata beneath, the nature of which he proposed to explain.

"You observe, sir, the angle of the general dip of the first stratum. Below that is granite, interspersed with slate and basaltic strata. Look farther; you observe the rationale of a fall. Here are monstrous masses above, which wait only for an impulse to descend; for the *motor* gravitation exists in the falling body quite as much when at rest; it simply lies dormant. Well, a shower of rain comes, softening the quantities of mud interposed between the rocky masses. Down go the torrents of liquid mud; and, the cement being released, down goes the superimposed agglomeration. Now, look; bend over;—this projectile"—

But, instead of complying, the singular auditor recoiled in a dismal panic, and surveyed his companion with a forbidding phiz, at the same time lifting his Alpenstock in manifest emotion. Corduroys, who had at first grasped the other's scarf for security, was so startled that he did not let go; so that, for a moment, the ladies, who had just come up, could not refrain from screaming, under the illusion that the young man had actually *lassoed* his Aulic friend, and was about to hurl him below. Equanimity was soon restored to the fainting fair, who called the cause of their alarm a "toothless visionary," and advised Corduroys to have nothing more to do with him. But the visionary began ten thousand lame apologies, to which the lecturer returned corresponding excuses, until, after two reedy bows, and two *pardons* in contralto intonation, Corduroys proposed drinks,—a proposition which was incontinently accepted. A large number assisted in the ceremony, quaffing from their leather goblets what MacShindig, in reference to the late misunderstanding, styled "the water o' obleevion," and which was about the only species of water ever supposed to effect an intrusion into his throat.

"An' hoot, mon!" proceeded he; "wha' the deevil ails ye, to haud sic a din? Tak anither drink, me lad, to *steedy yer head*."

"Ugh!" said the other, *sotto voce*; "'tis a shuddering thought, that every rook we overlook is the cenotaph of an unfortunate traveller or hunter. Did you not see that spot where a whole company slipped off in the snow? The jagd junker designated it. Alas! I leaned there full an hour;—a stepping-stone into eternity! and below—below!"

"Is the land of dreams:—jumping-off place, probably," said Corduroys.

"Below is an *ossuary*!—an *oubliette*!" shouted the toothless, with an acrid look. "Did you see? If all who have been brained were buried there, I tell you, *that* smiling plain would be a cemetery, white with tombs. Ugh! 'tis a writhingly fearful thought!"

"Then why the deevil enterteen it?" asked the Scotchman, who appeared not to relish the tone conversation was taking; "an' for wha' do you coom up for at a'?"

"To behold the swoop of the Rossberg. I attempted to examine the ruins of Goldau below; but I am told that the only satisfactory *coup d'œil* is to be enjoyed from above."

"Anither geologeest!" exclaimed MacShindig.

"No; but a site is invested with melancholy attractions where once a village wedded destruction. Gazing thereon, the jaws of death appear to blandly gape upon us gazing atoms. These are associations to transfix the soul!"

"Why, mon, they air na' cannie. Ye widna' conteemplate suiceede, or hoomiceede, or anyceede the like?—I appreheend it's a gane goose wi' him," added he, moving to a greater distance.

Thus far, our course had been like a stream, leaping with rapid change from rocks to roses. At length we began to encounter the thistles of weariness. We had been grave, gay, tender, sublime, hungry, fed, and fasting again, by turns; and now (there was no denying it) we began to grow tired. The *charivari* march grew monotonous on the sobby soil. Excitement, having attained its acmé, was subsiding on a sliding

scale, directly as the thermometer, which, in the rarefied atmosphere, was sinking low. Little wreaths of mist occasionally descended upon us, with a chilly welcome to their home of clouds. The character of the road grew painfully picturesque, as we now and then wound along the edge of a tremendous chasm, filled with horrid echoes; so that, if our teeth had not castanetted with cold, they must have done so with fear. Noses began to glow like corn-poppies. Spontaneous locomotion began to founder. Many knights suddenly became of the rueful countenance; and Dulcineas, but an hour ago all loveliness, grew dismally *distrain*. *La Petite* yawned with negligent propriety, as if exhaling the last gasp of Cytherea's breath. The "river of her thoughts" had evidently run foul of a snag. The sun was throwing sparser beams and longer shadows; so that our presages of "coming events" stalked lengthily before, like a troop of disembodied kangaroos. All grew dull and dignified—a common result of physical *stiffness*—save two. Corduroys and Vaurien still sported jocosely as grasshoppers. The latter was indeed a peripatetic Job, whom neither freezing nor blistering could wear out. Corduroys was possessed of an energy of good-natured selfishness, which was never evanescent, provided it found objects to practise on. But, when persuasion could no longer levy a risible contribution, he was obliged to bestow the surplus of his respiration upon an air from the *Dame Blanche*. Arcadia contains no sweeter garland than that of repose, and Utopia seemed scarcely more unattainable.

But no! As if a bomb-shell had exploded in the air, there was a noise. Every eye was upturned.

"*Enfin nous voilà!*" lisped *La Petite*.

"Up, Guards, and at them!" drawled Corduroys.

"It's high time!" yawns the reader.

#### THE CULM.

"Culmen reginæ montium."

COMMENTATOR.

Breathless reader, brave companion, partner of my toil, are you imaginative? Can you imagine a Maelstrom on a mountain?

For such was the sight I beheld. The rapturous, "realizing sense" of reaching the goal where the pilgrim can at last stretch his limbs for repose and his eyes for enjoyment, was whirled into puzzled astonishment as the Culm disclosed itself. It was not the apical height, nor the world-wide view spread forth, which thus "crowned us with strange thoughts;" for all this we had been gradually prepared by scenic instalments. It was the incongruous world there assembled,—the "confusion thrice confounded" of the Kaltesbad below,—which worked upon our brain. Not the Crystal Palace, on its palmyest day, not all the Carnivals and *Kermes* of Rome and Leipsic, scarcely the ancient Orgies of the Adriatic's Queen, could have swarmed with such picturesque, grotesque, Dantesque, arabesque, confusion. I remember that Dante, in his "*Divina Comedia*," was at a loss to divine how some of the people whom he saw in heaven ever found their way there. Surely, had he mounted the Righi on this day, he would have been equally perplexed. He might have conjectured that old



Noah had once more moored his Ark upon a peak, and was letting loose his unruly crew.

But to define my position. Picture a parallelogram platform of earth, apparently about an acre in extent, one corner of which was artificially elevated into a kind of tabular observatory. In the centre stood a two-story hotel, with a wide façade and two wide wings, all built of shingles, cut in shell form, and of a singular lustre in the sunlight. On a brilliant day like the present, a spectator is amazed at an appearance which, at first sight, he actually takes to be an edifice of pearl,—so illusive is this humble exterior. It is one of the first class of Swiss hotels. Around it, though mostly in the front area, circulated the motley mass and pageant to whose *bizarrie* I have alluded. Looking abroad upon the infinite expanse which thousands have surveyed with swimming eyes, I desisted the rival heights. *At last*, no longer pent, the unbounded universe seemed to burst from all sides on the sight:—the waveless plain, islanded by cities, covered with a web of fertilizing rivers, or broken by gentler eminences, which rose at intervals like the soft-hued Symphlegades. The Bernese and Unterwalden Alps on one side formed the extreme distance, carving ether with the delicate tracery of their peaks, crystallized by the chemistry of heaven. To the right were the Mitre Peaks, and beyond, the gorges where, fifty years ago, hostile armies met. The icy slopes are seen, where the shepherds now take off their shoes and crawl, and where the encounter of undaunted legions once took place;—where Massena and Mortier, Molitor and Soult, Suwarrow and Constantine, led. This is no guide-book miracle, as the monuments, *self-erected*, evidence. Thousands fell, creating and crimsoning a thousand melted streams, their only funeral rites received from kites and vultures. Their bones, to which no patriotism has been so hardy as to give sepulture, still remain there, strewn in heaps;—"and there," as Webster says, "they will remain for ever."

Such is the destruction of "men and columns." But nearer was a monument of deadlier destruction, which seems planted to deride the puny nature of the fiercest havoc man can make. For there stands the Rossberg, scathed in terrible disaster, its foot still planted upon the empire of its stupendous ruins. Two towns—Pompeii and Goldau—present the most wonderful envelopment of catastrophe which research has known; but the "city preserved in amber" was less awful in its fate than the unhappy Goldau. The coursing lava, heralding its approach, cannot be compared in terror to the wildest change that ever broke,—the precipitation of a mountain from the sky. Long it veered in toppling majesty, as if parted by an earthquake rocking in the heavens, then tumbled, tottering, plunging dizzily, and ploughing the riven earth with its crashing, bounding haste. There remains its track, emblazoned with its headlong rack of shattered rock and jagged root, which no culture can retrieve. The inner *arcana* of a mountain are laid bare by the split of its construction. But, beautiful amid a world of horror, out of the mingled mass creeps forth a streamlet, seemingly to struggle on, with trembling and bewildered course, to find its despoiled bed, and weep the desolation of its birthplace. And there remain

below the trophies of its undoing, strewn as they were when the morning of September 3d, 1806, rose upon their misery. The triangular extent of ruins is said to be fully equal to Paris; and, among the superincumbent blocks, some are found of a bulk equal to that of the palace of the Tuileries. At this distance, they looked like convenient stepping-stones.

Such was the panorama without. Let us turn to the cosmorama within. Truly, all the world and his wife were there that day, in masquerade. A politician would have been puzzled to define the *platform* upon which he was standing. It was a congress of nations. There were pretty, pert shepherdesses, carnation with exercise and cold, tending their flocks,—*videlicet*, their obedient swains, for whom their crooks were sceptres. They might have been taken for Bloomer delegates. The "confusion" was made "worse confounded" by the confusion of tongues. If Babel ever rose to such a pitch, it was high time to despair of attaining heaven. The crowd fumed, chafed, crossed, clashed, surged, and tumbled up and down, until the crazy old Culm seemed to reel. Nothing seemed to advance. The decline and fall of the Great Mogul might have occasioned a more extensive, but not a livelier, stir than did the sun's decline in his diurnal course that day. On the tabular observatory already alluded to was stationed the "*intellectus cogitabundus*,"—an association of astronomers; and such an association of Aragos, at the zenith of self-complacency and the nadir of non-comprehension, was probably never gathered together since the precession of the equinoxes commenced. Any one who has ever happened upon the knot of sky-scrapers convened every fair night, in communion with a telescope, on the Place Vendôme, knows the prototype of the group I am describing. Let him only conceive that the latter, by their mundane elevation and enthusiastic abstraction, were immeasurably lifted above the atmosphere of common sense, and there will need no Hogarth to complete the sketch.

Close contiguous was an unruly school of philosophers, cosmogonists, sciolists, and dilettanti, whose ideas all seemed branching in opposite ways, like the ramifications of a girandole. With a velocity of induction absolutely electric, they kept discharging their fountains of verbiage, inundating us with things consentaneous to scientific and artistic truth, explosions and convulsions, secular revolutions, polar perpendicularities, coinciding ecliptics, analytical demonstrations, and unapproximative hypotheses. Now and then a great stone was detached, by way of emphasis, and sent bouncing down—I know not where;—possibly to the laky depth itself; and every moment we looked to see the excitement despatch some human projectile after. In this laudable anticipation, however, we were balked; but the contesting parties, some growing callous and desperate, all gesticulating to the verge of distortion, created a social vortex to which all prudent persons readily yielded a large margin.

It was while detained in this neighbourhood that I became a favoured listener to a celebrated Leyden professor, who made a speech on the primary indications of globularities ten thousand feet above the sea and ten degrees below zero. He delivered himself as follows:—

On second thoughts, I will reserve it for Silli-



man's Journal. A man in a swallow-tail, reasoning on subterranean influences from the back of a mountain, might possibly put the unscientific in mind of Bishop Berkley's comparison of the insect on the elephant. The dignity of science must be preserved.

There are people in whose estimation ruralities without *grub* amounts to the play without Hamlet. With them every transport gives a new impulse to vast voracity. They completely possess that art of enjoyment, whose rule is to take care of the useful and the beautiful will take care of itself. *They were there*; exchanging their birth-right of two eyes for a mess of—cheese. There are men who would continue to talk over their odious boroughs and elections, while the last trump was deafening a dissolving world: they were not absent here.

Like nuclei to allure the astray were interspersed booths and stalls, attended by hawkers with horns. Exposed for sale were coloured prints, carved toys, Naples coral, pinchbeck watches, china, capes, musical boxes, compass boxes, snuff, pipes, minerals, chains of leather, &c. &c. Nor were there wanting fair *marchandes des modes*, fresh from the Boulevards, who with flagons of perfumes, bone bracelets, *bijouterie* and laces, succeed, even here, in tempting dusty beauty to refresh and adorn herself. *La Petite* was almost instantly before one of these shrines, approving, criticising, and encouraging; solely, I believe, with the view of promoting taste and trade. A Frenchwoman is the paragon of a patriot; it is her Gallomania that makes revolutions harmless.

The house was filled with German students, and their lung-element, tobacco smoke. "Change of air" was once prescribed for a German student. "*God's thunder-weather!* doctor," returned he, "would you have me travel without my *meerschäum*?" If, as Horace taught, all men are mad, then the peculiar derangement which will send this segment of the human circle to Antycyra is *Aerophobia*. The leopard cannot change his spots, nor the student his habits. "Water parted from the sea," does not retain its savour more thoroughly than he. He is a Rosicrucian Gipsy—combining the deepest lore and romance with ever intractable wildness.

Again out of doors. Corduroys was flying round like a streak of mud in a whirlwind. I elbowed after, for want of purpose. We stopped for a moment with the Aulic counsellor, who was seated on the bench looking toward the Rossberg, and indulging in spectral reminiscences of things that were. It appeared that he had discovered an aboriginal mountaineer; a man who had been born in Goldau, and had narrowly escaped being mashed there, having gone off hunting on the morning of the fatal day. He was a mere boy, then; but he perfectly recollected all the disastrous *minutiae*. Again and again he recounted them, with a despairing *gusto* and a dolorous drawl; though never twice adhering to the same facts. The Counsellor, however, failed to notice this circumstance; perhaps the more misery the merrier for him, and a slight departure from veracity was certainly favourable to multiplication in details. He could not, at first, pardon the narrator for having himself escaped; and more than once his looks, if I read aright, consigned the recreant to a Tarpeian fate. But on the man's fur-

ther assurance, that he had lost all his relatives and half his property in the "fell swoop," the Counsellor began to regard him more leniently; and when, after another legend that might have embellished the archives of the catacombs, he broke into passionate lamentations that he had "ever escaped to tell the tale," the Counsellor sprang to his feet and clasped his hand. Eternal friendship was the instant consequence.

Whenever refugees from incontrovertible nations meet upon a trysting-ground, and are prohibited, by ungenial non-comprehension, from communion of language, they usually have recourse to a song or a tune. Debarred from the *graces* of social intercourse, they can at least enjoy its *airs*. Music is the only universal linguist, a Mezzofanti of the soul—a dragoman often tried and never found wanting.

The martial muse of Bellini thrilled two clarionets, two flutes, two bassoons, a triangle, a tambourine, an accordeon, and a French horn. The muse *dansante* of Strauss succeeded, at the instigation of the pretty, pert shepherdesses, who accordingly led up their biped flock to the shambles of a quadrille.

And now the dance was over and the music mute. The grand luminary was about to bid adieu. I am no longer in the vein for description, a circumstance at which few will grieve. It was one of those slow, grand sunsets, which linger like a forest on fire, and melt at last from view, leaving us bathed in floods of streaming gold, and springing a mine of lurid tints throughout the heavens. Amid the tumult of tongues moving in every different wise, a lady was heard to declare, "It beats Vauxhall!" Be this the epitaph for Phœbus on that day.

So, then, the grand climacteric of a day on the Culm was bygone. "Awaking with a start," we sprang to the keen consciousness of hunger. In good sooth, it was going on to eight o'clock. But the solemnization of sunset at the "Culm Hotel" is the "grace before meat," which it would be worse than Puritan profanity to anticipate. The "tocsin of the soul" now pealed; and while the pervading shades of evening shed their vague terrors through the gray world below, the still sun-excited crowd rushed in at the doors, as did the *Fire-Worshippers* of yore to the feasts of their Divinity.

"A little dinner," says the gospel of *Gastromomes*, "not more than the muses, with all the guests clever and some pretty, offers human nature under very comfortable circumstances." Pity that this condition is less applicable to a *table d'hôte*. I want no more vivid picture of the miseries of the socialist system than is presented at the ultra "social board." Suetonius has made mention of a nation called the *Grabbati*, who shared things in common; the first, I believe, on record. One does not now meet kings at table, as in the days when Candide dined at Venice. The dinner, however, was fair; the lighter graces of French cookery supervening to melt the "too solid flesh" of the German *cuisine* into palatable form. The wine-list included all the Rhine vintage; not forgetting the *élite* of Burgundy and Bordeaux. In the middle of the table was a huge bulbous *blanc mange*, moulded to the model of Mt. Blanc. Hard by, a Mt. Wetterhorn of ice cream arose. Its proximity seemed to operate as a *memento mori* to a chilly world; at least, if one

might draw inference from the phlogistic flow of deep potations which prevailed in the vicinity.

For a long time naught was heard save crashing jaws and the drin-drin of steel. It was the *morne silence* of company intent upon their prey. All for a time, gave tokens of unabstracted devotion. . . . .

Then came the genial hour when the good story gladdened, when the cards were shuffled, and conversation started from her trance. On all sides tapering shapes and shapely tapers shed light or grace around the room. The night wore on, the fires fell low, and the wind waxed high; but no signs of defection appeared, except on the part of the ladies, who all at once were disappearing like a fashion going out, and on the part of the whist committees. Of the latter, fatigue finished many rubbers; I observed a puffy old gentleman fall dead asleep with four honours in his hand.

But the punch poured on. It was said on authority, that enough Dantzic had been already drunk to *lace* the waters of the Reuss from its source to its mouth. Then came the student orgies. William Howitt has saved me the pain of inflicting an account of them upon any English reader. Like the thorough-bred racer, who reserves his most effective energies till the last—when inferior natures feel exhaustion—the student commences to drink in good earnest from the point where others leave off. He is never so glorious as when all his competitors are under the table. But to do justice to all, I must say, that none died without a struggle. The cosmogonists gave toasts, the musicians gave songs. A Frenchman proposed “Rhenish wine in Gallic goblets,”—an irregular toast, which drew much good feeling from the Burschenschaft, and an *im-promptu fait à loisir*, of which I have attempted the following imitation.

#### THE SWISS CRUSADE.

A Crusade! A Crusade! Pope Rhine did ordain it!  
To baptize his birthland—in grape-blood to stain it.  
We've come to his cradle  
With bottle and ladle;  
Converting his cascades to water and wine,  
Our Askalon's Righi—our Pope is Père Rhine.

The Red Sea! The Dead Sea! Old Salts—shall blush  
claret.

The Saints of Burgundy and Bordeaux declare it;  
*Saint Amour,—Saint Emilion—*  
*Saint George and Saint Julian—*  
Canalling *Saint Peray*, flow, flooding their lock,  
In the wake of the banner anointed by Hock.

Crusaders! Marauders! Invaders of thin air!  
Libations, ablutions, fill, pour, Saint and Sinner!  
Drink! Paynim and Paladin,  
From Bouillon to *Salad in*,\*  
A font that Mahomet nor Moses e'er saw,  
Font Hock—in Helvetia! hip! hip! hip! hurrah!

The *universality* of sentiment embodied in this song, in conjunction with its free and easy tune, seemed alike acceptable to every one present. All shades of opinion became readily harmonized in the mingling draughts, which composed a suitable accompaniment. Every one soon became

\* Bouillon and Saladin may typify the causes of Christendom and Islam. Bouillon was crowned king of Jerusalem by the first Crusaders. The *jeu de mots* is rather French than English, and would be cosmopolitan at any *table d'hôte* in Europe; *bouillon*, being the first, and *salad* the last course of a hotel dinner. The phrase is equivalent to the Roman *ab ovo ad malum*.

over head and ears in some font or other. Many songs followed in a variety of languages, which we prefer inserting among the ballad specimens, in a volume which Mr. Griswold is compiling. Utterance grew fainter, and throats at length desisted from action out of sheer soreness.

(The last scene of Hugo's *Lucretia Borgia*, where the curtain falls upon the poisoned banqueters is reproduced. A funeral file of empty bottles is seen tottering black and blue to the cellar. The pall of a table-cloth is dropped upon the heterogeneous mass of humanity.)

“*Sapristi!* what's that?” exclaimed a dozen sleep-clasped men yawning themselves into consciousness. I don't know how it was, but a species of French lady-bird called *punaise*, seemed to infest all my slumbers. But what the deuce is that noise? Oh! it's that scoundrelly horn, sounding for sunrise; bah! what a goatland this is! the sun has horns as well as the moon. “It's no use sir, get up you must; and if you carry off the counterpane, there's a fine of fifteen *batz*. Read the rules.”

Half-past three, and sunrise! What time did I get to bed? No matter,—*sortons nous*.

“Sacramento!” muttered the Prussian, “just what I expected.”

“What else could you expect so early?” growled a student.

The mists were rapidly ripening into rain. Crash! crash! crash! Is that thunder, or falling rocks? Pontius Pilatus had “put on his hat,”—even pulled it over his brows,—and looked fiercely at us. And where is this fancied sunrise?

“Ah, monsieur, the sun will not show his face this morning; he is offended at our conduct last night.”

“Last night! ah, true. I wonder if he is suffering from a headache, too;—taking a shower-bath, perhaps.”

A pretty episode this in our *sommeils du matin*! A pleasant sequel to the dreams that come from Jove! The porter of “the golden oriental gate of greatest heaven” was that morning in a trance; for Phæbus could effect no exit. Sunrise that day was a perfect squib. And as

“Like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn,”

we began to turn (many for the first time) into our curtained couches.

There was slender company at breakfast. While stirring my thin coffee and thick cream with a wooden tea-spoon, Corduroys came down.

“Hum, sir, they are blown away like leaves”—

“And taken our breakfast with them, it appears;—has anything happened?”

“Nothing, except that Swiss landlords always kick you out of the house before day; so that there has been a rush for breakfast.”

“But what's become of Owlton, the Counsellor, the Prussian, the”—

“Frightened off by the storm. They all clubbed off together; one half a dozen started on a tramp,—another troop set out on a *battu* after chamois,—the students drank up all the liquor, and swore they wouldn't remain in a house that couldn't mix them a stirrup-cup,—the Englishmen joined hands for driving a “four-in-hand” through the Tyrol”—



"May I ask what you propose doing?"

"I am half pleasure-hunter, half geologist. If you do not take exception to either pursuit, we can descend together to Goldan, and then proceed in company, or part. As for myself, my researches are nearly concluded; the Rossberg, as the most interesting, I have reserved for the last. It will be necessary to circumnavigate the mountain through deep mud. This may be disagreeable; but it will facilitate the examination of the soil."

"Then I shall enjoy double advantages, and that of your instruction will outweigh all *desagremens*. But, is the opposite side of the Rossberg also worth a visit?"

"Even more than this side. Goldan has re-

ceived her dower of destruction. But there are abundant proofs of other and similar avalanches of rocks having taken place, at remote periods, on both sides. They are, in fact, more or less periodical, though centuries intervene. A balance is needed, which only a fall on the other side can effect. The beautiful Lake of Lowertz must, at no distant day, be started from its bed by a compensating catastrophe. The sword of Damocles is suspended above. Such is the encouraging destiny held in reserve for it, by the decrees of science. A nice *locale*, is it not, for a geologist convention?"

As the day grew older, the mud stiffened before a strong west wind. The sun was high in the heavens, and we were *en route* for Lowertz.

## THE PHANTOM SEA.

BY THE LATE MRS. R. F. TOWNSEND.

GIRT by mountains wild and hoary,  
On a distant Norland shore,—  
So I read in olden story—  
Sleeps a sea for ever more.

Fastness strong, and rocky turret,  
Jealous guard its calm repose;  
Far the tempest gathers o'er it,  
Skyward far the sunshine glows.

Living thing descended never  
Down that giddy, fearful steep;  
There, in well-like darkness, ever  
Hide its fountains, still and deep.

Never wind from piny Norland  
Crisps the silent waters there;  
Never bird, from heathy moorland  
Winging, cleaves the brooding air.

Sound of oar, or boatman's singing,  
There may never echoed be;  
Sorrow's plaint, or mirth's wild ringing,  
Vexeth not that sunless sea.

And the olden story telleth,  
How the eye that looketh down  
Long and earnestly, dispelleth  
By its power, the doleful gloom.

Then do shapes of lovely seeming,  
Sense and soul in beauty steep,  
Where the stars at noon are gleaming,  
Mirrored in the waveless deep.

And the listener, earnest bending,  
Heareth,—so the tale doth say,—  
Through its winding caverns blending,  
Songs Æolian glide away.

Shadows of all sounds, renewing  
Endless longings, murmur by;  
May-morn joyance, Summer's wooing,  
Softer than the wind-harp's sigh.

Fountain springeth, wild-bird singeth,  
Storm-winds, fitful, sweep along;  
Melodies of earth and ocean,  
Mingle in the phantom song.

Oh what visions float before him  
Who hath climbed the mountain high!  
Where the stars and cloud-land o'er him,  
Shadowed in the stillness lie.

Yet, so saith the olden story,—  
Wanderer 'neath the Norland skies—  
Seek thou not the passes, hoary,  
Where the beetling cliffs arise.

He who listens, fondly dreaming,  
Home and love forgetteth all,  
Where the dew-light, golden gleaming,  
Glimmers down the mountain wall.

Earth her bright apparel weareth;  
Storm and sunshine come and go,  
Vainly, while the song he heareth  
Faintly, sweetly, far below.

Daily, nightly, wandering lonely,  
As a sleeper, singeth he,  
Of the echoing songs, that only  
Flow where sleeps the charmed sea.

Then,—so ends the olden story,—  
Wanderer 'neath the Norland skies,  
Leave th' enchanted region, hoary,  
Where the girdling mountains rise.

Herd thy fold, and tend thy vineyard,  
Lowly, where the valleys lie;  
Planting, sowing, 'neath the glowing  
Warmth of Summer's ripening sky.

Seek thy fatherland, where only  
Bloom enduring joys for thee;  
Lovelier than his song, who lonely  
Singeth by the Phantom Sea.



## THE FORAGING PARTY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY H. MILNOR KLAPP.

ABOUT the time when General Howe occupied our first seat of government with his victorious troops, there stood, in what was then called the upper part of Philadelphia County, not far from the site of the little Dutch village of Lederachville, a quaint-looking edifice of logs, raised upon an understructure of stone, and known to the farmers as Alloway's Mill. It occupied a low, retired situation, upon a solitary branch of the great Perkiomen Creek, where the tributary winds down through a tolerably fertile country, bounded, on one side, by hills of inconsiderable height, which were entirely covered, at that period, by oaks and evergreens. The land along the little stream was then but thinly settled, the forests still standing in their primitive grandeur, tenanted by the wolf and the wild-cat, and a few of the aborigines still lingering near the mouth of a small run, which empties into the branch, and is still called the Indian's Creek. On the left bank of this run was then to be seen one of their ancient orchards of peach-trees, the size and productiveness of which still haunts the grandsire's memory; and lower down, upon the very spot, it is said, now occupied by the district school-house, was the burial-place of the tribe. A hill, to the east, over which a stage-coach, at the present day, daily rattles through the above-mentioned village, was then only crossed by a bridle-path, cut through the woods to the mill, and communicating below with a broader path, leading down to the old Skippack camp.

The country along the latter road, as far down as the old Welsh line, had been early settled by religious refugees from Silesia, and the upper parts of Germany. These were of several sects, differing in many minor points from the doctrines taught by Calvin, and, in some instances, divided among themselves by the degrees of rigour with which they observed the tenets of their founders. All were remarkable for the severe simplicity of their manners, their contempt for learning and outward accomplishments, as well as for industry, economy, and a conscientious repugnance to strife. Being remote from the scenes of the French and Indian wars, which had desolated so many promising settlements on the frontiers above, these frugal tillers of the soil had spread and flourished. From the head waters of the Perkiomen to the Welsh line, they were scattered over the country in the most eligible situations, forming, from their aptness for labour, and their inherent love of thrift, the very best pioneers for an agricultural population which the times could afford. They were, in fact, the forefathers of the hardy, laborious, but unlettered people, which, still retaining the language and customs of their ancestors, occupy these rural districts at the present day.

The defeat at Brandywine, while it decided the fate of Philadelphia for a season, brought war, and its attendant horrors, to the very doors of these primitive children of peace. After the subsequent repulse at Germantown, their houses and

barns were filled with the sick and wounded, their produce, in many instances, carried off for the use of the patriot-army, and they lived in continual dread of the foragers, who were constantly scouting in every direction, in search of provisions for the camps. When the British, after a most determined resistance, had succeeded in forcing the passage of the Delaware, they drew most of their supplies from the river districts below; nevertheless, parties, headed by enterprising officers, whose movements were directed by spies, often penetrated into corners of the country at a considerable distance from the lines. In fact, these unscrupulous purveyors were the living embodiments of terror to our Pennsylvania farmers above the city. They seized upon everything in the shape of provender which they could, by any means, lay their hands upon, with this essential difference, however; the British, in general, paid for all articles thus procured in sterling English money, while the patriots were content to offer Continental bills, even then beginning to depreciate, and if these equivocal tenders were refused, to fall back, without further parley, to the sword's point, or the bayonet.

However, as Mennonists and Swenckfelders must eat as well as gentlemen of the sword, and as gold, which was hard food for Midas, is equally difficult of mastication for husbandmen, the latter were finally forced to hide away their cattle in the woods, and conceal their grain in the earth; so that John Bull and Saint Tammany, finding beef and corn grow scarce, and each attributing the cause to the superior activity of his opponent, began to seek out and belabour one another; which, after all, in the opinion of the honest rustics, was but returning to a legitimate state of things. Several severe skirmishes, incidental to these plundering excursions, occurred upon or near the Skippack Creek, and the parties, after shooting and slashing each other to their heart's content, for a brief time afterwards left the roads free.

The American army was then enduring every privation at Valley Forge; its quartermaster-departments were equally destitute of money or credit, and as the people, in some cases, had been known to deny provisions to one party, and afterwards sell them to another, detachments were at last sent out from the camp to collect the means of subsistence by force of arms. The districts around were, of course, soon exhausted, and dreading a similar state of things above, the farmers around Alloway's Mill had formed themselves into a solemn league, the object of which was to conceal their joint stock and other produce in a safe place from the foragers of either party. The spot selected for this was in a rugged hill, situated on the first bend of the branch above the mill. It was lonely, and difficult of access, the hill itself being thickly covered with huge gray stones, lying in every imaginable position. From amidst these hoary incumbrances, chestnuts, dwarf

oaks, and several varieties of pine, forced their way to form an almost impervious forest, the especial haunt of the fox and the wild-cat, and, if the tales of the old settlers be true, occasionally of the wolf and the panther. The existence of a cave, near the middle of the hill, was known only to the miller and his colleagues, and the few Indians, who, as mentioned above, still hunted and fished in the little stream. The cave was converted into a secret storehouse, and especially committed to Alloway's charge.

The miller had a considerable quantity of grain hidden in the same place. If his conscience ever smote him when sitting down to his substantial meals, he thought of the poor patriots in their freezing and hungry camp, a glance at his wife's comely face, and at a brood of white-headed children, each blessed with as keen an appetite as a young thrush, as often reassured his mind, by whispering to him where his first claims lay. He could solace himself with the thought, too, that he had ever set his face against dealing with the invaders, and, upon more occasions than one, had served the Americans, by conveying secret intelligence, or transmitting small supplies of flour to their lines. Though born among the descendants of Germans, he was of Scotch descent, a lively, sensible fellow, far in advance of his neighbours in point of intelligence, and, at heart, sincerely attached to the cause.

It was on one of those remorselessly cold nights of old—the memory of which has been feelingly revived among us—when the watch-dog, belying the reputation which he had cheaply acquired by baying at the moon o' summer nights, buries his shivering frame fathoms deep in the rye-straw,—when chanticleer will not rise on his roost to crow, for fear of exposing a single toe-joint to the nipping air,—when the Dapple coughs as she chews the cud, and honest Dobbin himself, rising, with a shivering groan, from his bed, kicks lustily at the stable-door, as if he wondered what the devil Jack Frost was about; it was just on such a tremendously cold night, when the very roof-tree seems frozen stiff and stark, and rattles its dry boughs in the wind, with a spectral air, as if to give notice that it had given up the ghost,—it was upon such a terribly biting night as this, when the frost-king, after locking all ordinary streams hard and fast, seems anxious to crown his work by hermetically sealing up, till the day of compt, that curious fountain of red, the living heart,—it was upon such a Nova-Zembla night, that a small party of men, whose dress and appearance sufficiently proclaimed them to be farmers of the vicinity, were sitting closely wedged in a small room, beneath the steep, octangular roof of the mill. They were mostly middle-aged, and hard-favoured. They wore long, grizzly beards, and coon-skin caps, or low hats of felt, and were dressed in linsey-woolsey breeches, with long coats and vests of the same homely material. One or two of the elders displayed long, brass watch-chains, and double rows of large pewter buttons upon their waistcoats; but these were signs of distinction, doubtless, forced upon the wearers by some old hideous housewife's lurking love of vanities. Not a man of the party was armed, although the disturbed state of the country amply warranted the bearing of weapons. Their demeanour was staid, stolid rather than thoughtful, the features of the old men, especially, being

destitute of the smallest trace of expression. Still, there was nothing sour or sullen in their looks, as they sat, like a conclave of Hogarth's caricatures, round a blazing fire of logs, which threw a strong glare on their wintry figures, and upon every object in the little apartment. In fact, this was the homespun council, and their deliberations were just over as the reader entered. The wind, which was beginning to rise, sang keenly round the eaves, and the owl, from time to time, gave a melancholy hoot without, as if, in despite of his coat of proof, and his moping stare, he envied the cheerful blaze within; but each man sat still on his seat, half-wrapped in his frieze cloak, gazing fixedly at the fire, without moving a muscle. Presently, a step was heard on the floor of the mill, a side door opened, and the miller himself, white with the dust of his calling, appeared at the threshold.

"Now, Benjamin Wilde," said he, addressing one of the party in Anglo-German, "thine sack and thine horse are ready."

The man arose, and drawing his cloak closely round his form, with a simple "*goot noct*" to the rest, strode out of the apartment. He mounted his horse, which stood pawing impatiently before the door, and settling himself behind the sack for a long ride, bade the miller farewell, and was speedily lost to sight among the trees. The rest followed, one by one, in like manner, the last saying, in a low voice, before he gave his beast the rein,

"Have a good eye to thy charge, Giles, and we will keep a good lookout on the road."

"Fear thee not, Michael," answered the miller, in the same tone, "only do thou keep a curb on thy frau's long tongue."

The man smiled slowly in the streak of cold moonshine which crossed his dull, pinched face.

"Fear not her," he said as he stooped to adjust his stirrups, "she is a true woman. Do thou watch thine Injun vagabonds. Fare thee well."

"Fare thee well," echoed the miller, and then added in English, looking at his retreating figure, as he trotted after his fellows,

"Small thanks for thy caution, thou close-fisted, suspicious old knave. The poor red devils are honestest of heart than thou, with thy long texts and thy crazy rantings."

Here, as he was about to enter the mill, he was suddenly addressed by his assistant.

"There is another horse in the stable, Giles; nevertheless, there are no more sacks to fill."

"Was ist?" exclaimed the miller,—"ander gowl? It can't be, man; they are all gone already."

"Yaw, well," answered the unmoved tender of hoppers, "*du canst schen for deinself*. I say there is a good black gowl, with a bearskin saddle on his back, in the bay colt's stall."

The miller answered not, but threw open the door of the rustic council chamber. There to his utter astonishment, still sat one figure more, in a coarse, black cloak, and flapped hat, with a beard half way to his knees. The cape of the mantle partially hid his face from view, but shrouded as the figure was, the miller could tell, at a glance, that it was tall and strong. Who he was—or where he came from, or how he got in, was the question.

"*Goot abend, freund*," said Alloway, with a quaver in his voice, as the thought flashed upon



his bewildered mind, that his unaccountable visiter might possibly be the Evil One himself.

"Good evening," returned the figure gruffly, in English, without even turning his face from the fire. A strange thrill of dread shot through the stalwart frame of the miller; nevertheless he advanced a step nearer, and put the decisive question,

"*Was du wasche?*"

"Supper and lodging for the night, for myself, and a feed and a warm stall for my horse," the strange guest answered in the same rough, constrained voice. "*Der duyvil und henker!* you would not have man and beast to freeze their blood such a night as this—or it may be that you think that there are musquitoes about?"

He turned his head as he spoke, displaying to the dismayed host and his man, a pair of sunken, fiery, black eyes, strongly arched, a straight nose, and a weatherbeaten cheek-bone, rather thin and high. The rest of the features were hidden partly by the cape and the slouched hat, and partly by the mustache and heavy beard, which a Dunker, if it were not a sin against his conscience, might have envied.

"Musquitoes!" repeated the miller, dismissing his first fears, but,—somewhat conversant with tory slang,—by no means liking the looks or the language of the man, who, for all he knew, to the contrary, might prove to be a spy, or a horse-thief from Chester or Bucks.

"Ay," said the stranger, with a hoarse chuckle, "or nighthawks, or yellow-jackets; but that's not the point. You asked me what I wanted here. The point is, can I have it?"

"You are welcome," answered the miller, slowly. "Peter, put the strange horse away for the night."

"Humph," said the stranger, as Peter, in gaping wonder, withdrew on his errand; "we will square accounts, miller, when we part."

"I keep no inn, friend, to charge a traveller for a night's shelter," said Giles Alloway, and calling down his wife from a room above, a plentiful meal was speedily set before his unwelcome guest. The latter threw off his hat and cloak, displaying by the act, a heavy cavalry-sword and a brace of pistols at his belt. He was full six feet high, powerfully made, with long arms, and great breadth of shoulder. Giles thought in his heart, that he had never seen a more soldier-like figure. He, himself, had already supped, but rather than suffer his guest to eat alone, he sat down, and lent him his mighty aid to discuss the repast. The woman withdrew as soon as the board was covered, and the miller, while manfully assisting to bolt the viands, now determined to do his best to sift the stranger. He looked full at his features, as he pressed the food upon him; though thin and weatherworn, like those of a man inured to privations, they were regular and commanding. The more Giles glanced at them, the more he was puzzled with some obscure remembrance. With some lines of the face, his eye was almost ready, at certain moments, to prompt his tongue to claim acquaintance; but the black mustache and the beard, the broad brow with the scar, the stern wrinkles about the eyes, and something overawing in the manner of the man, as often repressed the words on his lips. When he spoke, too, his voice, though no longer thick, was so stern and peremptory, that Giles, brave

man as he was, was involuntarily rendered more cautious in pushing his inquiries. The man was well clad for the season, sharp as the weather was, and what set the miller's wits most in a ferment, was the easy, offhand way in which he spoke the mixed dialect of the neighbourhood, as the meal advanced, with every now and then a dash of pure English, which sent Giles's thoughts posting off to the belligerent camps again. He was evidently a soldier,—plainly clothed though he was,—from his bushy brows to his armed heels, the very man to be foremost in a charge. He could not be a Hessian, or an Englishman, since he spoke too good English for the one, and too homely German for the other; but he might be a tory, or an American officer in disguise, and in either case, according to the rules of the league, he was to be considered as an enemy. He parried his host's roundabout queries, in an adroit, yet good-humoured way, and it was not until the supper-table was cleared, and the miller's buxom wife had studied his face for full ten minutes, by the light of the fire, that the great beard suddenly dropped on the floor, and he stood revealed.

"Captain Richard, as I live!" exclaimed the good dame, triumphantly, rising and eagerly extending both hands, which the *ci-devant* stranger shook heartily.

"*Der duyvil und henker!* Hang it, that I could have been blind!" exclaimed the mortified, yet relieved, miller.

"It was only the dust of the mill in your eyes, Giles?" said the Captain, laughing, and clasping his proffered hand in turn.

"Sit ye down, Captain. I never was so puzzled for the first ten minutes, though, do you mind, I'm not free to say that I was altogether in the dark before the *frau* spoke. Ye might have good reason for making yourself strange, you know. But, to tell the truth, lad, aside from the false beard, ye are sore altered since ye joined Lee's light horse."

"And to see the red on his cheek gone, and the scar on his forehead, that was as smooth and white as any lady's in the land, before he went to the wars."

"But, wife," said Giles, "ye are aye thinking of bygones. It was a soldier's blow, no doubt; and the slash becomes him well. Ye would not have pulled the strings and let the cat out of the bag before me, if ye had not lived so long in his father's house. But set on the kettle, woman; the sooner the Captain and I get a pitcher of hot toddy between us, the sooner we'll be minding the old times."

"And how are the old Colonel and the ladies, Master Richard?" said the woman, still lingering.

"In faith, I must ask that news of you," answered the Captain; "it is long since I saw or heard of my father's family."

"Well, lad," said the miller, winking in a mysterious way, "I can tell ye pretty near the mark. They were all well within a week, for I was down to the lines on a little matter of private concern, and just made it my business to ask. Ah, Captain, do ye remember the times when I courted Bess in your father's house, and how the bear came and killed the brown pig in the sty?"

"That I do," said the Captain; "and how I snapped my gun in his face, and he made off over the fence after all?"

"Ay, but, ye mind, we nabbed him in the

swamp the next day; and ye'll never forget the speech that Injun Dick made when he took him by the paw."

"Pleasant days those, Giles," said the soldier, looking leisurely after the retreating form of the woman; "but now, my boy, to business. How much wheat and pickled beef have ye stored up in Stone Hill?"

Had Satan himself, assuming the form of Captain Dick Hartley to deceive his host into a night's hospitality, suddenly made his real presence visible, the miller could hardly have seemed more appalled. He fell back in his seat, staring at his old friend in a helpless, chop-fallen way, while the other, stretching out his heavy boots, laughed until the room rang again.

"Hist!" said the miller, at length, "for God's sake, Captain; ye'll bring Bess or my man in directly, and I would not have"—

"Stuff!" said the soldier, laughing louder than before; "do I not know, to use a camp-phrase, that you are all tarred with one stick? Ha! ha! to think how I sat in yonder corner and overheard the whole discussion in council, and they taking me for one of the covenant all the time! Ah, Giles, sharp as your Dutch friends are, they must not think to turn the flank of a light-horse scout."

"And were ye, actually?"—

"Certainly; to be sure I was. They took me for the Dunker preacher from the Swamp, whom most of them never saw. I intended to have given them an exhortation before they broke up, but was afraid that your wife might call to mind some of my old tricks."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the dismayed miller, in an undertone, "this beats Doctor Franklin!"

Gradually, something comic seemed to strike him in the midst of his perplexity; and, yielding to the impulse, whatever might have been its source, he, also, burst into a fit of laughter, of a less decided character, however, than the Captain's.

"Captain Dick," said he, suddenly checking himself, as he caught a glimpse of his profile on the wall, "ye are your father's son,—there's no controverting that:—but how, in the name of"—

"Never heed that," interrupted the soldier; "and, to set your mind at ease at once (for, to tell the truth, your laugh just now went to my heart), we mean to pay for all we take."

"In Continental bills, I suppose," said the miller.

"In good English gold,—King George's guineas, old boy," answered the soldier, slapping the table.

"*Der deevil!*" exclaimed the miller, now perfectly aghast; "where, in the name of Judas"—

"Judas be —," retorted the soldier, "as he was seventeen hundred and seventy-seven years ago!"

The miller looked up at the ceiling, and then at the fire, when a bright thought struck him.

"Made a haul, Captain?—tuk Howe's specie-chest?"

The Captain shook his head.

"I have it now, though," said Giles, confidently; "I was a fool for not seeing it before. Some great English lord or other, like the French Marquis, come over to the right side with his money-bags."

"Cold, yet," said the Captain.

"Then let the devil riddle for me;—I'll give it up."

"Exactly," said the soldier. "Now, Giles, I hold you to be a good friend to the cause."

"To the death!" said the miller, heroically; "only, it's agin my church principles to fight; and, with a family to raise in these hard times"—

"Just so," said Hartley, interrupting him. "To the point: some rascally spy has betrayed your storehouse in the Hill to the British; and the Paoli butchers will be down upon you by to-morrow's dawn, at the farthest."

The miller jumped on his feet, and his face grew red and pale by turns.

"*Himmel und Sacrament!* Is this certain, Captain?"

"As certain as you breathe; and the precious knave who blew the gaff, and made the bargain, is one of the council that met in this room to-night."

"*Mein Got!*" exclaimed the miller, "it must have been King Klingelebaugh—he warned me, with his last words, to keep a good lookout, and now I see what he meant. They shan't have it, though," continued he through his clenched teeth, glancing at a long firelock which hung quietly on the wall; "I'll set fire to the brush over the grain. Here, wife—what news, think ye, the Captain brings?"

"Are you mad?" demanded the soldier.

"Don't tell me, Captain Dick," continued the excited miller, as his wife appeared. "I've not lived so long with Betsey Alloway to keep such news from her now. Bess, that old villain, Mike Klingelebaugh, has betrayed us to the English, and they are to send a party, by daylight, to take away the grain hid in the hill."

"Oh, no, Christian! for mercy's sake, no!—we shall starve!" faltered the woman.

"Ask the Captain, then. But let them come," said the miller fiercely, while his wife sank on a seat, and covered her face with her apron; "before a bushel of that grain, or a pound of that meat goes to the English camp—"

"Giles! Giles!" exclaimed the woman, starting up, and seizing his arm, "what can you do? Remember the children and the hard times we have seen. Speak to him, Master Richard—speak to him for the children's sake,—God knows I care not for myself."

She stood wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, as her husband put her aside, and taking a long tin horn from a corner, snatched down his father's gun, and was striding to the door, when the tall form of the soldier stepped between.

"Enough!" said he, with dignity; "I am satisfied with you both. I was sure that you were true friends to your country; but in a matter like this, it is necessary to be cautious. Hang up your gun, Miller, sit quietly down, and hear me out. Things are not so bad as you think. You shall be paid in gold for your produce, and yet it shall not go to the English camp."

"Aha!" exclaimed the miller, on whom the last words of his visiter had made a sensible impression. "I begin to see, Bess, how the cat is going to jump, after all. But shall I not give the signal, Captain? A certain lively tune on this little Dutch bugle, will send my next neighbour to the saddle, and we shall have the rest here in two hours' time."



"That would spoil all," said the Captain. "Pr'ythee, man, lay down your horn; and, Bessy, if you love me, dry your eyes and bring in the toddy."

The miller, accordingly, grounded his tin tube and replaced his gun on the wall, and Bessy, forcing a smile, withdrew at once. Giles piled fresh logs on the fire, and after sending his man to bed, came back, and reseated himself by the Captain, still eyeing the long gun and preposterous bugle-horn askance. Neither of the two men spoke, until the miller's wife reappeared with a smoking pitcher of the genial beverage.

"It's home-made, Captain," said Alloway; "good old rye—tastes just as well, to my notion, when better is not to be had."

"Bessy," said the Captain gallantly, "your good health, and yours, Giles."

"And confusion to the redcoats, Captain!" exclaimed the miller, suiting the action to the word.

"And especially to old Mike Geiger—the traitor!" said Bessy indignantly.

The soldier nodded and drained his glass, and Bessy, repressing her curiosity, withdrew to a room above; where the children slept, for the reader must remember, that in those days, the miller's family almost invariably lived in a part of the mill.

"Now, Giles," said the Captain, refilling his glass, "it's Howe's positive orders that as soon as the convoy is ready to start from the mill with the provisions, you shall be paid down in gold at half market price. All you'll have to do is, to give the English quartermaster a receipt in full, and settle with the Covenant at your leisure. You'll not be troubled with one claimant, at least. I've especial orders to bring him in, dead or alive."

"Old Geiger, you mean, Captain Dick?" said the miller.

"Ay," answered the Captain, emptying his tumbler at a pull; "and I think you might manage that part of the business."

"I'll do it, Captain, if you say the word. I'll bring him to General Washington's headquarters, with his legs tied under his horse, and all the old wives on the road crying 'traitor' after him."

"Well, then," said the Captain, "as soon as the skirmish is over, I'll send a file of men to the mill, and you can guide the officer to his house, and bring him on after us. I'm not altogether certain where we'll waylay the English; but it will be not far from the Skippack. There's a nice spot for a picnic where the road crosses the creek."

The miller drank off his toddy, and crossing his brawny arms on his chest, looked soberly at the fire.

"It goes hard with some of us, Captain," he said, after a pause. "All the stock we have to feed our families with until next harvest, is hid in the Hill. I have a hundred bushels there myself. Are ye actually so bad off down below?"

"Not a pound of meat of any sort in the whole camp," answered the Captain. "As to flour or meal, there's hardly enough, eked out with bran and oats, to keep soul and body together. It's bad enough to see the men mounting guard barefoot in such weather as this, Giles; but when you think of them living on short allowance of such fare, for weeks together, without a murmur,

I think you'll not begrudge them this God-send, snatched, as it were, out of the very jaws of the haughty foes."

"I wish it was a thousand times more," said the miller cheerfully. "We'll make shift somehow, and better times to come. Before the British should have it, I'd set fire to the hay, brush, and leaves in the ravine, and burn the grain to cinders. But, Captain, is your party strong enough to make all sure?"

"Trust me for that," answered the soldier. "I must say they are making a bold stretch; and if a man of them, Hessian or English, ever gets back to the city to tell the news, it'll be because he takes an early start."

"There are Hessians among them, then?" asked Giles.

"Ay," answered the Captain, with some contempt; "five or six files of Anspach grenadiers; the rest are Stuart's light-horse."

"Curse the Anspachers!" exclaimed the miller bitterly. "I have no mercy on the dogs; to come over the seas to fight in a quarrel in which they have no concern."

"Poor devils!" said the Captain, emptying the pitcher of toddy, "they could not help themselves; all sold to King George by their master to fill a pit, at so much a head."

"Hark! what is that?" exclaimed the miller.

"It is the tramp of horse," said the soldier, grasping his arms and starting up. "The redcoats are upon us already; our spies have deceived us for once."

The miller threw a strong oaken bar across the door, and both men held their breath to listen. The sounds increased apace, until there was no longer room to doubt that a body of cavalry were defiling through the woods to the mill.

"This way, Captain; for God's sake, this way!" whispered Giles, dragging him through a side-door into the interior of the mill, and down the dark steps into the wheel-room beneath.

"Now," continued he, "creep out of that trap, and make up the race to the head of the dam, where I will bring or send your horse to you in less than ten minutes."

"Away with you," said the soldier; "they are calling for you even now, and remember, all depends now on my getting my horse in season."

"You shall have him, if mortal man can do it," replied the miller, "and then keep along the dam to the bend of the creek; then cross, and keep well to the left until you strike the Skippack road."

So saying, he vanished up the steps, and the Captain, pistol in hand, groped his way out of the narrow door which opened on the race. Cautiously crawling along the ice to the head of the dam, he sat down on a stone, and wrapping himself in his cloak, awaited the issue with the utmost patience which his fiery temper, fully alive to the exigencies of the case, could summon to his aid. The wind sung tingling to his ears through the sombre branches of the pines—the withered leaves chased each other in long, sliding whirls over the smooth ice of the dam, while the imprisoned element knocked hollowly beneath—the northern lights played in long, gleaming, shifting lines of white upon the horizon, or streamed blood-red above: but these the soldier saw or heard not; his ear was filled with the heavy and continued tread of horses' feet on the hardened

ground—the clatter of accoutrements—the shrill, short neighs with which the wearied steeds welcomed a place of shelter, and, lastly, with the confused murmur of voices, as file after file was dismounted at the repeated words of command. The partisan continued to listen to these familiar sounds, until his own fierce impatience drove him from his seat. The ice formed on his beard, as he strode hastily to and fro on the frost-king's glassy floor; but his swarthy cheek glowed and the dew dropped from his brow. In his heart was the fever of battle. The wild things of the night slunk aside to their dens, as the deadly wind swept from its shadowy covert, across the moonlit track where the dead leaves played; but the soldier's hand clenched his sword, and his thoughts were hurrying faster than the wind to the spot where his comrades lay. All at once, a stick cracked among the bushes, and a figure crawling on all fours on the ice caught his quick eye, approaching him from the nearer side of the dam. His pistol was levelled in an instant.

"*Nein schiessen*; no shoot, Captin," exclaimed the apparition, rising and gliding to his side; "me Injun—very good friend—Giles send me."

"You are Indian Dick, then?" demanded the soldier.

"*Yaw*, me Injun Dick—kill bear long time—you know. Giles send me show Captin how him get gowl."

"Lead on, then," said the soldier briefly.

Keeping in the shade of the hill, at the foot of which the mill-dam lay, they advanced upon the ice until they came to a heap of stones, lying loosely at the foot of a sort of narrow, breakneck staircase, from whence the material of the first story of the mill had been quarried years before. Up this dark, and nearly perpendicular pathway, the Indian, with the Captain's cloak round his neck, climbed with as much apparent ease as a sailor runs up the shrouds in a squall, while the soldier, encumbered with his sword and his heavy riding-boots, followed with difficulty. Higher up the passage widened, and the ascent grew less steep. The ledges of rocks and the stems of dwarfish trees seemed to accommodate themselves to the soldier's hands and feet, until, to his own surprise, he mounted with comparative ease. At length the Indian paused, and groping about for a few moments, produced a lantern and a tinder-box. Striking a light, he held it up above his head, and the soldier found that they were now at the entrance of a sort of cavern, in which about twenty cows were lying upon beds of dry leaves, chewing the cud. A number of barrels and sacks, apparently full of grain, were ranged on both sides of the rocks. In one corner boxes and bundles of forage were piled up to the roof, which was of solid stone and about seven feet high. Near the centre of the cavern a spring of water bubbled out of the earth, and ran down between the crevices of the stone. The temperature of the cave was much higher than that of the air without; and saving a damp, disagreeable, dungy smell, the place was not quite as uncomfortable as, at first glance, it might seem.

"So, this is the Stone Hill storehouse," said the Captain, running his eye over the sacks. "Now, my friend, for the gowl."

"*Yaw*, yes, Captin—dis way—Giles say him no send Captin gowl—redcoat watch dem sharp—

Captin take Giles' gowl—very good horse—fust raty gowl, Captin—me show you."

So saying, he led the way past the cows to an angle of the cave, upon turning which three horses suddenly presented themselves to view, standing, with drooping ears and tails, upon beds of leaves, with empty racks, rudely formed of the boughs of trees, staring above them. One was a fine bay charger, of remarkably symmetrical proportions. His small head, slender limbs, and graceful neck, betrayed his Arabian descent; and how Giles became possessed of such a creature, in such a part of the country, was a puzzle. The Indian, in his way, soon explained it to the Captain, however.

"Dis him, Captain—Giles call him Sultan—him gallop up the mill-door de same night as de battle on de Noof Wales road."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Captain; "hold the lantern higher. I thought I had seen that horse before. But on with the bridles and show the way out of this den."

The guide now dragged a saddle and two bridles out of a dark corner, and selecting a little, rough-looking Indian pony for himself, the horses were ready in a moment.

"Now, Captain," said Injun Dick, "you stay here. I clear de brush away."

"Off with you!" said the Captain; and the guide disappeared at the bottom of the cave, followed by the rough, wicked-looking pony which he had selected to ride. The game little animal repeatedly flung its heels against the sacks at the side of the cave, squealing loudly at every clumsy gambol, as if in anticipation of fun; while the bay horse, as if snuffing battle in the open air, tossed its long foretop aloft, with a shrill, satisfactory neigh. The soldier in the mean time, looked at the locks of his pistols by the light of the lantern, and impatiently awaited Indian Dick's return. If he should succeed in reaching the farmhouse, where his party were resting, some five miles off, on a different road from that by which the British had approached the mill, he felt confident of being able to surprise and defeat the enemy before daylight.

In order to effect this, it was necessary to trust, in the first place, to the sagacity of Indian Dick, and after that, when once out of the Hill, to his good horse and his spurs. The English Captain, by using extraordinary exertions, had reached the mill some hours sooner than Hartley's spies had led him to expect; but, nevertheless, if he could bring his command upon them before day-break, the superior strength of his own party, and the fatigue which the enemy must necessarily have experienced in making a forced march of nearly thirty miles, assured his mind of the result. All at once, as he stood holding his eager horse, a ray of red light shot into the far end of the cavern, and a distant murmur of voices, in the direction of the precipice by which he had ascended, told him that the English were already at work. The voice of the miller was also heard, calling lustily to the soldiers below him, as if purposely to send warning of their approach before him.

"This way, gentlemen,—keep the lantern well up,—grip sure, and hold fast,—it is the nearest way."

Indistinct imprecations and confused curses succeeded, followed by a stern voice, command-



ing silence. As the echo of the latter died away in the cavern, the Indian reappeared, and taking the Captain's horse by the bit, led the way between the walls of rock for some distance, to the mouth of the cave, which had been artfully covered by brush and dead leaves. These he carefully replaced, and extinguishing the lantern, hid it in a hollow tree of the open woods in which they were now standing. Both sprung into the saddle, and after moving cautiously for about a mile, until they struck the North Wales Road, the Captain struck into a fleet gallop, followed at a distance by the Indian. In spite of the utmost efforts of the pony, the space between him and his high-bred companion of the cavern, sensibly increased, for the Captain, forgetting everything but his main object, was pressing the horse which he rode to its speed.

He was well known, and equally dreaded by the foe, that daring horseman. Bold as a lion, and full of wiles as a hunted fox, from his knowledge of the surrounding country, he had been incessantly employed, since the capture of the city of Philadelphia, in scouring the upper end of Philadelphia County, and those of Chester and Bucks, intercepting the enemy's supplies, anticipating his movements, cutting off his scouting-parties, and in more instances than one, in inflicting signal vengeance on the heads of the tory farmers, detected in conveying provisions to the royal camp. He was especially noted in actual conflict, for a tremendous, downright blow, which it was said no mortal guard could withstand. Terrible stories were told of his shivering steel, cap, and skull to the very jaw,—of his careering alone, like a destroying angel, among scattered files of horsemen, impervious, alike, to steel or lead, while his own bullet never sped in vain, and there was no escape from his heavy broadsword's sweep. Trained in a hundred combats,—of a frame which defied the winter's cold, or the summer's heat,—combining, in a remarkable degree, those three essential qualities of a partisan, craft, courage, and uncommon bodily strength, there was no officer in the Legion, in whom Lee, renowned for personal adventure himself, placed more reliance, and none in the whole army, whom the English quarter-masters had as sufficing cause to curse. He had prodigious influence over his own command, it having been observed, that in no single affair of which he had the entire direction, had the enemy's leaders ever been able to defeat or evade him. This uniform success was owing, in a great measure, at least, to a system of secret espionage, which an ample fortune had enabled him to establish in Philadelphia and the adjacent country, and by means of which he obtained certain intelligence of many of the enemy's contemplated excursions. This system was, of course, known only to the operators, to himself, and the Commander-in-chief; so that the army at large, as is usual in such cases, were disposed to give Grim Dick, as he was commonly called in the ranks, credit for more foresight than it was actually possible for a human being to possess.

Some such reflections as these were, perhaps, at the moment, uppermost in his mind, as, dashing his rowels into Sultan's side, he nearly rode over a man, who, starting from the trees on his left, with a musket in his hand, hailed him to stop or die. Hearing the lock snap, he did not

even turn his head, but, drawing a pistol from his belt, and shouting, "Come on, cavalry!—they are nothing but horse-thieves!" rode, at full speed, towards three mounted men, who, some distance before, threw themselves in his way to cut off his advance. He shot the horse of the foremost dead in the path, and, drawing his sword, leaped over carcass and rider, and was upon the other two in a moment. The fellows, who were actually the characters he took them for, had mistaken him for a countryman, and were in no way prepared for his sudden and desperate onslaught. One of them dropped over his horse's flanks, with his bridle-arm severed; the other fired a pistol, but missed his aim in his hurry, and, receiving a severe back-handed slash across the face, abandoned the reins, and was carried off among the trees by the affrighted beast which he rode. Without drawing bridle, Hartley dashed on over the frozen ground, until, within half a mile of his place of destination, he was challenged by one of his own videttes.

A few moments served to arouse and mount the men; and, while this was doing, the officer next in command informed Hartley that, since the latter left the farmhouse for the mill, a Dutch farmer of the neighbourhood had been brought in by the videttes. "He is a regular old bumpkin," said the officer, "but, somehow, he seems mighty nervous, and anxious to get away; so I held him fast, although the farmer here, as far as I can understand his confounded lingo, swears that he is an honest man of the right sort."

"Was he mounted, with a meal-bag before him?" demanded the Captain.

"He was on foot when they came across him, though his horse was found tied to a tree a few hundred yards further on. I heard nothing of a meal-bag."

"Send him in," said Hartley, "and one of the fellows who captured him. Here, Sands, load that pistol, and look that the powder be in the touch-hole, and the ball down. Is this the man?" continued he, as our quondam friend, Michael Geiger, or King Klingelebaugh, as he had been nicknamed by the miller, for his known tory propensities and his inordinate love of pelf, was brought into the apartment.

The officer assented.

"Where did you find him?" Hartley next demanded of the dragoon.

"Creeping among the trees on the roadside, down on his hands and knees, like an Indian scout, sir. He said he was looking for a stray sheep, but, farther on, we came across his horse fastened to a tree; so, as he was a good, strong nag, we thought"—

"Has he been searched, Lieutenant Wilton?" asked Hartley.

"No, sir," replied the officer.

"Off with his shoes, and turn his clothes inside out, then!" said Hartley, turning to the light to examine the weapon which his orderly had charged and laid on the table. His commands were immediately obeyed; when, lo! two papers were discovered, secreted in the legs of the prisoner's worsted stockings. The Captain ran his eye over them. One was a list of the articles concealed in the cavern, made out in a round English hand, and the other was written in German. After glancing over the last, the partisan bent his brows, and looked sternly at the trembling old man.

"King Klingelebaugh," he said, in the language which the detected spy best understood, "though it should cost me my commission, I have more than half a mind to hang ye. Say nothing," continued he, seeing that the other was about to speak, "or, by Saint Tammany, your gray hairs will not save ye!"

The denuded wretch shivered, looked nervously round, and, glancing at the naked rafters over his head, wisely held his peace.

"Here, Wilton, see him mounted between two men in the rear, with strict orders to blow out his brains should he attempt to escape. And now, gentlemen, to horse."

It was now near midnight, clear, and intensely cold, as the entire body of cavalry, amounting to something over a hundred picked men, defiled out of the farmyard in the flinty moonlight, and advanced, at a trot, along the North Wales Road. They had hardly gained a mile, before the advance fell in with a wild-looking figure, mounted on a small but active horse, which the rider had great difficulty to restrain. He pulled up, at last, directly in front of the dragoons. This was Indian Dick, who had made a wide circuit to avoid the band with which the Captain had come in contact, and was now making the best of his way to the farmhouse.

A brief halt was called; and, after a hurried conversation between Hartley and his late guide, the party pushed on, passing, at a rapid trot, the scene of the Captain's recent encounter. The latter glanced to the right and left, as he rode on at their head; but the place seemed now to be utterly deserted,—the moonbeams glimmering dubiously on the frozen puddles of blood, and the wild wind playing, as in scorn, with the long, frosty hairs of the dead steed's mane. The sight was depressing and horrid enough, especially as the prolonged and boding howl of the wolf, driven by hunger from her lair, could be heard in the forest during the previous halt, rising, as it were, with the icy wind, among the desolate trees on their right, and stealing in among the serried files to the ears of the rear-most rank. But, steeled by similar scenes, the dragoons rode on without halting until they came to the cross-road,—a mere bridle-path leading through the woods to within a mile of the mill. It now became necessary to proceed in single file, and with more caution; and it was here that the local knowledge of Indian Dick and the activity of his fiery little horse came fairly into play. He led the way, without blundering once, over fallen trees and stones, following the course of the runs in the hollows, and keeping, as much as possible, on the low grounds. At length, he pulled up at the bottom of a shallow ravine, and announced to the Captain that the party were now within half a mile of the mouth of the cave. The mill, by the Skippack Road, was some hundred yards more distant; and it was by this road that Hartley meant to make his principal assault. A second halt was commanded, and the party divided into two separate detachments,—one, consisting of twenty-five men, under Lieutenant Wilton, being intended to attack the men engaged in removing the stores from the cavern, and the other, under Hartley, to surprise the main body at the mill. The Indian accompanied the first division. The final orders being given, Hartley spoke a few words of encouragement to the

men, and the two parties moved on, each man gripping his sword hard, and settling himself stiffly in the saddle, as he felt that sudden constriction of the breath which is apt to come over the bravest when the decisive moment draws near.

The Captain's party were still half a mile distant from the mill, the leading files having just struck the Skippack Road, when they were discovered by an officer of the enemy, who was accompanying the relief-guard on their rounds. The guard fired their carbines, and galloped off, and, almost at the same moment, a discharge from the Hill on Hartley's left, told him Wilton's party were already engaged. The bugles of the British were next heard sounding to horse; and, placing himself on the right of the foremost rank, the American Captain, in a voice of thunder, gave the final command, "Trot,—gallop,—charge!"

Dashing their spurs to the rowel-heads in the smoking flanks of their impatient steeds, with the chain-bridle hanging loosely on the animals' necks, a pistol in the left hand of the rider, and a gleaming sword in the right, the dragoons swept on in the track of the enemy's videttes, like the first blast of a hurricane through the midnight sky. Terribly sublime, beyond the power of language to tell, was the one single glimpse at that storm of living hearts, as it came swiftly on, with its trampling roar,—the pale faces of the men glancing, spectral-like, in the steadfast moonbeams,—the white horsehair plumes of their caps streaming wildly behind, and their swords gleaming above, like a shaken forest of steel. On, on they came, until, directly in front of the mill, a heavy volley was poured into their ranks from a sort of barricade, formed by the camp-wagons of the English, already partially loaded. Six or seven saddles were emptied, and as many more horses went down; a few more of the animals recoiled from the blaze of the muskets, but the rest were not, for a single instant, checked in their headlong career. While yet the smoke of the discharge hung in the frosty air, the obstacle was turned, and the broadswords of the American dragoons were busy among the bear-skin caps of the Hessian grenadiers. The latter endeavoured to make good their retreat into the mill, as many of the British cavalry as had got to horse, now charged, with their captain at their head, and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued. In the midst of this horrible tumult, the terrible shout of Hartley was heard above the din of the skirmish: "Remember Paoli!—Remember Paoli!" His men caught up and echoed the cry, till it swelled into one mighty, vengeful tone, which seemed even to drown the trampling of contending hoofs, the shots, the screams of the steeds, and the strangely thrilling clank of the steel. Accompanying every terrific exclamation with a blow, which sent some struggling soul to its account, Hartley cut his way, right and left, into the scattered ranks of the enemy, his practised charger obeying, as by instinct, every touch of the armed heel, until, gaining the thickest press of the *mêlée*, he dashed into the very centre of a knot of veterans, who, with the standard of the troop among them, fought as if resolved to defend the silken rag to the last. Here, clearing a space by the sheer dint of his sword, Hartley suddenly found himself opposed to the person of the English captain. The latter fired his remain-



ing pistol at the head of his stalwart foe; the ball grazed the partisan's cheek; the same instant, the heavy broadsword came down, and the gallant Englishman, cleft to the chin, dropped beneath the hoofs of his affrighted charger. The rest of the group were literally hewn, man after man, from their saddles, as Wilton's command, galloping in reckless haste among the huge stones on the Hill, and along the ice of the dam, made their appearance on the scene. The conflict was now over in the barn-yard, and the Americans, springing from their saddles, rushed sword in hand into the barn and out-houses, where the skirmish was, for a few moments, prolonged, by the light of the fires which the English soldiers had built.

A small party of ten men, mostly Hessians, who had escaped from the first onset, took refuge in the upper story of the mill, and, expecting no quarter, at first refused to surrender. Upon being summoned by their own officers, they submitted; and Hartley, wiping his bloody sword on his horse's mane, returned it to its scabbard, and ordered the slaughter to cease. Officers and men now exerted themselves to protect the remnant of the scattered band; those who had been before maddened by the sole wish to destroy, appearing, now that the horrible excitement was over, the most anxious to save and relieve. Nevertheless, in that brief space of time, thirty men had been slain on the side of the English, and nearly the same number severely wounded. In fact, as the second in command acknowledged to the quartermaster, who attended the expedition, Grim

Dick had done his work in his usual style, and the party was cut to pieces.

The wounded were cared for as well as circumstances would permit, and, resting at the mill for the remainder of the night, the next morning the Americans, with their booty and their prisoners, started for the camp. Previous to this, however, the miller was paid for his stores and his cattle in sterling English gold, as the Captain had promised, and King Klingelebaugh, mounted on the top of one of the camp-wagons, was trotted off in advance, the miller and his family, taking a last look at his rueful face, fully expecting him to be hung before the whole army on his arrival at Valley Forge. It seemed that the papers found upon his person established the fact of his having been in the American camp as a spy, on his way down to the city to betray the storehouse on Stone Hill to the British. However, it may be mentioned, in conclusion, that his life was spared by the clemency of Washington, and, after the royal army evacuated Philadelphia, he returned to his home, and, joining an extremely rigid sect of the Mennonite society, died at last, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in the very bosom of the church. The miller lived and thrived, and Indian Dick stuck to his old haunts to the last. Captain Dick Hartley, after the long struggle was over, took a wife to himself in the goodly city of Brotherly Love, where he was afterwards concerned, with an ancestor of the writer's, in a fishery on the Delaware, in which the great Cincinnatus of the West was also a silent partner.

## THE DARKENED CHAMBER.

BY MISS ALICE G. STANLEY.

SHROUDED deep in gloom and silence,  
All the darkened chamber lay,  
Where once through the lifted curtain  
Stole the morning's golden ray;

Where the bird's first thrilling joy-note  
Floated on the silent air,  
Filling all her heart with music,  
Mingling with her morning prayer.

Once again upon the threshold,  
Wearily the mother stands;  
Drearly, her dark eye resting  
On the death-bound, folded hands.

Heavily the drapery falleth  
Round the window, like a pall;—  
Scarce a gleam of blessed sunlight  
Resteth on the chamber wall.

And around the stern heart gather  
Midnight shadows, dark and wild;—  
Doth the mother *fear* to enter  
The death-chamber of her child?

Doth she tremble? Look, oh, mother,  
In a holy sleep she lies;  
Nevermore the light may greet thee  
From those meek, reproachful eyes;

Nevermore the tear-drop glitter  
'Neath the lashes, drooping low;

Nevermore the pale lip quiver,  
And the heart with grief o'erflow.

Art thou weeping? Think, oh mother,  
On her lonely childhood's years;  
When the midnight stars looked on her,  
*Here* she wept her bitter tears;

Here, where pale and cold she lieth,  
Broken-hearted she hath crept,  
Thinking on thy harsh reproving,  
Weeping, mother, whilst thou slept.

Now, she sleepeth, calmly sleepeth;  
Would'st thou wake her from her rest,  
By thy scalding tear-drops, falling  
On her cold and throbless breast?

Dost thou pray to see the pale lip  
Breaking from the seal of death?  
O, what joy to clasp her, mother,  
With a warm and living breath!

And to feel the arms caressing,  
Lips press kisses on thy brow,  
As they once did; would'st thou chide her—  
Chide her harshly, mother, now?

Never, mother, light may never  
Visit her from earthly shore,  
And to thee the darkened chamber  
Shall be dark for evermore!

## REVISED LEAVES.

FROM A CRITIC'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

BY MOTLEY MANNERS, ESQUIRE.

No. IV.

### A CHAPTER ON CHEAP LITERATURE.

"Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere."

VELLEIUS.

SINCE our American literature has so well behaved itself, under Dr. Griswold's protection, as to merit many pages of valuable criticism in a British Review, and since from this fact it is apparent that Dr. Griswold's books are books, and, as the classics have it, "*preterea nihil*;" and since, moreover, the time may not be distant when some transatlantic editor may "get up" the "*Writers of America*" as a promising speculation in the land of Shakspeare,—it may not be inapposite, in the revision of these "*Leaves*," to revert incidentally to the rise, growth, and consequence of our aforesaid literature, that future compilers may know where to look for original matter, appurtenant, as the lawyers say, to our great American intellect, *et præterea nihil*.

I do not threaten any lengthy disquisition on the electro-galvanic merits of Headley's histories, any wondering speculations on the infinity of Whipple's essays, or any conventional apostrophe to Bryant's *nature*, or the *art* of Irving. I shall not assert that "*leatherstockings*" furnished our muse of Romance with her first respectable footing; nor shall I inquire too closely if Brown's material starvation did not contribute somewhat to the spiritual fulness of his weird imagination. It is always safe to gloss, if you cannot gild, and so, when a barren or unclean spot obtrudes itself upon a national coat of arms, the wise historian ekes out symmetry and keeps out of difficulty by a shrewd disposition of chromatic effect. Since the days when the above-mentioned Brown—Charles Brockden—wrote and famished in Philadelphia, printing his works by piecemeal, and bound in blue boards like the New England Primer, of blessed memory,—down to the present year of American and French independence,—our intellectual march has presented many curious phases, and in some respects, there is very little doubt, has emulated the progress of that graceless urchin, of newspaper immortality, who, in his path to school, "took two steps backward and one forward." But Brown was a pioneer-author, and it is little to be wondered at that he was neglected. How long the "slow-consuming" process had gone on—how long Brown, with his pale wife, in their humble Eleventh Street dwelling, had hoped against hope, uprolling the Sisyphæan stone of poverty, before an English traveller caught a glimpse of his ghostly face through the open window, is of no account now; suffice it, that one day such an incident did happen, and out of it grew a reminiscence, and thence a criti-

cal paper upon the "*American Novelist*," in which his merits were patronisingly pointed out to his ignorant countrymen, who thereat greatly marvelled, and began to ask about the poor fellow dying unnoticed among them. The inquiry begat information, and soon the critics of Philadelphia and elsewhere affected to discover merit in the writings of poor, unknown, unthought of Brockden Brown. Straightway, thereafter, another edition of his works was issued by some speculating publisher, and the struggling author beheld a brief prospect of the sun's rise. But he never lived to bask in its beams, poor fellow; for his friends were few and he lacked impudence: so, after all, he pined away, and starved. But that, we know, was a long time ago.

Charles Brockden Brown was unfortunate in living before his time. He should have emerged to literary existence within the last ten years and beneath the smiles of some hebdomadal editor, or yellow-cover publisher. Genius like his might be diluted with any quantity of modern milk and treacle, and yet retain sufficient strength to flavour half a score of "literary depots." Genius, in fact, is now used homœopathically, if at all, lest, like gunpowder tea, it should affect the nerves of our worthy public. Authors are kept now, like carpenters in a theatre, to be always "on hand," for odd jobs. A popular novelist never starves now, like poor Brown. It may be his fate to have his wings melted like those of Dædalus, or to wither, like Jonah's gourd, in the overpowering sun of his own success,—but he never starves now. A modern publisher orders a novel now-a-days, as I order an *omelet-au-rum* at Delmonico's. Authors, in effect, are sprats, cast by publishers, to entice the gudgeon public. "First," says Mrs. Glass, "catch your fish!" "First," says the new literary cook-book, "catch your author."

It is of little moment what sort of a fish, that is to say, author, the publisher succeeds in hooking. The cooking and preparation for the public *table d'hôte*, is the important matter. Once, it is true, knowledge of human nature, free and sound discussion of social things, with a dash of true wit, and a sprinkling of pure sentiment, the whole seasoned with common sense, were deemed the standard of a good intellectual repast; such a one as Sterne, Addison, Goldsmith, and other worthy *cuisiniers* were used to provide for the popular want. These sterling old cooks had



their own ideas of wholesome food, and of such dressing as was calculated to induce and nourish true tastes; and they acted honestly upon those ideas, and directed the results of their art to the formation of a clear, discriminating literary appetite. But, alas! what sort of an author do our publishing caterers provide at the present epoch of grace? Not Addison, nor Goldsmith: these are too tame; we must have hotter, higher-flavoured, heavier dishes! We must have melodramatic banquets, with a sheet iron orchestra crashing insane music,—the leader, a gentleman with cloven feet, blowing the serpent. There must be Byronic drinking-flasks, fashioned from skulls, and a sepulchral chairman at the head of the table, like the ghastly-guest at Egyptian festivals. Dancing skeletons must rattle their bones, like the Coryphæes in a ballet, and all sorts of demoniac figures surround the board, where, like Der Freyschutz in his charmed circle, the modern publisher casts his silver bullets to shoot leaden-headed popularity.

The flavour of a novelist to suit modern tastes, must not only be piquant—it must be startling. Everybody has heard, probably, of the old soldier's interview with the devil, where his Satanic Majesty was persuaded that a loaded musket was a *pipe*, and induced thereupon to request a whiff or two. Our soldier, accordingly, placed the muzzle of his gun in the enemy's mouth, and pulling the trigger, discharged the contents down his throat; upon which Satan returned the musket, remarking drily, that the "tobacco was a little too strong." Now, precisely as high-flavoured as the old soldier's *pipe*, must the novelist be who would, in the opinion of our publishers, suit the palate of the modern copper-throated public. Brimstone, saltpetre, and creosote, must be as familiar as olive oil, and the popular novel, like loaf-sugar, must be refined with blood.

Nathless, much good comes from looking back sometimes; and so, in glancing at the aspect of American authorism of the last decade, we may

"Find room  
And food for meditation, nor pass by  
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly."

"Soup for the million at a cent a quart," or water-gruel without the condiment of salt, could be no more insipid, weak, and nauseating, than the mass of trash which, some few years back, deluged our suffering land in the form of what was graphically advertised as "cheap literature." Attempting to breast or turn back the tide of puerilities that swept in endless weakness through its appropriate channels, would have been essaying a task, to which damming the Mississippi were boys' play. The myriads of sentimental novelettes, the "Monthly Repositories," "American Tales," and "Stories of Real Life,"—ludicrous, grotesque monstrosities that they were,—which those never-wearied accoucheurs, the steam-presses, brought forth from the feculent brain of the hydra of our literary freedom, defy even ideal computation. We might as well attempt to count the fibres of all the fungi in the Dismal Swamp. Yet had they all their uses; and I thank heaven, most heartily, they enjoyed their day, and with their bathos, balderdash, and bad grammar, were devoured and digested by the good-natured public. And for this sufficient rea-

son am I rejoiced—that they served, as it were, as appetite sharpeners, the soup, meagre, thin, and water-gruel-like though it was, which gave relish and longing for the more substantial banquet fare.

I thank the thrifty tacticians of ladies' magazines, who offered yearly rewards for "prize tales." I am disposed to remember with gratitude those ambitious proprietors of Boston mammoth papers, with their hosts of literary cobblers and draymen, poetic apothecaries and sophomores; and I will even salute, most reverentially, the makers of almanacs and pamphlets and pictorial Brother Jonathans; for they, undoubtedly, had their mission. The soil of popular mind lay fallow. There was no lack of every requisite nourishing quality—moisture and richness and hidden verdure—though the surface remained unpenetrated: for we are essentially a thinking people, metaphysicians at heart, and curious in everything which is strange to our preconceived notions. The Green Mountain ploughboy, the dull clodhopper of the interior, and the half-wild denizen of the western prairie, have within them, deeply inherent, the germ of far-reaching, closely-penetrating, *clairvoyant* intellect, which the future shall either develope or obscure. Ploughboy, clodhopper, and hunter; are men of sound, practical sense. They understand what Nature and their mothers teach them, and turn to the best use possible, perhaps, the limited educational advantages within their reach. But there is a notable, higher destiny for the great American popular intellect. Our position is appropriately in the van of useful thought; and the rudest compounds must be moulded in the mighty mind of our country's future. The rough diamond of our national intellect will be polished hereafter; but it must first be washed. The work of polishing may, indeed, be postponed without serious detriment, for it is easy to find lapidaries when the gem is secured.

Throw upon the lanced eyes of one who was blind the sudden brightness of a Drummond light, and it will dazzle him back, probably, into endless darkness. And flash at once upon the unprepared mental vision of the mass, the overpowering radiance of an intellectual noon, and they will shrink back, startled and bewildered, into deeper ignorance. Gradation, in mind as in matter, must work out its own sure and beautiful results; and, therefore, I hailed the advent of cheap literature as a precursor of a literary sunrise—as the gray dawning of a new mental era. Therefore, I beheld some modicum of utility in the small, farthing-candle lights of those miserable mock-authors who have, more or less, fed the popular maw for a dozen years back. Therefore, I have not totally despised the weak, imperfect, unnatural masses of lamp-black and rags which have so drugged the American literary market. For all this, as before said, I have been even thankful, because the books in question were *read*; and that they were read was a result, *un fait accompli*, in the march of intelligence. They were attractive, with all their ultra-romantic scenes and heroes; their Spanish Main pirates, female Rinaldinis, disguised individuals enacting deeds worthy of Charles and his Paladins, or the Round Table knights; their distressed demoiselles invariably rescued at precisely the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute; their wonderful escapes,

breakneck adventures, and surprising appearances and disappearances:—they were unmissably attractive, and worthy to be chronicled side by side with the achievements of Don Galeor, the puissant, Amadis de Gaul, Jack Sheppard, or the Fakir of Ava. No wonder, then, that the yellow-covered books found a market, and no dearth of readers. And being attractive, they penetrated where the circulating library never had access; they filled the vacuum of idleness, and implanted a taste for reading in minds which previously were impervious to all intellectual stimulus. In fact, the yellow-covered were just such books as the great mass could comprehend; and howsoever ripened intellects might sneer at their puerility, they effected what ripened intellects could never do with the most brilliant and laboured pages. Yellow-covered novels were to the public as the rude pan-pipe to the savage, more appreciated by him than the notes of a Malibran or Lind.

And thus generating and fostering a taste for literature, crude as it was, these books penetrated the crust of the rich soil of dormant mind. Those who read for the first time such matter as they contained, beheld an unwonted path laid open to their mental eyes. Feeble glimmerings of the far-off, radiant shores of an intellectual new world greeted their gaze, and the metaphysical promptings within their brains urged them on to further explorations.

Consequently, in the era of these works, the supply fell short of the demand, though editions of unprecedented magnitude were thrown off. Thirty, forty, sixty thousand were the various tidewater-marks of yellow-cover popularity. Steam-presses and paper-mills ran day and night; and the public, like the horseleech's daughter, still cried "Give." It was the Augustan age of penny-a-liners, mediocre magazine-writers, news-scribblers, pettifoggers—all who could nib a pen went vigorously to work, and, *nommes des plumes*, began to flourish mysteriously in every quarter.

This prurient taste for exciting reading was an ordeal through which the general public was necessitated to pass; and though much evil was inflicted by its gratification, it was destined to superinduce permanent good. With the issue of cheap novels, an appetite for such stimulus grew upon the community; and it was requisite that this appetite should be sated with what it craved before it could be expected to relish a more classic or refined mental aliment. Better was it, therefore, to gratify the craving, morbid though it was, to a degree, than to starve it into apathetic indifference to all reading. Herein, then, lies the apology for those who first catered to depraved tastes, which apology I am willing to stretch to the utmost limits of a tolerably caoutchouc charity, for the benefit of that worthy and much-abused-by-authors class, the booksellers. While I condemn the recklessness that sells cheap profanity and blasphemy to "the million," I cannot blame my shrewd friend, the publisher, for studying the desires of his customers, and meeting them with, at least, half-way entertainment. I blame not the respectable individual who would vend his wares for trumpeting their merits to the utmost; for the buyers have the remedy with themselves. If they be overreached once, and get not their money's worth, they are scarcely wise to return to the tradesman who cheated them; and this

truth is learned by a bookseller as soon as by any one else. But, let me return to the yellow-covers.

The harvest of enterprising scribblers and peripatetic book-merchants at length began to decrease; the demand slackened, the trash-market fell, and stagnant ink corroded in a thousand steel pens. Thereupon our enterprising publishers looked abroad for what they plainly saw was wanted—*better* reading. The popular mind had expanded, and the A. B. C. sentimental fictions must give place to other matter with more blood and stronger vertebræ. So the publishers looked around, and, in the nick of time, caught sight of the wild, unnatural, libertine creations of the prurient French school. Thereupon our native trash-writers were incontinently laid upon the shelf, and translators, good, bad, and indifferent, stepped into their shoes. Again, paper-mills, steam-presses, and steel-pens were set to work with renewed vigour. Dumas, De Kock, and a hundred others, whose brains ran to seed with their rank growth, were vomited forth ubiquitously in all parts of our land. The distorted, unreal, grotesquely-horrible creations of perverted French taste, became as familiar as Robinson Crusoe. Details of unnatural crime, looseness and vice, specious sophistry, garbled morality, and open blasphemy, were scattered, broadcast, through the length and breadth of our reading community. It was all cheap—cheap and accessible; so it was bought, read, and had its influence, and the field of speculation brought a new harvest to the monopolists of mass literature.

But blessed be the healthful action of the unseen power which directs all things, these works had their day, and their popularity soon decreased like that of their puerile predecessors. It is true that intelligent and moral publishers had "dipped" into the "speculation," and lent their influence to its success. True, likewise, popular and domestic virtue was tainted, perhaps poisoned, by the inculcations of the teachings with which such works were fraught. But, they had their days; and wisdom, doubtless, directed them. Though "dragon-teeth" were sown so thickly on the rich soil of our national mind, yet it has not borne dragon-fruit. Armed men, perhaps, as in the old mythus, may yet spring up from the fructification—armed warriors of the pen, to do good battle for their country's intellect.

The popularity of the bad translations of bad French books, incited, it is true, the half-reasoning, meagre trash-writers of our land to essay their paltry imitations. Mysteries and moonshine, *à la Française*, were attempted, but seldom successfully. The reading public, palled by native frivolity, sickened and satiated by foreign *diablerie*, desired at length home productions of an American school of vigour and beauty. And during the last few years, in answer to this desire, have appeared some of the first-fruit offerings of native intellect. The dragon-teeth armed men have already begun to show themselves.

Ah, poor Brockden Brown! with your weird spirit communing strangely upon mystic things; with your vivid imagination revealing all-forms of suffering; with your earnest language laying bare the heart: do they tell me that your wild books lay piled up in a Philadelphia garret, during all the *régime* of cheap literature? do they say that your humble "first edition" is not yet sold,



but moulders away in some forgotten room? And I—do I not speculate sagely?—how, if you, the pioneer author, had been encouraged and fostered, that our national taste would long ago have been formed, and that French ribaldry would not have approached us, and that now—now—but it is all speculation, and so I will bid you farewell, poor Brown; praying, first, that when Cooper's memory shall have been sufficiently honoured, and a towering monument reared over his remains, some sympathetic poor authors may yet get together, and contribute their mite for a humble stone to mark your resting-place—even yours, poor Brockden Brown!

So the meretricious, tinselled tales of sentiment, and the washy novelettes, and the bluelight romances, have had their day, and are no more. Neither the Frenchmen nor their imitators, neither Ingraham nor his adjutors, are classics, thanks be to Anglo-American common sense! They were needed, served their purpose; and their memory, I trust, will descend to "the tomb of the Capulets." And the public mind, awaking to better appreciation, looks for better food, and will, I doubt not, be fed. The babes had milk, and the strong men must have sustaining meat. The dragon-teeth warriors appear, and they are hailed already as worthy, though the shadow of imperfect models, the stains of corrupt teachings, obscure in some degree the brightness of their armour; though, in some points of their harness, they mistake filagree ornaments for rivets of defence; though they place on their crests foreign rawheads-and-crossbones: still they are welcomed, as of native, vigorous growth, with the *vim* of genius on their bold front. They will yet redeem the popular soil from whatever weeds, nettles, and poison-growth, still infest it.

And, in welcoming them, we will not forget to thank, even while we condemn, the scribbling tribe whose short-comings proved the popular want. Let us be merciful to these, inasmuch as they were instrumental in fostering, with their caudle and pap, the infant literary taste of the great mass, and preparing it for the appreciation of better food.

But out of the decadence of foreign translations, and the increase of our national love for reading, has grown another short-lived monstrosity, which, to serve the ends of its originators (and, I doubt not, *higher* ends), is permitted to have full sway at the present:—I mean the Reprint system. When those most interested in the cheap soup pamphlets of some half dozen years since were satisfied that the thing would no longer "pay," their "enterprise" begot the French translations. So, now, when French licentiousness is at a discount, we find those most interested affecting to encourage an enlarged and refined popular taste. Who but they who were first to pander to the grosser appetites of the past are now the officious purveyors of what they are pleased to call "better reading?" Who but the shrewd speculators whose reeking presses once glutted the market with ribaldry and Atheism,—the quiet consignees and factors of wholesale licentiousness,—who but these were soonest awake to the importance of providing "good reading for the masses?" Under the Reprint system, steam and types have

been again set at work; but the speculators no longer seek for native brains. "The people desire better books," said these American popular publishers. "Very well; we will supply them. We will give them British literature, which costs us nothing. We will steal from Bulwer, James, Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, from Blackwoods, Athenæums, Quarterlies, Westminster Reviews, from Tom, Dick, and the —, so it costs us nothing. We will give the public reprints, and new vampings of old stories, to the end of the chapter. What though we thereby tacitly acknowledge that our country has no mind of her own? What though foreign tastes, prejudices, anti-republicanism, hackneyed theories, and worn-out styles, graft themselves upon our young intellect, which should be spontaneous, living, American to the core? What though our mental voice yield but an echo, and our authors, like our lawyers, become but exponents of English common law? It costs *us* nothing. It fills *our* coffers. Let us reprint—reprint! And let American intellect take care of itself!"

So the "Reprints" have become a fact in "our" literature; and the apologists for their issue talk very affectingly of "accessible" reading,—books for the masses, for the poor man! The gentlemen who republish point to the quantity given, and cry, "Behold! *Mashallah!* how much for a shilling! Every man his own librarian! 'In the name of the Prophet,'—Reprints!"

But—in fear and trembling I hazard the conjecture, *sub sigillo confessionis*—whither would our good Mentors the Reprinters lead us? Out of what labyrinth would they conduct us by a foreign clue? Oh, ye American historians, poets, essayists, divines, statesmen, critics, scholars, take ye no more thought for your country's literature! The Reprinters will dry-nurse American intellect without your assistance.

But, haply, the Reprints, like their vapid and wicked yellow-covered forerunners, may recede before the advancing march of a fresh, inquiring, democratic taste. In the years to come, I doubt not, young America will be heard through her literature. The signs are all around us, thank Heaven! and we may depend upon a national harvest from the seeds which are now germinating. Already our opinion and approval are counted as "something worth;" and, ere long, a great work by an American will create no astonishment. The greatest conceptions, the sublimest creations, will yet be expected from us as matters of course;—and this, because the mind of the mass will have become schooled and refined into the state which calls for and commands great efforts, and rewards them with merited success.

And this will be the moral of our experience: That literature must be sound in order to be enduring; that, howsoever pretenders may be thrust forward by friends or admirers,—though they shall sway and give laws for a time to their imitators,—yet, in the end, their fall is inevitable: literary charlatanism can never stand the test of public analysis. Bad books, weak books, dull books, may be read, but can never become permanently popular. The elements of their destruction are within them, and the fame of their authors is a thin mist.

## THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

"To know another perfectly, would cost the study of a life. What, then, is meant by knowledge of mankind? Governed, they may be, by each other, but understood by God alone."—MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE is, in a certain gallery, a painting that is a poem, a history, a world in itself. Unto how many has it been the occasion of a shudder, and a hasty turning away! how many-toned have been the voices that said, "*Thank God, I am not as these!*" how many are the eyes that have turned, tear-filled, away, to find rest and refreshment in the clear, holy landscapes near! The artist has embodied an idea, meet to haunt one in the loneliness of dreams, through dreary days of solitude, in

### THE LINEN WEAVERS OF SILESIA.

How has the heart of the philanthropist leaped within him, as he gazed upon it! How wearily and sickened has the scholar turned away from this new revelation of the unmitigable sentence! All who have learned the "knowledge" that "by suffering entereth," have seen in the picture an embodied sentiment of universal signification and experience.

You do not see before you an able representation of the fainting and despairing weaver-woman, only. You are not spell-bound there, limited to time, and place, and incident. Alas! were it but so! But the soul of the beholder hears the groan ascending from every people, and nation, and kindred, and tribe, and tongue: sees the universal heart swooning beneath the mandate of fate, the destiny, the doom—sees it fall back from the pitiless presence, as SHE before the supercilious judges of linen fabric—sees the starved soul the baffled intellect, the thwarted, repulsed love, the mocked ambition, the taunted aspiration, lying helpless under the weight of the dreadful disappointment. There was, in another hemisphere, another gallery, wherein was placed the original of this picture.

There stood at the close of an autumnal day, before this painting, two persons rapt in thought, and an unterrified admiration: an unterrified admiration! So deeply had the iron entered into the soul of the elder, so little had he yet to learn of the spirit and significance of the piece, that he might well gaze upon it in critic mood, with calm delight, occasioned by the fine display of artistic skill. The lady who stood near him was young, and it was touching to see these beings, one on the free mountain-top of youth, the other, a tenant of the vale of years, yielding this silent testimony to the touching symbol of an awful truth,—for apparently the lady, too, had proved its reality. She was not a child, yet scarcely a woman; you saw, at a glance, that she was powerful through intellectual gifts, though in nature still undeveloped.

It seemed as though she had been drawn by some fascination to the painting, for twice before, during the hour of her visit, she had paused before it, and gazed upon the several figures, long and earnestly, though without any visible sign of

emotion: the expression of the scene had penetrated beyond the fountain of tears.

To a discerning third party these two had proved as much a study, as the painting was to them. Overwhelming disappointment had doubtless fallen upon the man—and the lady was evidently conscious of the allegoric and wide significance of the drama before her. To the man it was experience,—to the woman, she arrayed in those funeral garments, who, standing in *this* presence, had thrown aside her long veil, revealing thus, the blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty that she wore, to her,—to her—*what* was it? a vision merely, an improved revelation of the inmost recesses of reality?

"I will copy it," said the old man, half-turning towards her, yet speaking as to himself. "And I'll hang it where it shall be always in my sight. I will learn the lesson in such a way that it shall never escape my mind again."

"It is a dreadful lesson," said the lady; "once learned, I should not think it could be forgotten!"

"Why, then, do you look upon it so many times?"

"It fascinates me."

"You will shudder to think of such a fascination hereafter. I had rather see one like you passing before those pure landscapes, those quiet home scenes, or those radiant images of life. You are so young, you should not be able to see the force of this."

Half-smiling, the lady replied, "I need to look upon it. I wish to accustom myself to its tone."

"Are you afraid that you shall cherish too bright views of life? Do you illuminate your own mind, fearing a forced, involuntary enlightening?"

"I am an artist," she said quietly.

"Oh,—then you have been taking a critical survey of the work?"

"I have been studying it."

"And may I ask the conclusion,—the judgment at which you have arrived?" said the old man respectfully.

Without raising her eyes, gazing still steadfastly upon the picture, she said,

"I would never have suffered this to stand alone in evidence of *my* thought of life. I should have painted a companion-piece, in which the woman had aroused from the frenzy of despair, impassioned, strong, and bent on victory,—and in that determination victorious, crowned with a fore-knowledge of honour."

"For that is your idea of life!"

"I am an artist. Should an artist live and cherish another belief? My creed is faith in aspiration—I believe it to be the prophet of success. I am strong: I know I am, because I have been weak, and I know, too well what weakness is. I have said, 'I will triumph.' You, sir, are an artist? You said that long ago, to yourself?"

She had been gazing full in his face during



the latter part of the conversation, and had seen all the emotion of his soul speaking there in a language unmistakable. He was a disappointed, grieved, distrustful man.

"You are young," was his reply,—*"I trust you will never learn another language than this. You will triumph! What have you to overcome?"*

"A barrier of condition. The pride, and hate, and jealousy, of those who should be friends and helpmates. Wounds which life, not death, shall heal. Wrongs which have been inflicted falsely: which shall be fairly overcome."

"You are not a painter?"

"No."

"Nor a singer?"

"No."

"Nor yet an actress, perhaps?"

"Nor an actress."

"You are a poet."

"I am, thank God!"

"With what do you contend?"

"Disappointments,—failures."

"The common lot," said he, pointing to the painting.

"I have energy equal to Napoleons."

"God grant you may never fight a battle of Waterloo."

"He who does, is fit for exile."

"Are you always brave as now?"

"Am I brave now?"

"Yes, as a young lion,—as brave, and as noble. If I had met you in my youth!"

"Self-depreciation is a bugbear. You do not suffer it to torment you?"

"My path has been filled with stumbling-blocks."

"And you could not elevate yourself so as to walk on them? Is that so?"

"Child, what do you teach me?"

"Self-reliance."

It was growing dark in the gallery, and the shades that settled along the pictures first rendered the lady conscious of this; as she bowed, with a deal of reverence, before the gray head of the old man, and turned to go, he said,—

"I begin this copy to-morrow; will you like to know my progress?"

"Yes," she replied, with confidence, looking on the serene, sad, beautiful face of the stranger; and he, watching her closely, blest her, for he thought he saw her eyes glisten as she turned away slowly, repeating the words of another, "When I read Beethoven's life, I said, 'I will never repine;' when I heard his symphony, I said, 'I will triumph.'"

"You are happy to have found in anything above the human your consoler, and your inspiration. That is, indeed, worthy of a poet, and most glorious. Who told you that you were a poet?"

"God."

"It was not He that told me I was an artist."

The young listener distinctly caught his words, though they were pronounced in so silent an undertone, and her heart beat fast. She could scarcely refrain from weeping. For a moment, she walked rapidly on, and then suddenly turned, looking back. The old man stood where she had left him, his hands crossed upon his breast, his face turned away; as she approached him, she heard him saying, "Not the first angel that has left me:" she touched his hand gently, and said,

"Who told you that you were an artist?"

"My only friend; and my worst enemy could not have done me a greater hurt than he in this. I was deluded. The best picture I ever painted would not save me a month from starving. I have done saying, 'I will triumph;'—you are in utterance of the proud declaration, you have spoken to me too long, therefore. Good night, daughter;—go home!"

Several days after these strangers had met thus as friends, and really and truly parted such, the same young figure stood again within the gallery, and, after pausing a moment at the threshold, walked to a far corner, where the old man was seated. He seemed to know her step, and to be expecting her; for he gave her his hand without speaking, and she sat down near him silently, to watch the progress of the work. Without looking up, he said,—

"I thought of you, this morning. The city seemed shrouded in fog. As I saw the smoke from a thousand chimneys trying to go upward, and checked in that aspiration by the heavy atmosphere, I groaned over my own fate, so like that baffled smoke in its striving to ascend. But, before I came here, the air was clear, and mild, and the pillars of white fire went up without hindrance, or check, heavenward. That is your genius, and its fate; you do well to say you will triumph. I know your fate."

"Do you think it a happy one?"

The old man looked up hastily, he was so startled by the sorrowful tone of her voice.

"What is it?" he asked.

She made no reply to his words; but, turning to his picture, gazed in surprise and admiration upon the bold and faithful copy.

"You equal the original!" was her exclamation.

With a sad smile, he said humbly, "Only a copyist! He who made that picture was an artist. I've never got beyond the copying."

"Sit here," he continued, placing a chair for her; "I have only to make a few more touches, then I shall take the picture home, and finish it there. I don't like to work here, though it's a glorious place; one is liable to so many interruptions."

She sat beside him as he wished, but her eyes wandered away to the peaceful landscapes near. He observed it, and said,—

"You have seen enough of this picture. Well for you that you *can* go beyond it; that all life does not seem centred in its expression to you."

"I want to dream a little," she replied.

"Then, this is to you the reality, and those are the dreams of life?"

"How they fill one with quiet!" she said, in answer.

"Spiritual force is in them. They do what can be done by no mere mechanic force. They overcome time as well as space. I remember looking, for the first time, up through the far recesses of that valley,—that, where you see the sweet lake in the dim distance,—it reminded me, more forcibly than I can tell, of the days when I was a boy. How I loved a solitude like that! I have not only grown old, and worn out, since then, I am every way changed. I am afraid to be alone. Oh, what a blessing to die before every beautiful hope has exploded! before one learns to look back with anguish to the days poets sing of, the merry days of childhood."

"Do you think they *are* so merry?" said the young girl, in a doubting tone. "I think, to the

conscious and thoughtful child, the experiences of the present equal any after knowledge. His griefs are as overpowering, his disappointments are as keen, as those of the grown man."

"I do not know; mine was a blessed childhood. Was not yours?"

"Yes; for all through it I was being prepared for what was to follow."

The old man laid aside his brushes, and stood up to rest. His day's work was done; for he was very feeble, and could not labour long at a time.

"I think I shall never visit this gallery again," he said; "will you give me your arm, and walk with me, that I may look at each one of the pictures, so dear to my eyes these many years?"

The lady stood quickly up, the old man took her arm, and they strolled along together, conversing as they went with sympathy and confidence. At last, according to his wish, they made a longer pause than usual. They stood gazing upon an artist's conception of the deluge; the HORROR had to his mind's eye been concentrated, and he presented that point with power. Crouching upon a rock, that lifted its bald head from a pit of darkness, were a woman, a tiger, and a child. With clasped hands, and face raised heavenward, fraught with a supplication so fervent as revoked all the past unbelief, the woman prayed; the frightened child clung to her for protection, with a stronger hope than *she* dared to cherish, and silent, as a statue, the paralyzed beast remained before her. They had no fear then of each other, but of the angry flood that roared and raved about them, and descending, fell upon them pitilessly. The "fountains of the great deep were broken up," and they heard the dreadful warning,—they felt the horrid pressure. Down through the terrific darkness, an eagle was descending, and the gazer heard its cry of fright! heard the moaning of the tiger, the shrieking of the child, the woman's prayer, and, afar off, was the ark floating in safety away!

"There," exclaimed the lady, as though forgetful of the old man's presence, wrought up by the application her own fancy presented of the scene, "I, too, see the ark move out of sight, and the tiger only remains."

"I," said the old man, "saw it vanish long ago, and the child fell from my arms into the abyss. I don't know if even the tiger stayed: the eagle deserted me with a yell."

"Had the tiger a human countenance?"

"The face of a woman. She was not older than you. Wait," he said eagerly, for she started at the tolling of a clock; "wait, and I will tell you; the secret has almost worn me out. Let me tell it to you."

"Where do you live?"

"In the shadow of St. John's."

"Will you be at the chapel of St. John's after prayers in the morning?"

"I am always there."

"So am I; and if you will tell it me, I will listen to your story, then. I must go now."

"Do not fail me, then?"

Her sincere look was surety sufficient; and the childish old man, pleased and happy, began to count the hours that must pass before he heard her sweet voice, and looked upon her tranquil face again.

The next morning, after prayers were over in the chapel of St. John's, and the people had begun to disperse, the old artist went and sat down in the chancel; and at last, when the house was nearly deserted, a youthful figure glided up the aisle, and stood gazing on the holy scenes pictured in the splendidly-coloured windows. At last she put aside her veil entirely and hastened towards the old man; and a warm glow was in his heart, and a smile of gladness in his face, as he welcomed the fair-haired, blue-eyed stranger.

She sat down beside him, and the old man, speaking hastily, as though he feared the next tolling of the bell would call her away from him, began:

"I was a preacher once, but not in a splendid place like this. I had a little church under my charge. My people were rich, yet the money they gave for God's sake was not lavished in architectural display, but for the good of man. They were well content to see splendid temples erected around their little church; they did not call theirs a temple, it was merely a house of God.

"I did not like my profession. It did not seem to me to be that for which Nature designed me; but I had entered the ministry before I was aware of this; and then, as it was only a matter of taste that made my fancy turn in other directions, and as I had a real desire to do good, and to honour my calling, I did not feel justified in leaving the station. With the first and only people of my charge I lived happily for fifteen years. What does that prove, my child?"

"That you were a good and able man, and a true pastor, father."

"Yes, one would think so. I loved them, and they all loved me; and never a wish, that I am aware of, arose among my people that I should leave them. I seldom thought of marrying in those years; I was engrossed in other thoughts, in pastoral cares; but at last a temptation came before me; and when I was too old by twenty years—when I was forty years of age, I married. She was a beautiful girl, belonging neither to fashionable nor to low life; educated, and every way calculated to fill and adorn the difficult position of a minister's wife. I made a mistake, which I did not discover until the world had found it out. I had made the mistake in the choice, as far as my people were concerned; and when I saw that, I felt keenly for their disappointment; but I was made to feel still more keenly for my own.

"In the course of the second year of my marriage, a young lawyer became a member of my congregation. I did not wonder that Isidore liked him. I was glad to have her find such a friend. I was content to see them enjoying each other's society, for he was more cultivated than I—*younger* than I—had seen more of the world. I was willing that she should look upon him as a brother—that they should see very much of each other—that in their mutual pursuits they should sometimes be engrossed to an entire forgetfulness of me. I had strong confidence in Isidore; but not stronger than a man should have in his wife. I had no fear of such an association. It was always my belief, and it is still, that such sorts of friendship, love you may call them, if you will, are such as angels have, and such as God designed pure-minded mortals should enjoy, as foretastes of the heavenly communion. But neither



she nor he were equal to this spiritual friendship. Isidore's manner did not change towards me, but it did towards him. Our union had been a sort of delightful friendship; we had never been *one* in the sense that man and wife often are: one to inflict wrong on ourself, that is our partner, as the drunkard does on himself. We had respect for each other; and I was very happy in that union until I knew it was not what I fancied it.

"You would think that a people, with whom I had lived on the terms that a pastor must live with a people, whose spiritual guide he has been for fifteen years, you would think their opportunities good and sufficient for understanding my character in some degree; if I had been the victim of any vicious temptation, you would think their opportunity good for discovering it? They had not learned—as Madame de Staël says, we are understood by God alone. . . . I had at times been troubled with a bodily affection, for which my physicians ordered, at the time of attack, a strong draught of wine. Twice since my marriage I had been affected in this way, and had made use of the prescription. Immediately after the second attack, a rumour went through the village, high and low, and suddenly I was denounced at all hands: by some as a drunkard, and by others as a lunatic. A trial was appointed, an ecclesiastical court held, and nothing was proved against me! I had a triumphant acquittal; but child," he said, grasping his listener's arm violently, and looking up into her face for a sympathy which he found there, "it broke my heart. Isidore did not rejoice with me—*she* was disappointed—she left me, and Frank Clement disappeared, too!"

The listener's face was very pale; her tears flowed fast during the recital, and it was some minutes after his story was finished before she said:

"Did you make no search for poor Isidore?"

"Yes; oh, how I looked for her! it was the business of my life for years. Though it was not for *my wife* that I looked."

"For whom? what were you going to do?"

"Give her a divorce, child; and leave her free as she was before that evil hour when we first met."

"Then you did not hate her? You did feel more of pity than anger?"

The face of the poor old man glowed with a perfect beauty, as he said, with a pathos which showed he had not outlived his sorrow:

"It has never been anything but a grief with me. I only blamed myself, and repented my folly, in choosing for my wife one who must look upon me as an old creature, who had no sympathy or thought in common with her. I would have suffered anything rather than have her fly from me in the way she did."

"And you left your people?"

"I had lost my heart and my voice. Yes, I was afflicted more than I was able to bear. I could preach no longer. Though it was their wish that I should."

"Have you lived among them since?"

"No; I have been a wanderer. I have tried to work. But somehow I seem to have lost every manner of power. I thought I should like to be an artist. I don't think I should have altogether failed in that profession, if I had entered it in my youth, when my heart was warm and I was en-

ergetic. But I am too old now; all I have to do is to die; and don't think that when I'm called I shall be sorry to go."

"Father, with whom do you live?"

"Said I not I am alone?"

"You must come and live with me."

"I am alone, child; I shall drop into the grave soon, and none but God will know it. I am old and worthless. There has long been one man too many on the earth. It is my daily wonder," he said, reverently looking up, "that our Father does not call me home. I'm tired and worn out."

As he spoke, the city church-bells began to toll, and the lady, starting up, took the old man's hand, and gently constrained him to follow her.

"I am going to hear a great man preach," she said; "you must go with me; we have plenty of time, and will walk slowly. See how the sun shines! the day will seem very short to you, if you will come with me."

He suffered himself to be persuaded, and followed her.

The way they went was longer than the lady had anticipated, and by the time they had reached the church, the crowd upon the steps and around them, told her that there was an overflowing audience within. Indeed, for some minutes, newcomers had desisted from making the least attempt to effect an entrance, the work seemed so hopeless. But resolute in her determination to hear what the great orator would say of a death which had fallen recently with the great shock of an earthquake on the hearts of the people, and with the hope of diverting the thoughts of the lonely man, who had, by his confession, won for himself a right to all her sympathies, she began to ascend the steps with her companion, and to work her way through the dense crowd. "We only wish to go within sound of his voice," she said, in explanation, to those who seemed disposed to hinder her progress; and her mourning garments, her gentle, yet determined manner, and the aged companion of her effort, appealed for her successfully.

The sermon was begun before they reached one of the aisles of the church. They found no seat, and could make no progress pulpit-ward; but the preacher's voice was a grand organ that filled the edifice—not a word that he uttered fell unheard. There was no tedious straining of the ear to hear every sentiment; and truth, that burst in its perfection from his heart-lit brain, ran through the great assembly, and told on every soul.

The first sentence that the artist and his guide caught, was a daring assertion, that leaped from the lips of the orator, and laid on the hearts of his hearers, vivifying and startling as a live coal from the altar. It was a daring declaration; for its source was not in reverence, nor in a pre-reception and admission of the idea, that "whatever is, is right,"—but in a knowledge of society, and of the laws of humanity, of necessity, and of well-being. The preacher paused as he thundered forth his declaration, "**THERE IS NOT A SUPERFLUOUS MAN!**" He looked calmly and scrutinizingly around upon the upturned faces, as if silently to repeat that assertion for the comfort of every individual soul there. He could have counted his congregation by the hundred, for the aisles, the galleries, the pulpit-stairs, and chancel,

were crowded with listeners; and a cry of more intense meaning, loftier grandeur, mightier truth, he could not have rung in the ear of the people, than this. They were of every grade, and kind, and cultivation. Youth and age,—the spiritual bond and freedman—sense and intellect were there,—and it seemed a mighty thing for the preacher to say, even of that congregation, there is not *here* a superfluous man! But to say it of the world, of the whole world of mankind,—of the utterly helpless and inefficient, of the physically weak, of the mentally and the morally worthless, to say it indiscriminately of *all*, it seemed an unpardonable explosion of transcendentalism,—a misapprehension of the word, superfluous.

There were few in the congregation but heard that attestation to the high worth of human nature with a thrill, that, in some individual instances, amounted almost to convulsion. It was heard with a half-smile by some,—and fond eyes looked into their companions' eyes, and gave endorsement to the preacher's words: the life so dear to them, was certainly not superfluous. It was a declaration that caused a gush of tears from other eyes: it opened a world of recollections, and a flood of bitter memories came forth; it caused a shuddering in others, whose thoughts went down into the caves of earth and ocean, where were buried some who had fulfilled strange destinies—whose use and worth had never been apparent to the sense of man. It caused confusion in the souls of many, who at that moment, in compliance with an irresistible force, thought upon themselves. Some there were, who, with their faith pinned to that of their preacher, received his assurances, and stayed not to question it: his words were very potent to charm them to peace: the world could not do without them; they wakened thoroughly at that, and with complacent attention, listened to the remainder of the discourse, so charming was this panacea offered to their oft-times wounded pride. For these surface-bearers and reasoners, it had been well if the preacher, remembering the weakness of the human nature he glorified, had given more lucid insight into the real grandeur of his meaning.

But among his hearers there were two, certainly, if there were no more, who eagerly caught the full significance of the words; they heard them in breathless attention, and treasured them in their inmost hearts,—for there was a whole gospel in them for their souls,—the truth of the words flashed on their minds with the resistlessness of conviction.

"You said a little while ago, that *you* were of no use in the world. You made a great mistake: you are necessary; I shall not be at peace without you, and perhaps you will make my mother happy also. You must come home with me."

There was an undercurrent of firmness the old man could scarcely withstand, as she spoke thus to him when they went out of the church together. He heard the words, and believed they were but the outbreak of pity,—perhaps impelled by a new conviction experienced by the lady, on hearing this sermon of the preacher, that she must do good as far as she was able,—but it was not a proud determination to live above and apart from the dolings of charity, which made him say, almost peremptorily,—

"You do not need me,—nor does the world; let me go back to my shed and canvass."

But she resolutely held his arm within hers, and argued—

"Is it because my name is Isidore, that you refuse to come?"

He started as though a dread vision had appeared before his eyes;—he looked down curiously into her face, but asked no question, though his pale face and eager glance told how tender and sensitive a chord had been struck within him.

"My name is truly Isidore, and my husband is dead; but we were faithful to each other, and this mourning I wear for him. I have no cause for wearing gay robes. I have had great sorrows. Come home with me, and I will repay your confidence by giving you mine, and we will see if there is not at least as much use of your living, as there is of mine."

The soft appealing cadence of her voice, the truthfulness implied in her looks and her petition were not to be withstood. In silence the old man signified his consent to go with her.

The house before which they paused, and which they entered, was a handsome dwelling-place in a retired part of the town;—it was a home for the rich, and the rich were there abiding. Leading the way into the parlour, the lady said,

"Remember, this is now your home. If you seek another, I am to seek it with you. To-night your canvass shall be brought here, and you shall paint—a likeness of myself, if you choose. There is a room just above this, furnished with excellent light. We will have no terrible scene painting like *THE FLOOD*, nor even like *THE WEAVERS*; I will have you paint fairy-land for me. I have not often had my own way as yet. I am wilful now, because I have an opportunity. You shall have your own way, too."

"You said you were a poet?" said the old man, signifying, by his question, his desire to hear that confession she had promised. Without a word of preface, she began, and uninterrupted by a word of comment, related her story to its close.

"My father died, and I was a spoiled child, a wonder, and a pet, no longer. My mother was beautiful, and very gifted, and young; she never suffered me to stand in awe of her authority; we loved each other too well; we were sisters, playmates, friends, until my father's death, when a dreadful, dreadful change came over her. When it was necessary for us to go to work,—being in poverty,—we did go, but my strength outlasted hers; she became ill, and sad, and faint-hearted, and she had sorrows greater than you have known, if one may judge by effect. When a friend invited me to come to this city, saying that here something might be found for me to do, I came, leaving mamma at home, ill, but hopeful for me, if not for herself. She was with friends, and I was going to friends, so we were, perhaps, after all, to be considered fortunate. But my friend who had called me, was also poor; she could, herself, do nothing for me but give me a shelter for a season, under her roof. She had faith in me that I would make a great poet, and the praise of friends had made me self-confident. But though the powerful were most kind to me, and judged my doings with lenient eyes of criticism, it was plainly to be seen that I had not then reached a commanding position. With this discouraging conviction, I worked on, at the same time looking constantly



about me, hoping to discover, if possible, some other way in which I might employ myself. But I was looking vainly,—every avenue seemed closed against me,—every vacancy I could fill, seemed to be filled by a special Providence, almost at the very hour I applied. It was at this time, when I was most desponding, that a gentleman, who had befriended me in several ways, began to specially commiserate my situation. The winter was drawing to a close, and I had not, by any labour, managed to make enough to pay my way, and I was about concluding to go back again to my mother, and to compel myself at once, to less aspiring occupations,—to some business that would *pay*, however humbly. This old gentleman friend of mine, commiserated my position thus:

"He had formed a most charitable design in his own mind. He had a friend, a widower, who had commissioned him to select for him a wife, and bearing in mind my poverty, and comparative friendlessness, he immediately conceived the idea of giving to me a lawful protector. His work was so skilfully done, that I had not the least suspicion of it until it was no longer progressive, but completed. The widower was childless, and older than I, but a good, and rather distinguished, and very wealthy man. We married five years ago, and since our wedding-day have lived in this place. You think my name unfortunate? It is not; for we lived happily together, until he was taken away. Since then, my mother has been with me, and *her* name, too, is Isidore. You will love the name again, when you know her, for she is truly angelic."

"As are you."

"No, no, not I. But her sorrows have been great and extraordinary, and she has borne them so patiently, that they have almost made an angel of her."

"Tell me, why is it that you have insisted upon my coming here? The whole performance is too wild! what does it mean? You and I have confided our secret story to each other, strangers a week ago! What has possessed us? I think I had better go away; I'm either dreaming, or living, when I had better be dead, after I have got into my dotage."

"This is what it means,—God has brought us to each other. Perhaps you'll think I'm dreaming now, when I tell you what I'm going to; but as truly as I have a soul to save, it all happened. When my father was dying, he said,—and it makes no difference to you or me whether his mind were wandering at the time,—he said, 'Daughter, if you ever find in this world an old man, lonely, and poor, but good and great, love him, and do for him according as God has done for you.' And he made me swear that I would carry pity and love in my heart for all the living; but more especially for the old, and lonely, and good man. Father, you are he: I found you living under a weight of bitter recollections; henceforward, you must live without them; you shall find only peace and comfort here. Believe what I have told you: my father loved my mother with the most impassioned devotion, and perhaps he saw into the future as the dying can, I believe, and he knew how she would some time stand in need of all the consolations of the great and good; help me in my watching over my paralysed mother. I fear,—I know—that she has not long to stay with me,

and she desires to go; believe that the work of your ministry is not yet finished; stay with me, at least—at least"—

"Daughter, say no more; I would fain go, even now, to your mother."

His voice had been faint, faltering, the voice of age, till now; but, when he expressed this wish, he had been gazing so long, and with such earnestness, upon young Isidore, that he seemed to have drawn within himself, from her presence, the spirit of life, and his voice had the clarion strength and clearness of early manhood.

Word was sent into the chamber of the invalid that the daughter and a friend were coming to pass the Sabbath twilight with her; and, a few minutes after, Isidore led her aged friend into the room, where the faint daylight was struggling with the night. The place was very cheerful, as the apartment of an invalid should be. Comfort and luxury were there; the fragrance of flowers, and the twittering of a bird,—a carpet, which gave back no echo to the footstep,—couches, where one might sleep, and dream of all things beautiful, but—death. The old man paused as he stood within the door:—was it his miserable raiment that caused him to hesitate, fearful of appearing before the luxurious invalid in such a plight? It may have been this; but Isidore gave him no time for indulging in these, or in any reflections. She brought him to her mother's bedside, and said, "Here is my friend, mamma; do you feel equal to a little conversation, now?"

The lady bowed her head graciously to the new-comer, tenderly to her child, and as much of curiosity as she was capable of feeling, in her then weak state, was very plainly revealed, as her eyes turned towards the poor old man. She had been a handsome woman in her day; but her beauty was very different from the pure loveliness that lay as a consecration on the human nature of her widowed child. She had been a worldly woman, vain, and, perhaps, weak, but not after a common weakness; for the most of her life had been a furious combat, and she was never conquered until her idolized husband was laid in the grave. Then, her health began to fail, and a depression and a sorrow, such as death and loss never occasioned, sprang up into life, which had grown deeper and darker until this present hour,—which was constantly growing deeper and darker, and undermining life, and insuring the easy victory of death.

Her face was haggard, and her eyes had the wild glare of a lunatic, as they wandered from the old man to her daughter: it was hard to engage her, or to interest her in conversation, though, almost from the moment of entering the room, the stranger's lips had been unsealed, and he spoke as never man spoke in the hearing of those women before, of life and death, of experience, and change; at first, Isidore bore her part in the conversation, but not long, for in the argument he conducted, he needed no aid. For more than an hour, that mighty strain of eloquence rolled from the soul of the old man through the sick chamber, and it was while in the full tide of thought and expression, that the human voice suddenly broke, and the strength of the speaker waned: then he arose, and, walking through the chamber, now quite wrapt in shadows, he bowed at the sick woman's bedside, more lowly than

courtesy demanded, for he bowed to pray! And, surely, never was a prayer like that breathed in the ear of Heaven! Was it for the life of her who was chained by the unconquerable power to that couch?—for the happiness of her, whose name was breathed through every several petition? No; but it was her pardon that he whispered, and for her forgiveness that he besought high Heaven! And while he was dying of his emotion, dying because there was now really, as he had yesterday unwisely said, no more use for him on earth (God took him when he had breathed his pardon in the ears of the wretched woman, whom God's vengeance, through her own conscience, had overtaken in the last years of her life); the soul of the forgiven, the repentant,

took also its departure. And thus vengeance and mercy were satisfied, expiation and satisfaction gave in their holy verdict, and the younger Isidore was left alone to ponder, in no dreaming mood of poesy, on the two lives, divided, united, which had proved in themselves that even to the wretched and lonely come no superfluous years. At last comes always a revelation, which does away with mystery.

You will say this is a fantasy;—what if I can show you the two graves, and the two monuments that rise above that husband and that wife? Will not the "other Book" which shall be opened, prove the Revelator of secrets such as the most daring of imaginations never conceived? Wait and see!

## THE FLAG OF THE WEST.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

BY THE REV. J. LEWERS.

THERE'S a land on whose bosom the sun sweetest shines,

As he opes the pearl gates of the morn;  
To whose shore, as his beam o'er the billow declines,

His brightest farewell still is borne:  
'Tis the soil which fair Liberty marked for her home,

When, by Tyranny's minions oppressed,  
She flew, on swift wing, o'er the wide-rolling foam:—

'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the West!

Sublime o'er the billow her mountains arise;

And what beauties her forests unfold,  
Whether tinged by young April with emerald dyes,

Or robed by October in gold!  
And rich are her valleys, and bright is her clime:  
But the boast that her bosom loves best,  
Is that Freedom has planted her standard sublime  
On the glorious hills of the West!

What shore ne'er has marked its broad folds floating wide?

On what wave has it ne'er wooed the breeze?  
And where is the foe never quails, 'mid his pride,  
As that standard advancing he sees?

The bold British Lion has bowed 'neath its glance,  
By its fierce glowing splendours oppressed;  
And the horsemen of Mexico lowered each lance  
'Neath th' invincible Flag of the West!

Let the Tricolor, false to its promise, once more

Crush the new-rising glory of Rome;  
Let St. George's proud banner wave frowningly o'er

Where green Erin still weeps on the foam:  
There is one flag will ne'er cast a darkening shade

O'er the hopes of the patriot's breast,  
But still for his succour be nobly displayed:—  
'Tis the Flag, 'tis the Flag of the West!

Hark! heard you those drums o'er the ocean afar?

Hark! heard you that cannon's deep sound?

'Twas Italy, arming for Liberty's war;

'Twas Hungary, waking around.

By the Danube's broad wave, on the Tiber's old shore,

On, on to the battle they pressed;  
And the sight that aroused them to glory once more  
Was that far-waving Flag of the West!

And deem not, ye despots, though stillness and gloom

Have descended once more on yon plain,  
Where the brave bands of Kossuth, 'neath standard and plume,

With your fierce hordes contended in vain,  
That the spirit that burned in the patriots' heart  
Has sunk in despair to its rest:

Once more from their sheaths shall those bright sabres start,

Aroused by that Flag of the West!

There's a stillness that broods o'er the summer-noon skies

Ere the thunderbolt darts from the cloud;

There's a calm o'er the ocean's grim bosom that lies

Ere 'tis wrapt in the hurricane's shroud:

Such stillness now reigns; but full soon shall it yield

To the shouts of the nations oppressed,  
Pressing forward in triumph to Liberty's field,  
Waved on by that Flag of the West!

Then hail to the land from whose bold mountain-height

The bright Flag of Liberty streams!

Long, long from her shores may it scatter the light,

Till the nations are waked by the beams,  
And vengeance and doom on the traitors be hurled

Who disunion would bring to her breast,  
And bury in darkness the hopes of the world,  
By rending that Flag of the West!



## NELLY HAGUE'S NEW YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### LETTER FIRST.

Bradford, June 30th, 1851.

MY DEAREST COUSIN MEG,—I am twenty-one to-day,—twenty-one, and "nothing done." True, I have laughed ten thousand times, and smiled ten millions, mostly in the proper time and manner. I have ate bread and butter in inconceivable quantities; and worn blue ribbons, and soiled them, until a corner drawer in my cabinet is full of cast-aways. I have "attended to drawing," so that my portfolio is ready to burst of "specimens," in oil, in crayons, in pencils, in water-colours, every one of which my fingers itch to burn, that I may have a clear way for better performances. I "practise," and now and then "hop" a little.

I have graduated,—as you know; for you saw me take my diploma, and said I did it gracefully,—so that I have Latin by four years' drivelling; French and Italian, by one each; German and Spanish, by a half year each; the sciences and fine letters, collectively, by sixteen years, or thereabouts. And, after all this, this comes in as my condemnation, that I have lacked the diligence, vigour, and quickness of brain to turn this great amount of knowledge into a compact, available modicum of wisdom; that I have neither genius, nor force of character, nor any quality which shall distinguish me in particular from other misses in general, who, now, that they "have finished their education," wear heavy frocks, go to parties, and sit rocking with restless hands or folded hands, according as their heart-affairs go, and according as pa will, or will not open his purse to them.

Well, we shall see! I have begun this new year by a quarrel with myself—sometimes laughing, sometimes with tears in my eyes; and determining, meanwhile, that, henceforth I will be bringing some of those things about, that are richly worth coming to pass. How it turns out, you yourself shall by and by see; for I will sit here in the far-off corner of our back parlour; and, while others talk and work, or read, tell you honestly what sage things I do, and what foolish; what good things, and what mischievous.

It is a hot day; so hot that pa goes puffing through the rooms, fanning himself with his 'kerchief, wiping off the perspiration, and—"If one could see you a little less comfortable, wife," he says now, speaking to ma, who, in her quiet way, sits in her cane-chair, and stitches a collar. "Let me try your chair and your place in the room. I fancy you manage to get into a draught, and then say nothing about it." They both laugh. Ma goes to the tete-a-tete, where she will be as comfortable as in her cane-chair; while poor, fat pa will find the chair no better than plodding through the rooms.

Cousin Genifrede sits on a carpet under a window, buried in Hawthorne's "Seven Gables." She stretches out her pretty hands, once in a while, wipes them, and puts the thin sleeves

farther back from her wrists; so that one who looks on knows that she feels the heat, if *she* does not.

Later.

Oh, Margaret, it is so hot! I would just go round saying—"Oh dear!" were it not, that to-day, for the first time in twenty-one years, I have set my face against all manner of stupidity, and sit down here to write, therefore, that I may forget how hot it is.

Fred Hathaway is here. He sits by Genifrede, fanning her and himself at the same time: talking, meanwhile, with pa about thermometers. People talk of little else, in these days. Now he turns to Genifrede, and his glance lights up, as it always does on meeting hers, if no Mott Nostrand is near to wake up his jealousies. By-the-by, Margaret, you saw how it was with these two gentlemen, when you were here. It is the same now. I think they should both propose outright to Genifrede; she would then know what she ought to be doing. Such skirmishing and uncertainty would be intolerable to me, or to one of less equable temperament than herself. I am not even certain that she observes it at all.

"Does the fan relieve you?" Fred asks. "No? Do you mean no, when you lift your eyes a little, and open them wide on one?"

Genifrede laughs faintly, nods her affirmative, and ends the graceful pantomime by sighing, "Oh, how hot! I shall be glad when night comes, shan't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. The nights are hot. I wish we were all at the Mountains. Do you know, Squire Hague, that Howland and his party got back Saturday?"

"No; have you seen them?"

"Yes; and 'tis cool enough up there, they say. Mountain-streams all about, you know; and the strong, clear air drawing through the passes. Besides, there are lions and lionesses there this season, without number. I wish we were all up there. Don't you, Mrs. Hague? Don't you, you poor child, Genifrede? I see this fan don't make it any better. The blood is ready to come through your cheeks. Squire Hague, let's get out of this for a week or two. Let's go to the Mountains." Now, see, I leave you, my cousin; and go and sit at their feet, and move for the Mountain journey.

Two hours later.

*Io triumphe!* we go to the Mountains, and Genifrede with us! But I am twenty-one to-day; I will be quiet; for one thing I have vowed, is, that I will neither go over the moon with the delights that come along, nor under the dark waters with the grievances.

Fred helped to lay plans. There never was one so fertile of pleasant schemes. He fanned us all; he was ready to force the heat and discomfort into Siberia, when pa, who lets it go as one of the postulates, that Genifrede can't stir without Mott Nostrand to take care of her, said, "We'll invite Nostrand. The girls will need him to pocket the rubbish they are always picking

up, and to take them off of the horns of the dilemmas they find everywhere. He has been to the Mountains, and knows all about it; although, I suppose, it will be quite a grief to Genifrede having him." Pa looked for the blush, and it came. Perhaps, only *because* he looked for it; however, Fred looked for it, too, and saw it. The fan lay still, and no new plans were heard in the next minute or two; but Fred is a gentleman, capable of self-control, and invariably exercising it, if one allows him a little time.

"Yes; we will invite Nostrand," said he, with a half-strangled sigh, which I saw rather than heard. He began again to fan us and to lay plans; but his enthusiasm was gone, and he too soon left. What do you suppose the reason is, Margaret, that both Fred and Mott must go sighing for Genifrede, and neither of them for me? I must ask our philosopher, Ben, some time. But at this time, I must leave off writing, and go and see what I need for the Mountains. Pa wishes us to be altogether superb, else I would sit here and write letters until next Thursday morning, when we are to start.

Adieu! Love and kisses to Mabel. Tell her my gossip is as much for her as for you. Tell her I am her and your loving cousin,

NELLY HAGUE.

#### LETTER SECOND.

White Mountains, July —.

MEG AND MABEL:—Here we all are at the Mt. Washington House, and in a parlour as rich as one finds in half the private dwellings of "our set" at home. There are soft carpets, mahogany furniture, and astral. There are fashionable women, richly and fashionably dressed; and women who care little for jewels and lustrous robes, but who have minds beautifully enriched, beautifully unconscious of their riches; so that they put them forth without reserve, without ostentation, quite charming me, and I believe all the rest, even the most frivolous. As for me, I am a simpleton, who know all these things of which they speak, but who dare not often open my lips upon them, lest I should be found having on the appearance of display, of feverish and fluttering vanity. I suppose this is simply because I have vanity and self-consciousness; and, therefore, have just reason to dread that they will peep out somewhere along. If I have, I hate myself; or, at least, these qualities, and will not be long in putting them forth. Perhaps those ladies, perhaps Mrs. Professor Page, who is speaking now with the calmness of a beautiful seraph, was once as foolish as now I am. Perhaps she has this graceful dignity, because she "has served up to it." But I mustn't preach or philosophise. If I do, I know how you, Mabel, will be stopping your ears as Margaret reads.

Guess, then, what Genifrede is doing? Guess, Mabel, what she has on? She looks over some new minerals with Mott. She and Mott have not been one yard apart, by day or by evening, since we left Bradford. He talks of the poets and Healy with her; writes down rhymes of his own for her to read, as they sit together; praises the drawings she makes, now and then delicately giving her new hints in perspective—for there are few things in which Mott Nostrand is not thoroughly versed—and tells her if she is dressed

becomingly, for the time being, and if she is not. He has London Art Journals with him, and bulletins of the American Art Union. Over these they bend by the hour, and don't know that there is any body else in the world. So, I just come near them, now and then, to talk a little of the ultraist nonsense I can muster: to hide their books and minerals, and Mott's rhymes, especially Mott's rhymes; and, for the rest, link my arm with Fred's, or pa's, and take them off with me to breathe the good air, to listen to the great birds and the streams, and the winds southing among the pines. There are glorious sounds here, cousins mine, not less than glorious sights. I listen to them in the dark, wild evenings, until I am faint and afraid, and yet full of exquisite enjoyment. I grow so thankful, so loving toward God and His poor, wayfaring children;—or, if I can't find Fred or pa, or if, finding them, they are engaged in their own affairs, I sit at Mrs. Page's feet, or at the Professor's, listening to her beautiful common-sense, or his beautiful science. He is a profound geologist, having nothing to do with the alphabet, over which Mott and Genifrede pore so assiduously (to my marvel, for I hate all sorts of alphabets). The mountains, "the great deep," the bowels of the earth, are open before him like a book; and he reads and interprets like a prophet, so that my heart is melted within me, and I say, "How wondrous, how beautiful is the earth! how great, how excellent in wisdom is God!" Fred, also, likes the subject. When he is interested, he looks away to Genifrede to see if she listens, but she does not; on the contrary, she analyses a mountain flower with Mott, or mends his glove or her own, talking meanwhile of Art. Art? Yes, I can conceive that Art is glorious. But, here again, I am not content to sit down to study her *a, b, c's*, her pictures and her statuary, and exclaim over the grace of the lines by which she traces them. I haven't Emerson here, or I could find something beautiful *apropos* of this, in his essay on Art. Long ago I read it; but I believe he says that, by paintings and sculpture, Art gives some of her early lessons to the children of men, to Humanity. That by these the eye of Humanity is trained to subtle perceptions of the beauty that is on every side of us and in us; of beauty far transcending all that we find in marble or in colours, inasmuch as these are, at the best, imitations of the living, breathing divinity. If this is not what he says, it is the truth, no doubt. So I pass the imitations; not, however, without admiring, hopeful recognition; and would fain sit at the feet of Humanity-herself, and watch how Art is beginning to serve her by agencies more direct than by the pencil or the chisel.

But, poor Mabel! She does not actually fall asleep, I know; because she hopes the time will come, when I will be telling what cousin Genifrede has on this evening. A very light, shot silk, Mabel; so rich, so lustrous in the strong light, as to shed a halo about her, and make her altogether resplendent. Some very fine lace around her throat, some correspondingly fine lace under-sleeves, and rich brooch and belt-buckle of white stones; hair, without ornaments, put up *a la Jenny Lind*. This is all, Mabel; only her flesh is as wax-like as a babe's, and her mouth as pleasant and gentle. Thus she is altogether lovely to look upon. Let me see if Fred does not think the same. Yes, his eyes are watching every



movement she makes, and every word she speaks, as he ostensibly listens to Dr. Whipple and pa's politics. Mott, on the other hand, seems now and at all times insensible to Genifrede's personal attractions; only so far as the effect of her dress is artistical, or the contrary. He looks at his pictures, or his rocks, or his new flowers, or his new scribblings, or something else new that he has in hand, and talks to her. She, meanwhile, looks on and listens with interest; receiving all he affirms, as if it were so much inspiration; approving all that he approves, disdaining all that he disdains, except now and then a sonnet of his own, which, for some reason, stands low in his estimation. Genifrede likes all his sonnets. But do not believe, cousin Mabel, that this is because she has no spirit or originality. She has both, in good quantities, as peeps out in her intercourse with others. Somehow, Mott leads her as he wills; she acquiescing passively, like a child's doll. On this account, in part, and again, in part, because I have an inherent tendency to disputation, I like to buffet him. Good! I will go now, stealthily, and steal his crystals. He has put them away a little from his elbow. Meanwhile, he looks behind him, to say to two Cambridge students, who are throwing Carlyle away, and all his works—"Carlyle knows what he is saying. He can find remedies fast enough, when the people are ready to use them. He is just waking them to the evils, in all this clamour he is making."

Here the crystals are, shut close under my left hand as I write! All in the room saw what I was doing, save Mott and the Cambridge boys. They were too busy with Carlyle. All laugh, and wait for Mott to miss his crystals, as if all were fond of play, like children. Ma shook her head at me; but she inwardly likes it as well as I do. She and Mrs. Page have been sitting together all the evening; only she comes occasionally to see if I am not tired; if I am sufficiently amused with my letter-writing; if I would not rather go and sit awhile with her, or with the Misses Hutton; if I would not like backgammon with Fred, who seems to be not in his best spirits; and—he misses them! Good! I cover them close, and write away, still with "half an eye" on his movements. He is at a loss. He looks first at Genifrede to be enlightened, not because he suspects her of stealing them; for she has never yet been known to do any mischief of any sort. He looks at me, as I feel in my flesh and nerves, but do not see. "What?—how?" he says, and looks with smiling, puzzled eyes about him. Meantime, the gentlemen are as grave as if they were old Roman senators,—as one sees them in the books, I mean,—and the ladies as if they were the wives and daughters of Roman senators. All but Jane Page, the professor's ten-years-old daughter. She has tucked herself close between Mrs. Page and ma,—who, by the way, are the Lucretia and the Cornelia of this great company,—her bright eyes flashing forth, and more and more of her handkerchief going every moment into her mouth, to keep back the obstreperous laughter.

Now, he comes slowly and cautiously this way, saying, as if to himself, "I wonder, where on earth!" But I write on in a manner as if there were not anywhere in this world, or in any other, so thoroughly inoffensive a body. "I wonder if

Nell,—*she* generally does all the mischief," he says, with one hand on the back of my chair. I do not hear him. Would you, Mabel, in my case? "Nell, what have you got, I would like to know, under this suspicious-looking left hand of yours?"

Later.

He lifted my suspicious-looking left hand, and there lay the shining crystals. We had a good laugh, then; and low cheers, and "the soft patter of toes," went round amongst the gentlemen. As for the good-for-nothing Mott, he could not be done laughing, or twisting my fingers, to punish them for the mischief they had been doing. I strove to free them, saying, half-laughing and half-pouting,

"Now, go back to Genifrede, and let me be?"

"Not until you confess that you are the most troublesome 'indiwiddle' about."

"I shan't confess! I don't like you well enough! If I am troublesome to *you*, I am glad of it."

He only laughed the more, and went on twisting my fingers, as if they were made of India rubber.

"Confess, if it is only to be rid of me."

"Yes, indeed, I confess!"

"You will let my crystals alone, after this?"

"Yes. Now, go back to Genifrede. You make my fingers ache."

"Do I? that is too bad. Let me kiss their tips, then, in the way of peace," touching them with a deal of grace, as I must confess, to his lips.

Jane Page liked this. She danced about us, clapped her hands, and then held me in both arms, saying, "That was the best thing, Miss Hague;—I like you! I like you real well, you do such funny things to make people laugh!"

But, I must write no more this night. We are in our chambers. All in the house are in their chambers; and it is high time, for we are to have a hard day to-morrow, that is, if the oft-changing weather will permit us, to go up the mountains. Then, me!—I am faint at the thought of it.

Thine,

NELL.

P.S.—Don't require me to date my letters to you. I never know what day of the month it is; and here I can't always go and ask ma.

Good night.

#### LETTER THIRD.

Mount Washington House.

MARGARET, DEAR,—I can't sleep, if I do follow Genifrede's example, and give myself up to the undertaking. I will sit here by my open window, then, and look upon the moonlight in this strange place, and upon the sparkling Androscoggin,—here no broader than the meadow-brooks one finds at every turn one makes in our beautiful New England. I am so grateful to-night, so happy! I keep every moment thinking—Blessed be *all* things belonging to this day of days! The blue morning, the early mists rolling away like a scroll; the bright sun looking forth; the quick, joyful movement through the house, of laughter and merry salutation, of fast-flitting steps along the passages and over the stairs, of windows opening, and the song of the birds coming in;—ah, I tell you, cousin, I shall not soon forget this morning! It was a thousand times better for

what was coming. The breakfast was a thousand times better. I never saw such a merry company. Jokes flew along the table, and back and forth; jokes better worth hearing, too, than those that get abroad on other days, when they come not of their own spontaneous liveliness. I uttered no jokes,—I never can joke, you know, or bear to have one aimed at me by another, although I never care how many go round about me; but I wrought mischief on all hands, and without premeditation. If pa looked down the table to speak to Dr. Whipple, his coffee suddenly disappeared, and it could not be that I drank it, for I drank only cold water at table, or elsewhere. "Well, this trout!" said he, turning a little to ma, to whom he spoke, I decoyed all that was left of the bepraised little fellow on his plate, and slipped it away to my right into Genifrede's plate. On Genifrede's right sat Mott, with a little dish of berries and sugar by his plate. "Let them!" said he, speaking to some gentlemen across the table, who were belabouring the London Times, and the whole tribe of London papers, for their contempt of our productions at the Fair. "Let them laugh. The ridicule grows hysterical and forced, year by year, as one sees if one watches sharply. At the same time, we feel the smart less and less. Soon it will move us to laughter a little heartier than theirs, and then they will be done. It ought to be doing one other thing, however, all along. Our manufactures have faults; we are full of faults; our nation is full of them; and I, for one, am willing to be put in mind of them often by those little, jealous London editors. Are not you, friend Genifrede?" turning to Genifrede, who was hiding laughter behind her great coffee-cup. (Take notice, I had been eating Mott's plums. I was still eating them; there were not a half-dozen left.) "Are not *you* willing, my vicious friend, Nell?" added Mott, leaning still farther forward, that he might see my face. "You look full of mischief; what have you been doing, now?" looking over his own neighbourhood to see if he had lost anything. "Yes, my berries! What have you been doing with my berries, Nell? Eating the last one, as I live! Good Genifrede, let me,—please change seats with me, will you? That is kind. I will slip our dishes across, thus, first. Now, my bad Nell!"—he was well established between me and Genifrede, and so much laughter was going on at our part of the table, that he left his threat unfinished, and laughed with the rest. He looked away a little to speak to ma, and when he turned back, and would finish his coffee, his coffee was gone. Then, he stole my roast pig, for which I did not care, since I can no more believe that such miserably brutish creatures are fit to be eaten than a dead cow. But, I stole his eggs, for which I did care; and thus we had it, right and left. None saw it, or heard a word of it, except those who sat near us,—the Pages, and Whipples, and Huttons, and Fred. They have all sat near us now so many days, and are so kind and sensible, they are like our own family. Jane Page laughed; but with tears in her eyes. She pouted the next moment; for she was not to be allowed to go up the mountains with us.

"Why, papa says I ain't big enough; it's what he's always saying," said she, to the good-natured wife of a good-natured farmer, who sat next to the Pages at table.

"And this is what makes you carry on so, this morning? Laughing, like a winnowing-mill, one minute, and crying the next? I don't suppose you *are* old enough. I'm too old; so we'll see what kind of a day we can make out here at the house."

"Oh, dear!" answered Jane, ready to weep afresh, and ran off into the parlour, with her breakfast-plate, full of good things, in her hands. Then mother sent her coffee in after her.

I am almost ashamed, but it is said that two roast pigs were eaten at table, this morning, and bacon and eggs in due proportion, and whole sirloins of beef, together with innumerable potatoes, and trout, and hot biscuit. We were not fit to be up there paying Nature a visit, were we?

We had on our travelling dresses, and the troop of horses and gents were at the door. Fabyan the elder reconnoitred, with careful eyes, girths, stirrups and stirrup-leathers, and bridle, to see if all was secure for the hard journey; while Fabyan the younger looked well to the bags out of which we were to get our dinner, up in the "east chamber of the clouds."

"All ready!—all ready!"

Genifrede and I were ready, and standing in the piazza. Others came in a moment; and in the next moment, others. Soon all were there, save a little bit of a lady from Boston, Miss Fryden by name, and her escort, whom she calls Augustus, and whom she has kept constantly near her since they came, lest, of an evening, the mountain-horn should be sounded again, and wake the echoes to frighten her to death; or the mountains, some of them, come sliding down, as they did years ago, when the Willeys were killed; or, lest by day there should be thunder, or lightning, or hail; or lest those wild Cambridge, and Boston, and Concord bachelors, who go off roistering, and return upon us like wild Indians, should come brushing against her, or something.

We waited for her until impatience began to get hold of us, and give itself pacification in restless saunterings along the piazza and the carriage-sweep before it. The wild bachelors danced a few steps now and then; and then said, "Faith!" and stooped to look up the staircase.

"Coming?" asked one.

"Faith, no!" growled another, and went leaping a rod from the edge of the piazza, where he stood. Instantly another followed, then another, and another; Fred, Mott, and every young man in the company. It was an impromptu, and, therefore, a most enthusiastic leaping-match. Mott, without apparent effort, went farthest. I would rather it had been poor Fred. I was thinking, and was looking at Fred, who was grave and still amidst all the laughter, when—who was it, think you, that sprang suddenly to the edge of the piazza, and then, like a wild thing, went through the leap, higher than any of the rest, and almost as far as the farthest? It was Jane Page, with her long curls, and her thin, short frock flying.

"Jane! why Jane!" said her mother, looking at the Professor, who watched the affair through his eyebrows, as he would watch a chemical phenomenon. The child stood perfectly still long enough to look over the extent of her leap, and compare it with the gentlemen's, then clapping her hands over her ears, to shut out the vociferous



laughter and cheers, she bounded back to the piazza, and to her mother's side.

"Jane!" repeated Mrs. Page, "what made you?"—

"Well, I thought I would do something if pa wouldn't let me go to the mountains. And it's done now, you see,—it's done, and no help for it."

"I should know the creters name was Jane," said the before-mentioned farmer. "I should no more think of naming a girl Jane! for there's never any such thing as taming one of that name, mind it when you will."

Now the little Miss Fryden came sailing along on her Augustus's arm. Wheugh! what skip-pings, and alacrity and bustle! All were mounted, shawls were thrown upon the saddles, or wound about the waists of the gentlemen; stirrups were adjusted, and adjusted again,—for we were, some of us, not a little nervous—and all were ready again, save Miss Fryden.

She looked at her horse. She looked at all the horses. She saw one faded old fellow amble a little, sideways, and then make an awkward little plunge at coltish vivacity, all done at the suggestion of his mischievous rider.

"Waiting for you, Miss," said, in polite tones, one of the gentlemen. And she approached her horse, still looking him over.

"Does he ever do anything bad?" said she, appealing to Mr. Fabyan. He stood near, to assist her in mounting.

"Never. Shall I—"

"He looks so odd. He has such a queer-looking head and tail! What makes him look so, all over? Any way! what makes him?"

"It is natural for him. Shall I help you?"

With Mr. Taylor's and Augustus's help, she jumped into the saddle; but it was only to shriek, and slide off again, at the first movement of her horse.

"Horrid brute, I declare!"

She looked at Mr. Fabyan, who was gathering her shawl from the ground. Whether she meant him or the horse, was not made known to us. But the delay was provoking, for there was no time to lose. So pa told Miss Fryden, riding over to her side. She would "never try that thing"—meaning the horse—"again," she said, and took her Augustus's arm; whereupon Mr. Taylor gave one signal for us to move on, and another for the rejected horses to be taken to the stable.

Morning.

Fred Hathaway has just two qualities in him, love for Cousin Genifrede and business aptitude. This is all; or it is all that one, of late, finds in him. Here at the Mountains, where are no great purchases or sales to be made, one sees only the love for Genifrede. It quite swallows him, soul and body. He watches her. He *wants* her, every moment that he sees her sitting, or walking, or riding by Mott's side. He wanted her yesterday, as he rode along, pale and silent, behind her and Mott, who were laughing gaily, and therefore he had no more than the tenth part of an eye, or a thought for me, when I left pa, who was in conversation with Mr. Whipple, and trotted forward to his side. Nonsense! I know that love, requited or unrequited, shall never make me so stupid. If I have no lover, if neither Fred nor Mott will think me worth a pin, I will still stand

and move erect, and do mischief on every hand. If I ever love, and am at the same time dearly beloved, the love shall not absorb me. I will still go that way and this, with a free mind and will; I will not often sit quietly by my lover, or lean with dove-like gentleness, on his arm. If he, as my betrothed or my husband, comes near me and gives me a kiss,—not because I am his bride, or his wife, but because he had it in his heart for me, and must lay it on my lips or brow—good; then I will kiss him back again, with right, spontaneous good-will, and speedily go my own way. I will not give myself up to the "reflective consciousness" of the love, dear as it will be to me; for this would straightway, as I feel, make me the slave of my love, and my beloved, and be perfectly intolerable. I would become directly humdrum, and fall far short of my destiny as a spiritual being, of circumscribed fate, certainly, but of free, glorious will.

The breakfast bell!

Later.

Well, good Cousin, I come again. I like, better and better, to sit here and write to you; and I suppose it is because, here, alone with my pen, I speak out exactly the thoughts and the life that are within me, without vanity or fear; whereas my speech, and my manners in society, are two great lies. Still I act more spontaneously than half my acquaintances, insomuch that I am a marvel amongst them, for my impulsiveness, as you, yourself have seen.

I like, moreover, coming away to my own room, because I am of no consequence to anybody below, except to pa and ma, of course. And the rest like me, as I do believe, and like to have me skirmishing about. But pa goes here and there, full of vigour and agreeableness, while ma and Mrs. Page sit together on the same sofa, like twin-sisters. They can very well spare me. Fred and Mott, together with a large party, have gone out fishing. This leaves Genifrede at a loss. She sits in an arm-chair, half-asleep, and turns over the albums.

*Apropos* of the albums, let me tell you what Jane Page wrote last evening.

"I, Jinny Page, have *not* been up to the top of Mount Washington to-day, and it's because I wasn't big enough. Oh, dear! now, if this isn't ridiculous! I wonder who is big enough, if I ain't! I am just as tall, and just as large round as brother Harrington's wife, and she is married, and has got a husband and three babies, and been up the Monadnock, besides. When I *am* big enough, I'll be married, go up the mountains, and have three babies, all in one day, to pay papa for telling me so many *hundred* times that I ain't big enough.

"JINNY PAGE, at Mr. Fabyan's."

By Mr. Fabyan's road, we make a gentle trot for several miles; first along the highway, then over meadow and stream, and through the woods, until at last, we are at the foot of Mount Pleasant. Still, for a long way, as we ascend, we have forest trees of many kinds, and of generous growth. And ever and anon, a dead or a dying tree, robed in rich and many-coloured mosses, while feathery masses hang in festoons, from branch to branch.

"See those old trees, Fred!" said I, turning round on my horse a little, to speak to him, for

now we defiled along singly; "see how rich they are!"

"Yes," said he, dejectedly, and with heavy eyes on the trees.

"What is it?—what are you saying, Nell?" asked Mott, turning briskly round. He rode between me and Genifrede.

"I shan't tell you."

"Shan't tell me! then I will eat the dinner all up from you, when we are up yonder."

"Then I will eat Genifrede's. This will make one even with you."

"Madam!—Miss Hague!" said our guide, Fabyan the younger, riding alongside. This was that I might look a little to my ways. One need not direct one's horse, for if there are two paths for a little way, as there often are, he, of his greater experience, infallibly takes the better one. But there are deep holes, made by the repeated impress of the horse's feet in the same spot. There your horse will step cogitatingly, securely; yet the guide would rather see you sitting with a little care, than exchanging badinage with your party. For he has a kind eye to your well-being, and, moreover, a regard for his own green laurels. It is said that he has led parties over the Mountains, these ten years, and no one has met a mischance. He is in all respects a gentleman, and has, besides, a sort of omnipresence, grateful enough to the travellers along that difficult way. He was always near me when I felt the need of him, and I presume every other lady of our party can say the same.

Do you know the charming air of Woodbury's, set to the charming words,—

"To prayer, to prayer; for the morning breaks?"

Now it gradually came upon me yesterday, as we rode up, up, that we were a devout company of pilgrims, going to a holy, beloved shrine for prayer, and every few minutes, out of a full heart, I sang—

"To prayer, to prayer; for the morning breaks!"

"That is beautiful, and this is the place for it," said Mott, at length, looking round with kindling eyes. "Sing it all, good Nell, and let me sing it with you."

We were on the top of Mount Pleasant, a rocky plain, of several acres. Before us towered, fifteen hundred feet high, the huge, shaggy monster, Mount Washington, as if he were a living creature, with matchless expression in every rugged feature. It spoke to my heart; it humbled me to the dust; and in the same moment, exalted me unto the heavens.

"Sing, Nell," said Mott again, riding back to my side, for our party had all stopped to rest, and look about them. And with our eyes lifted to the Mount beyond us, we sang—

"To prayer, to prayer, for the morning breaks;  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
His light is on all, below and above—  
The light of gladness, life and love.  
Ah, then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer."

Mott had tearful eyes when he concluded, and so had others, including the wildest of those wild bachelors from Boston.

"Faith," said he, speaking to Mott, "I wonder if heaven is any like this place!"

"It is as glorious, we may be sure," replied Mott, speaking with a great deal of feeling. And, after a thoughtful pause, "The truth is, my good sir, heaven is never very far from us, even in this life. It is as much here as anywhere, only we are so earthly, so buried in self and the world,—the people of this world, I mean,—that we can never enter in, never think how near it is. A poor way of going through the world, isn't it?"

"Yes; a brute's life, at least. But, see! they move. Do you dread *that*, Miss Hague?" pointing with his riding-stick up Mount Washington.

I turned away my eyes with a light shudder.

"What! do you dread *it*, Nell?" asked Mott, stroking my horse's head. "Can it be that you ever dread anything?"

"I dread that mountain, at any rate, when I think that I must climb it."

"Don't think of it, then. It is only a step at a time, you know, and this is easily taken. Guide, and I will take good care of you. Come, Nell. Genifrede, we come."

We rode on once more, soon commencing a zigzag descent of Mount Pleasant, where it sweeps on to meet Mount Franklin. The path here is steep; at an angle of forty-five degrees, some one said; but we had only to keep our seats, which is easily done, if one relinquishes all care of one's horse, as one had best do at the beginning of the route, since he is thoroughly capable of managing his own ways.

After Franklin came Monroe, both of comparatively gentle ascent; then the live monster, Washington. Here, on the plain at the foot, is a beautiful sheet of purest water, with a sweet and liquid-sounding name, "Lake of the Clouds." Snow-balling may often go on here in midsummer, it is said; but we saw no snow.

Here we are, then, on the summit! although we hardly know how we surmounted the last peak, with so little consciousness of difficulty or danger. Our thoughts were already revelling up here; and, alack-a-day! fatigue and a little gnawing in the neighbourhood of our stomachs, drove lively visions of dinner through our brains. And, by-the-by, I wonder when dinner will be ready down stairs! I must go down and see what goes on. I am hungry! I am half-starved! I would come to the Mountains for the sake of the appetite one gets here, if for no other thing. Good-bye!

Evening.

Now I must finish my story. I must do it briefly; for things happen faster than I can narrate them. Things well worth narrating, too, if you will believe it.

Think about it, now! Think what it was to see tens of miles, indeed, hundreds of miles of river and railroad, winding along at our feet like threads, as it were. And mountain-chains, and isolated peaks, and innumerable lakes we saw, like sheets of silver; and villages and farm-houses, and field after field; fields of all shapes and of many colours, too, in the various products they bore, so that they were like magnificent mosaic; far as the eye could see on the north and west, the woods of Canada and the Green Mountains of Vermont; and, on the east and south, the blue sea, and a steamboat moving; for we saw a steamboat with the naked eye! I don't know



how far it was; I have forgotten. But it was off Portland; we saw that city between it and us. Think how the monster looked, on whose back we stood! Hew! I would not go up there again, and, at the same time, I would not part with the memory of yesterday, for all this world and the kingdoms thereof.

I don't suppose there was ever so good a dinner. A rock was our table; purest water from a never-failing well-spring close by it was our drink; and, as for our meat, it came forth in marvellous quantities out of that guide's saddle-bags;—ham, beef, sandwiches, with condiments; followed by bread, cake, pies, and again condiments; and all needful tableware, and even napkins. Mott did not eat my dinner, as he had threatened. On the contrary, he offered me this and that, and kept his serious eyes on my face, when he saw that I ate so little, while all the rest ate so much.

We descended by another path. It was made by Mr. Fabyan, and commands most magnificent prospects on every hand; but I am too tired to talk about them. I must go to rest.

Morning.

Now you shall see what happened, while I was away from my pen, yesterday afternoon and evening. After dinner, Genifrede and I would go out to make drawing of a view that pleased us; and Fred went with us to carry our portfolios and sharpen our pencils. I saw that Genifrede looked for Mott, when we were on the way, and after we were seated at our sketching. Fred saw it, too. I heard him, with a forced laugh, try to banter her about it. She smiled, as if, after all, the bantering was nothing to her, and asked him questions about her vertical line; and then, in a few moments, about her horizontal line. By the way, Fred knows very little about these things; but he scanned her perpendicular and her horizontal lines closely, so closely and so long, that they were fairly established together; so that it was to them as if I were nowhere in creation, and I must sharpen my own pencils, or they would never have been sharpened. Our subject was a glorious one; and for a time, I know not how long, it absorbed me, so that I was conscious only of an incessant hum of their voices. When again I listened to them, Fred was praising Mott. He was a fine fellow, he said; good-hearted, with a good deal of talent; lucky, especially in one quarter (here he looked searchingly at Genifrede; but she listened as indifferently as if he had been talking of the moon and its inhabitant), lucky, he added, and worthy of his good luck.

"Yes, he's very lucky," said Genifrede, in unconcerned looks and tones, and with her eyes on the mountain she was sketching. "See, Fred! my drawing isn't correct here, is it?"

Fred didn't know. He didn't know anything then, I fancy, but that he was a happy man. I fancy he was thinking,—“She don't love him! the girl don't love him! Love never spake and looked like that!”

All the while, he was bending close to Genifrede, with his eyes on her drawing. A little nearer—he was suddenly so shortsighted. Their heads nearly touched, their hands quite, where they lay together on Genifrede's portfolio. They sighed gently in the same breath; in short, it was a pretty and a most expressive pantomime. I don't know how long it lasted; they didn't know,

not they. Fred didn't tell Genifrede what he thought of the correctness of her drawing; but mayhap he would have done so, if pa and Professor Page had given him time. They came along, and, in a short time, Mott and a half-dozen others. I was tired of the sketching, and proposed to Genifrede returning to the house with them.

"Well," said she, in liquid tones, and like one waking.

Fred handed her portfolios to Mott. He himself, and no one else, would help Genifrede to her feet; she had been sitting so long; she was so helpless. Her dress was caught by a point of the stone on which we had been sitting. Would Fred just—yes, indeed, Fred would do anything for her. He cleared her dress with his left hand, while, in his right, one of her own lay like a soft, fluttering bird. I think Fred wouldn't have exchanged places then, even with Mott, who accepted Genifrede's portfolio with his eyes on my sketch. He kept them there long, so that I think he saw nothing of the pantomime. He walked to the house by my side, comparing my drawing with the view before us, and commending it; but he let me carry my own portfolio. And thus it is, all along. Only Genifrede is to be petted and helped, and seen to carefully. By the word of Mott's own mouth, it is seen that he thinks I am of stonework. "Can it be, Nell, that you ever dread anything?" Well-a-day! I kept thinking about it, after we reached the house, last evening, half-grieved and half-provoked. I wouldn't stay by Mott, as I think he desired; but went over to ma's side of the room, sat down on a stool at her feet, and borrowed needle and thread and sewing silk, that I might fasten my bonnet-string, and mend a little rent in my apron. Pa and Professor Page joined us. Jane came with a kitten she had found in the kitchen, and sat down by us on the carpet to frolic with it. The Boston gent, who spoke with us on our way up the mountains, came, bringing his chair, to sit at my side. His name is Lothan. He has a fine mind, but painfully darkened by scepticism. I pitied him; for he is not one of those who vaunt their unbelief as a test of their profundity. On the contrary, it is to him, as it were, a shadow round about him, darkening his life. He often longs unspeakably to die, he says, that he may *know* how these things are.

Mott was standing near us, when I turned to leave the room for the night. His friendly eyes were on my face.

"Going?" said he.

"Yes; I have writing to do."

"Good-night, then," replied he, extending his hand to me.

"Good night. Tell Genifrede where I am gone. She can come any time."

He bowed, and turned his rapidly-cooling glance to another part of the room, where Genifrede and Fred were standing.

Genifrede sits rocking, and looking at her fingernails. I will ask her what she thinks of Fred.

"Cousin Genifrede."

"What say?"

"What are you doing all this long morning?"

"Not exactly a long morning to me, you know. I was near sleeping all day. I never saw your like! you neither sleep, nor eat, nor do anything as others do."

"Am I so singular? But, tell me what you are thinking, when you look at your finger-nails by the half-hour?"

She hesitated, blushing deeply.

"It must be of Mott, or Fred, or of both. Pray, what can be your opinion of Mott?"

"Why, I like him, as I always have done. I think he is one of the best of fellows. What makes you ask?"

"I hardly know. Because I am foolish, I suppose. What, pray, what do you think of Fred while you look at your finger-nails?"

She didn't hear me! She went quickly to the window, saying, "Look, Nell! The gents are coming in from all ways, and this is a sign that breakfast will be ready in two minutes, you know. You have no collar on. Will you wear this one? Your hair isn't in the very best fix. Come, don't write any more; don't ask me any more questions," blushing, and laughing; "not another question, now, or *any* time."

"No, good Genifrede. My collar, pass it this way, if you please. Only it makes me a little vexed that both Fred and Mott must be so near eating you up all along."

An hour later.

"If I ever marry, it shall be a passionate, stormy woman; or, she may be 'in peace, the gale of spring,' provided she will be 'in war, the mountain storm.' I could never endure the milk and water life one must lead with a wife who says, Ay, when her husband says Ay, and No, when he says No." This was said by one of the Cambridge boys, just as Genifrede and I were taking our seats at table. By the way, we found Fred waiting for us in the hall when we went down to breakfast. He held Genifrede's chair for her to be seated, sat by her, fed her. I don't know what I would have done, but that Mott, who still sits between her and me, helped me a little. Not much, however; for he talks constantly, and has his eyes in all directions, and, besides, he seems to think, like every one else, that it belongs to me to take care of myself. And I suppose it does, in my very nature; for I am better pleased in seeing to others, than in being seen to by them.

"You will miss it, sir," said the lively Dr. Whipple, answering the Cambridge gentleman. "You will miss it, with that sort of wife. Now, I married my wife because she was chubby and good-natured, and because, one day when I was stealing apples in her father's orchard, I fell in love with her, on seeing her run, laughing as if she would die, across the clothes-yard and into a back window, to get out of the way of a cross sheep she had been provoking."

Mrs. Whipple sat by. She laughed with the rest, after a few unsuccessful attempts to stop him in the beginning, such as grasping his arm, and saying, "Now, Doctor, I will be vexed! You promised never to tell that story again."

"Well," interposed the farmer, when the laugh was over a little, "I married my wife, here, because I liked her ways about her father's house. I had my own path to clear through the thick and the thin of the great world, and I knew she'd be a help to me in a good many ways. And she has been," gently helping her to the mealiest potato he could see on his side of the dish. "We've been jogging along together, now, for

thirty-six years, the twentieth day of this month. We've got a large property together;—we've been contented. And I wish there was no husband in the world who has any more reason to be sorry for the way he chose his wife than I have. Still, she can scold sometimes; can't you, Hannah?" He said this to get rid of the quivering chin, and husky voice.

"Yes, I can," replied she, laughing through her tears. "But, I'm always sorry enough for it, the next minute."

"Yes, I believe you are; I believe you are, Hannah?"

He turned to reply to a gentleman below him; and his wife sat a moment thoughtful, and eating a plum at a time.

"You see, he never frets a word; or, not to me," said she, speaking, in a low voice, to Mrs. Page. "And this makes me feel worse, when I get out of patience about my work, and fret at him; I feel as bad again as I should if he ever scolded, as some men do." Again her eyes were full of tears.

"Yes, I presume so, Mrs. Ladd," said Mrs. Page, speaking with sympathy.

"Yes; and so I try, more and more, to 'possess my soul in patience,' as Paul says. And, in this way, we grow happier and happier. I often think I wouldn't change places with anybody."

Wasn't this grateful enough to hear, think you, in a couple, who had been exposed thirty-six years to the wear and tear of such a hard-working life as theirs? It verily seemed to me, as I sat and looked at them, that light was round about them; and I could think what this means:—"And his face shone, as it were the face of an angel." I could think what a heaven we would have here on this dull, cold earth, if love and honest sincerity, like that we had just seen, might come in, and make their constant abiding-places in the hearts of us all. I could think how the selfish life, the worldly life, would give way to the divine life that would flow into us thirsty ones, like living waters. For I felt how it was at that table. Learning had been presiding in one high brain there, a long time, and feeling mighty proud; Ambition had been in another, turning it to iron; Fancy, Vanity, Fashion, had been fluttering about, from brain to brain, only kept in order by convention; but they all bowed down, and did reverence to the honest love of that old couple. Or, rather, the usurpers all fled, giving room to the only rightful lord and master of men. The only *rightful* lord and master; for,—just think of this, cousin,—"*He hath made us a little lower than the angels;*" and what a poor, false life we lead! What rulers we have! Oh! we think over our actions from morning until night, and from year to year. "What will Mrs. Crumpit say, if I do this? And, besides, she would be telling everybody." We would be willing that God and his holy angels should see. It is what Christ expressly approved, and Paul, in the clearest words; but it don't do, in these days. One must do as one sees others doing, else there is such a hue and cry, else one is so odd, so queer! Over our dress, we say,—"*This old bonnet! I like it, as if it were an old friend, it is so light, and sits so easy on my head. I never had a bonnet I liked so well. But, Mrs. Frizby! I saw her looking me over when we met in the street yesterday, and I saw her eyes open wide, and her shoulders*



shrug a little, when she came to my bonnet. I know just how it will be after this, everywhere she calls on. She will say, 'Oh, Mrs. Lackey, have you seen Miss Such-a-one lately? Did you ever see what a figure she goes with that bonnet as old as Melchisedec! But I suppose it is as good as she can afford, anyway. Husband says they ain't swimming in riches lately. But, I declare, I would wear a better bonnet, if I had to take in sewing to pay for it. She might, you know, instead of reading, and drawing, and doing such things so much. If she is too proud,—and the Such-a-ones, you know, like to make a great show, in their house, at least; they don't seem to care about their own dresses so much. But, I was going to say, if she is too proud to have it known, she might be sly about it, you know; just a few friends might supply her. I could let her have any quantity; for I have to be trimming, or embroidering, or something, all the time. I get tired almost to death, and can't find time to read anything but the stories that come in our papers. I will read them. But, Mrs. Lackey, don't, for pity's sake, tell a word I've been saying about Miss Such-a-one! Now, we can never endure Mrs. Frizby's contempt for our old bonnet. We would like to wear it in peace through the season; in part, because we dread shopping as we would a sinroom;—but, there is Mrs. Frizby!'

"Nell, you write for ever," Genifrede says, as she enters.

"So I do; but then, the cheap postage, you know, Cousin. One might write for ever, on this account."

"They want you down stairs," Genifrede adds, as she hunts for her glove. "They are talking of riding down to Franconia, this afternoon."

"To see the Old Man of all these Mountains? Good! I am all ready; I have nothing to do."

"And never do have. I should look like a fright all the time, if I took as little pains. I can't find my other glove, anywhere,—anywhere in this room," turning things over on toilet and trunk. "Somehow, you,—here it is! I am glad,—somehow, you never have but one or two dresses that you will put on; and, by some magic or other, these are perfectly suitable for all occasions, or look so on you, anyway. But, now come! Let's go down. If I go back without you, you will stay till dinner-time, and somebody down there wants you; guess who it is."

"Fred."

"Well, I suppose he does," blushing and laughing. "But, guess who else;—somebody in particular."

"I hope it is Lothan; for I want to see him."

"No; Mott. He wants you down there; he says he does. But, first put on this blue dress. He likes blue."

"I shan't. I never mean to, any more, put on this or that, or say, and do thus or so, to please any one; that is, unless I do it without premeditation. The will that is within me, the Heaven-given conscience, shall direct me, without reference to Mrs. Crumpit, or Mrs. Frizby, or even to Mott Nostrand."

"Mrs. Crumpit and Mrs. Frizby!—what queer thing are you saying? But, come, come! To tell you the truth, Fred and Mott want us to walk with them."

I go; for it is a glorious day.

NELL.

(To be continued.)

## VIGIL OF SORROW.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

In the sweet language of that heavenly Hymn,  
I cry out, in my sorrows, day by day;  
So, that, all night mine eyes with tears are dim—  
Come, Angels! help me roll this rock away!

Not only are his grave-clothes lying there,  
But his dear body, also, wrapped in clay!  
I still can hear no answer to my prayer—  
No Angel comes to roll the rock away!

Like some sweet lily-bud before its bloom,  
Waiting the advent of the God of Day—  
His little body lies here in the tomb,  
For Angels' hands to roll the rock away.

Now his dear father at the grave-door stands,  
Striving to move it—but it still will stay;  
It is too heavy for these mortal hands—  
Angels alone can roll the rock away!

The red clay, lying on his coffin-lid,  
Makes mountains on my soul of grief to-day;  
Not to be moved, till, as for Christ they did,  
The Angels come to roll the rock away.

As Winter waits for Spring to come again,  
And robe her nudeness in divine array—  
Long have I waited here on earth in vain  
For Angels' hands to roll the rock away!

Though he has now been dead for five long years,  
Yet, I cannot persuade myself to-day  
That God will not yet furnish, for my tears,  
Some Angel's hands to roll the rock away.

For every time I look upon his grave,  
I feel that he is living here to-day;  
For surely, were he dead, I would not crave  
An Angel's hands to roll this rock away.

Here will my soul these patient vigils keep,  
Green as the Myrtle on his grave to-day;  
Waiting in sorrow that can never sleep,  
Some Angel's hands to roll this rock away!

Not till that blessed hour, when I shall see  
Him, face to face, in Heaven's immortal day—  
Will this great boon be granted unto me—  
Some Angel's hands to roll this rock away!

## A WREATH OF GERMAN BALLADS.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

READER,—I doubt not but that you have, in your time, met with many a pretty ballad translated from the German. You have found them in Longfellow, in Blackwood, and many an admirable one in these very pages. But the fountain is not drained, nor the storehouse exhausted, and a few thousand yet remain, any one of which would be thankfully received by all true friends of ballad-poesy and popular songs.

The first in my wreath is "ower lang;" but its great age, and the popularity which it has ever enjoyed, independent of the dramatic action which

it displays, would be ample excuse were it far longer. In its original form, it dates from the eighth century. It is one of that beautiful collection of poems relative to Dietrich (Theodoric), which forms the *Heldenbuch*, or Book of Heroes.

Several of the ballads here given are of a description which seldom occur in "Translations from the German." They are the mere street-songs, which rank, in point of dignity or merit, but little above "*Lord Lovel and Lady Mary*," or "*Old Rosin the Beau*;" but still, as really popular lyrics, are not devoid of a certain odd interest.

### DAS HILDEBRANDSLIED.

(*The Song of Hildebrand.*)

"Ich will zu land aussreiten  
sprach sich maister Hildebrant,  
Der mich die weg tüt weisen  
gen Bern wol in die lant."

"I MUST be up and riding,"  
spoke Master Hildebrand,  
"Tis long since I have greeted  
the distant \*Berner land;  
For many a pleasant summer  
in foreign lands we've been;  
But thirty years have vanished  
since I my wife have seen."  
"Wilt thou be up and riding?"  
outspoke Duke Amelung;  
"Beware! lest one should meet thee—  
a rider brave and young.  
Right by the Berner market—  
the brave Sir Alebrand;  
If twelve men's strength were in thee,  
he'd throw thee to the sand!"  
"And doth he scorn the country  
in such a haughty mood?  
I'll cleave in twain his buckler,—  
'twill do him little good.  
I'll cleave in twain his armour  
with a right sudden blow,  
Which for a long year after  
shall cause his mother woe."  
Outspoke, of Bern, Sir Dietrich,  
"now let that counsel be,  
And slay him not, old hero,  
but take advice from me:  
Speak gently to the Ritter,  
a kind word soonest mends;  
And let your path be peaceful,  
so shall ye both be friends!"  
And as he reached the garden,  
right by the mart of Berne;  
There came against him riding,  
a warrior fierce and stern.  
A brave young knight in armour,  
against Sir Hildebrand;

"What seekest thou, old Ritter,  
in this my father's land?"  
"Thou bearest splendid armour,  
like one of royal kind;  
So bright thy glitt'ring corslet,  
mine eyes are stricken blind.  
Thou who at home should'st rest thee,  
and shun a warrior's stroke;  
And slumber by the fireside,"  
—the old man laughed and spoke.  
"Should I at firesides rest me,  
and nurse me well at home?  
Full many a fight awaits me,  
to many a field I'll come.  
In many a rattling foray,  
shall I be known and feared;  
Believe my word, thou youngster,  
'twas thus I blanch'd my beard."  
"That beard will I tear from thee,  
though great may be the pain;  
Until the blood-drops trickling,  
have sprinkled all the plain.  
Thy fair green shield and armour  
must thou resign to me;  
Then seek the town, contented  
my prisoner to be."  
\* "My armour and my fair green shield  
have ward'd many a blow;  
I trust that God in Heaven still  
will guard me from my foe."  
No more they spoke together,  
but grasped their weapons keen;  
And what the two most longed for  
soon came to pass, I ween!

\* In verses 9, 15, 16, 18, and 19 of this song, certain deviations from the original measure occur, which I have followed. *Par exem.*:

"Mein harnisch und mein grüner schilt die teten mich oft ernern."

\* Verona.



With glittering sword, the younger  
struck such a sudden blow,  
That with its force the warrior,  
sir Hildebrand, bent low.  
The youth, in haste recoiling,  
sprung twelve good steps behind;  
"Such leaps," exclaimed the graybeard,  
"were learned of womankind."

"Had I learned aught of women,  
it were to me a shame;  
Within my father's castle  
are many knights of fame.  
Full many knights and riders  
about my father throng;  
And what as yet I know not,  
I trust to learn ere long."

Sir Hildebrand was cunning,  
the old graybearded man;  
For when the youth uplifted,  
beneath his sword he ran.  
Around the Ritter's girdle  
his arms he quickly bound,  
And on his back he cast him—  
there lies he on the ground!

"Who rubs against the kettles,  
may keep white—if he can;  
How fares it now, young hero,  
against the *old gray man*?  
Now quickly speak and shrive thee,  
for I thy priest will be;  
Say—art thou a young Wolfing?  
perhaps, I'll let thee free."

"Like wolves are all the Wolfing,  
they run wild in the wood;  
But I'm a Grecian warrior,  
a rider brave and good.  
Frau Uté is my mother,  
she dwelleth near this spot;  
And *Hildebrand*, my father,  
albeit he knows us not!"

"Is Uté then thy mother,  
that monarch's daughter free?  
Seek'st thou thy father, Hildebrand?  
then know that *I* am he!  
Uplifted he his golden helm,  
and kissed him on the mouth;  
Now God be praised that both are safe!  
the old man and the youth!

"Oh, father dear, those bloody wounds!"  
'twas thus the young knight said;—  
"Now, would I three times rather bear  
those blows on mine own head."

"Be still, be still, my own dear son!  
the wounds will soon be past;  
And God above in Heaven be praised  
that we have met at last!"

This lasted from the noonday  
well to the vesper tide;  
Then, back unto the city  
Sir Alebrand did ride.  
What bears he on his helmet?  
a little cross of gold.  
Who is it that rides beside him?  
his own dear father old.

And with him to his castle,  
old Hildebrand he bore;  
And with his own hands served him:—  
the mother grieved full sore.  
"Ah, son,—my ever dearest son,—  
the cause I fain would know,  
Why a strange prisoner, like this,  
should e'er be honoured so?"

"Now, silence, dearest mother,  
and list to what I say!  
He almost slew me on the heath  
in open fight to-day:  
He ne'er shall wear, good mother,  
a prisoner's attire;  
'Tis Hildebrand, the valiant,  
thy husband, and my sire!

"Oh, mother,—dearest mother,  
Do him all honour now;"  
Then flew she to her husband,  
and served him well, I trow.  
What holds the brave, old father?  
a glittering ring of gold;  
He drops it in the wine-cup;—  
It is her husband old!

The reader is, no doubt, rejoiced at this happy family meeting, though, we presume, that most fathers of the present day would have been better pleased to find their children, after a long absence, engaged in some more respectable calling than that of highway robbery. The unfortunate *penchant* of the old gentleman for the *wine-cup*, slightly alluded to in the last verse, appears also, in time, to have led to the most unfortunate results, if we may place any credence in the following ballad, which, however, forms no part of "*The Book of Heroes*;" but has long flourished as a beer-house song in South Germany. In the old Gothic original, ALEBRAND is termed HADUHBAND,—the spelling retained in this grim and romantic lay.

## DAS HILDEBRANDSLIED.

"Hildebrand und sein Sohn Hadubrand—Hadubrand."

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand—Hadubrand,  
Rode off together with sword in hand—sword in  
hand,  
All to make war upon Venice.  
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand—Hadubrand,  
Neither could find the Venetian land—netian  
land;—  
Dire were their curses and menace!

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand—Hadubrand,  
Got drunk as pigs with a jolly band—jolly  
band;  
All the while swearing and bawling.  
Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand—Hadubrand,  
Drunk till they neither could walk or stand—  
walk or stand.  
Home on all fours they went crawling.

## FAR FROM HOME.

BY COUNT ALBERT VON SCHLIPPENBACH.

"Nun leb' wohl, du kleine Gasse!"

Fare thee well! thou lane so humble!  
 Quiet home, farewell to thee!  
 Sadly gazed I on my parents;  
 And my Mary gazed on me.

Here, so far, so far, I wander,  
 Still for home and love I long;  
 Merry sing my wild companions;  
 But it seems a hollow song.

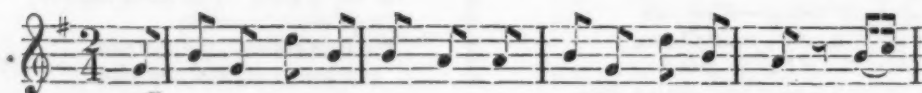
Other cities oft receive me,  
 Other maidens oft I see;  
 Other maidens are they, truly,—  
 Not the maiden loved by me.

"Other cities,—other maidens,"  
 Here so lost and sad I stand!  
 Other maidens, other cities?  
 Give me back my Fatherland!

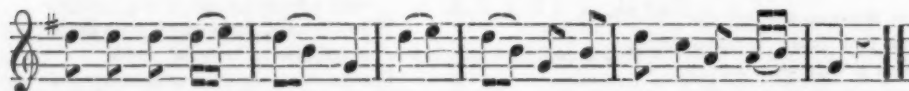
## DIE NONNE.

(The Nun.)

"Stand ich auf hohem Berge,  
 Sah in den tiefen Rhein;  
 Sah ich ein Schiffelein schweben,  
 Viel Ritter tranken drein."

*Andante.*

I stood up - on a moun-tain; I looked out on the Rhine; A



ship with knights came sail-ing, sail - ing; They drank the cold red wine.

I stood upon a mountain,  
 I gazed upon the Rhine;  
 A ship with knights came sailing—sailing.  
 They drank the cold, red wine.

The youngest of the nobles  
 Upraised his Roman glass:\*  
 I drink to thee, my fairest—fairest!  
 To thee the wine must pass!"

"What sign is this thou givest?  
 Why off'rest thou such wine?"  
 "Now, must I seek the cloister,—  
 A nun's sad life be mine."

And when the midnight sounded,  
 Asleep the young knight lay,  
 And dreamed that to the cloister  
 His love had passed away.

"Awake, my page, awake thee!"  
 In fear, the noble cried;

"For we must hasten onward;  
 The road is worth the ride."

"Now, halt before the cloister,  
 And let her summoned be!"  
 Out came the eldest sister;—  
 "Bring forth my love to me!"

"No love comes in our cloister,  
 No love can hence return."  
 "And if I may not see her,  
 Your cloister-home I'll burn!"

Pale as her snow-white garment,  
 His love comes from her cell;  
 "They've shorn away my tresses;  
 For ever, Fare thee well!"

He sat before the cloister,  
 The glass asunder flew;  
 He gazed adown the valley;  
 His heart was broken too."

\* *Id est*, a poisoned glass. In the third line of every verse the last two syllables are repeated.

## CHIMMT A VOGERL GEFLOGEN.

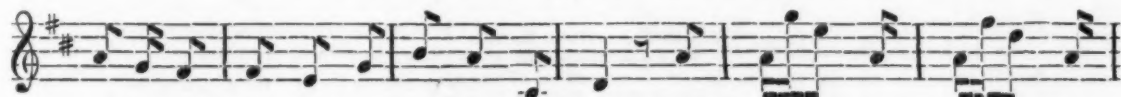
In South Germany a singular species of rhyming verses are much sung by the peasantry. These are unconnected couplets, known by the odd name of "*Schnadahupfla*," or dancing rhymes,

and are so called because generally sung at dances, when other music is wanting. The following are from the Austrian dialect.

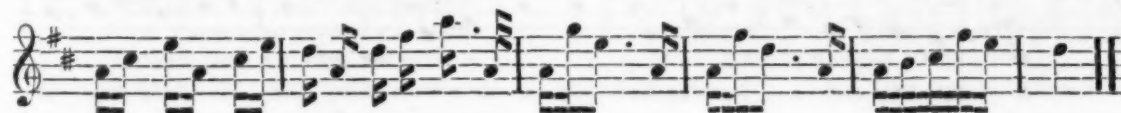




And a small bird came flutt' - ring, On my foot sat him still, With a



note from my true love Held fast in his bill. La la la, la la



la la la, la la la la la la, la la la, la la - - - la!

And a small bird came flutt'ring,  
On my foot sat him still;  
With a note from my true love,  
Held fast in his bill.

And a rifle to shoot;  
With a gold ring to wear;  
And a sweet girl to kiss,  
Are a gallant lad's care.

Hast thou loved me so fondly,  
The long summer through?

Is the summer departed?  
Heart's dearest, adieu!

Far away is my true love,  
O'er mountain or sea;  
*And no dog or cat comes  
To ask after me.*

Little bird, hasten on,  
With a kiss for my dear!  
And I cannot go with thee,  
*For I must stay here.*

### FOR FIFTEEN PENCE!

"Das Magdlein will ein Freier haben."

A maiden wanted a sweetheart brave,  
And dug in the earth, as if making a grave,  
For fifteen pence.

She dug it around, and she dug it about,  
Until she had dug her a student out,  
For fifteen pence!

The student had money, the student was good,  
And bought for the maiden whatever she would,  
For fifteen pence!

He bought her a beautiful girdle small,  
And gold was glittering over it all,  
For fifteen pence!

He bought her a broad, a beautiful hood,  
And that in the sunshine or rain was good,  
For fifteen pence!

STUDENT.

Good for the sunshine, and better for rain,

Be mine, my true love, nor turn thee again  
For fifteen pence!

Be good, now, and gentle, and kind to me;  
For all that I have, love, I'll give unto thee  
For fifteen pence!

MAIDEN.

Nay, leave me in peace, sir, and go with thy gold;  
No maiden, I ween, is so easily sold  
For fifteen pence!

STUDENT.

For peace like thine but little I'd care;  
No love—no true love—is dwelling there  
For fifteen pence!

Thy heart is a dove-cote, with many about,  
And one love flies in, when another comes out,  
For fifteen pence;  
For fifteen pence!

### HEINZ VON STEIN.

Out rode from the wild, dark forest,  
The terrible HEINZ VON STEIN;  
He paused at the door of a tavern,  
And gazed at the swinging sign.

He sat himself down in a corner,  
And growled for a bottle of wine;  
Up came, with the flask and a corkscrew,  
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed, with a deep love-longing,  
And said, "Oh, damosell mine,  
Suppose you just give a few kisses  
To the valorous Ritter von Stein."

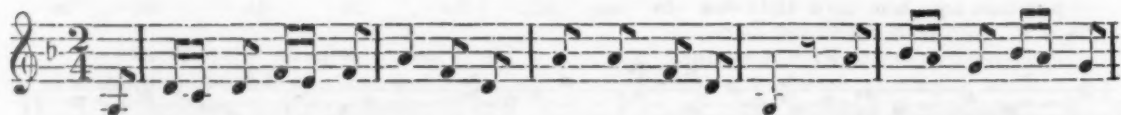
And she answered, "The kissing business  
Is entirely out of my line;  
And I certainly will not begin it  
On a countenance ugly as thine!"

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,  
And curséd both coarse and fine;  
And asked her how much was the swindle  
For her sour and nasty wine.

And fiercely he rode to his castle,  
And sat himself down to dine.  
And this is the dreadful legend  
Of the terrible HEINZ VON STEIN!

### A SHILLING AND A FARTHING.

"Ein Heller und ein Batzen  
War'n allzweibeide mein;  
Der Heller ward zu Wasser,  
Der Batzen ward zu Wein!"



A shil-ling and a far-thing, And both of them were mine; The far-thing went for



water, The shil-ling went for wine; The far-thing went for wa-ter, The shil-ling went for wine.

This refined and exquisite lay was written by  
COUNT ALBERT VON SCHLIPPENBACH,—one of  
the sweetest lyric poets of modern Germany.  
The critical reader will readily detect in it much  
of the dim, mysterious beauty so characteristic of  
the ballads of the Fatherland.

A shilling and a farthing,  
And both of them were mine;  
The farthing went for water,  
The shilling went for—wine!  
The landlord and his daughter  
Cry, both of them, "Oh, woe!"

The landlord, when I'm coming,  
And the daughter, when—I go!

My boots are all in tatters,  
My shoes are torn, d'y'e see;  
And yonder on the hedges  
The birds are singing free.

And if there were no taverns,  
I'd never wish to roam;  
And no bung to the barrel,  
I couldn't drink at home!

### BAVARIAN BEGGAR'S SONG.

"Ick und mein junges Weib koennen schoen tanza."

Well can we dance, both my young wife and I;  
I with a merry shout, she with a cry.  
Pour out Bavarian beer,  
Let it be strong and clear!  
Bavarian, Bavarian, Bavarian we'll be!

The maids' clothes are burning, men thrash near  
the mill,  
The hangman may put out the fire, if he will!  
Pour out Bavarian beer, &c.

The magistrate's housemaid from all bears the  
bell;  
Her first name is Margaret—she loves me so  
well;  
Pour out Bavarian beer, &c.

My wife goes in the town, begs like a gipsy;  
When she has got a crown, then I get tipsy.  
Pour out Bavarian beer,  
Let it be fresh and clear!  
Bavarian, Bavarian, Bavarian we'll be!

### GRAD' AUS DEM WIRTHSHAUS.

(Air, The Cachucha.)

Straight from the tavern ye see me come out;  
Street, street, how strangely thou'rt turning about!  
This side and that side mixed up, Lord knows  
how:—  
Street, I perceive that right tipsy art thou!  
Tra la la la, &c.

Moon, what a face thou art making at me,  
One eye closed up, and one open, I see!  
Thou hast been with them, too, hard at the wine;  
Shame on thee, shame on thee, old fellow mine!  
Tra la la la, &c.

There are the street lamps, too—'gad, what a  
sight!  
In the whole party not one stands upright;  
Gleaming and streaming to this side and that,  
Every bless'd one with a brick in his hat!  
Tra la la la, &c.

All's in confusion—the great and the small;  
I too the only one sober midst all!  
Oh, no! such luck as yet ne'er crossed my track,  
And so—to the tavern I think I'll go back!  
Tra la la la, &c.



The next version with which I present my readers is the well-known song of "*Vive la compagnie!*" which is, however, far duller, or, in modern parlance, "*slower*," than the English lyric bearing the same name, indifferent as the latter

may be. As a mere Bacchanalian curiosity, it is worthy of presentation; but it is to be regretted that the brilliant air to which these songs are sung has never been wedded to better verse.

## VIVE LA COMPAGNIE!

"Ich nehm' mein Gläschen in die Hand."

I take my glass once more in hand,  
Vive la compagnie!

And go with it to the Under Land,  
Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive la va,  
Vive la, vive la, hopsa sa!  
Vive le vin, vive l'amour,  
Vive la compagnie!

Again I bring my wine-glass near,  
Vive la compagnie!

And hold it up to either ear,  
Vive la compagnie, &c.

I bring it again to my mouth, and stop,  
Vive la compagnie!

Then empty it out to the very last drop,  
Vive la compagnie, &c.

The wine-cup hath its rights, you know,  
Vive la compagnie!  
What stands above must under go,  
Vive la compagnie, &c.

The glass, the glass, the jolly old glass!  
Vive la compagnie!

From hand to hand around must pass;  
Vive la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive la va,  
Vive la, vive la, hopsa sa;  
Vive le vin, vive l'amour,  
Vive la compagnie!

## GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG.

"Mein Lebenslauf ist Lied und Lust und lauter Liederklang,  
Ein frohes Lied aus heitrer Brust macht froh den Lebensgang."

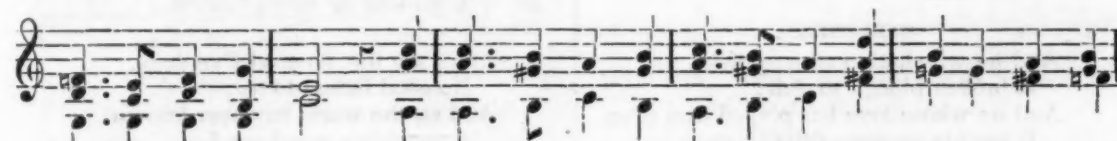
*Allegro moderato.*



My course of life is song and joy, with re - vel, dance, and play; A mer - ry strain, a



hap - py heart, drives grief and care a - way! And let the path lead up or down, and



straight or crook - ed be; Since I can ne - ver change its course, its course is one to



me! High da! valle - ra! The course is one to me! me!

My course of life is song and joy, with revel,  
dance, and play!

A merry strain, a happy heart, drives grief and  
care away;

And let the path lead up or down, and straight  
or crooked be,

Since I can never change its course, the course is  
one to me!

*Hei da val lera, hei da val lera, &c.*

The times are hard when grief and care dry up  
our youthful blood,  
But where a heart with pleasure beats, the times  
are always good;  
Come in! come in, thou darling guest!—Miss  
Pleasure—take the chair!  
Pour out, pour out, the foaming wine—our cups  
are standing there!

*Hei da val lera, hei da val lera, &c.*

And what should we for politics,—for kings or  
princes care?  
Dame Fortune stands upon a wheel and governs  
everywhere:  
Let Bacchus take the glittering crown and govern  
us with wine,  
Let *Pleasure* be our Lady Queen—their palace on  
the Rhine!

*Hei da val lera, hei da val lera, &c.*

Upon the Tun, in Heidelberg, our senators must sit,  
And in the tower of Johannisberg, the Council  
gather wit;  
In Burgundy our ministry will never drink in  
vain;  
Our Army and the Parliament, be glorious in  
Champagne!

*Hei da val lera, hei da val lera, &c.*

Oh, if the Government were formed exactly as  
I've sung,  
Hard times would soon be softened down,—the  
world again be young;  
Hurrah, then, for my Government,—oh, may it  
never fall!  
A tipsy mood,—a glorious mood,—the wine-cup  
governs all!

*Hei da val lera, hei da val lera,  
The wine-cup governs all!*

### WHERE WOULD I BE?

“Wo mächt 'ich sein?—wo mächt 'ich sein?”

Where would I be—where would I be?  
Where the pearly wine in the goblet gleams,  
Where brave men list to the minstrel's themes;  
Where the Rhine is roaring and foaming free,  
And there I would be—yes, fain would be!

Where would I be—where would I be?  
Where the valiant live, and the darting skiff  
Leaps over the waves 'neath the giant cliff,  
Where the true and noble, alone, we see,  
And there I would be—yes, fain would be!

Where would I be—where would I be?  
Where the bullets whiz through the smoky  
air,  
And the eagle darts from his mountain lair,

Where the slave, by a power Divine, breaks  
free,  
And there I would be—yes, fain would be!

Where would I be—where would I be?  
Where two in the cord of Friendship bound,  
Still true, in sorrow or joy, are found;  
Where friends are constant, and souls agree;  
And there I would be—yes, fain would be!

Where would I be—where would I be?  
Where my own love would clasp me to her  
breast  
And I'd gaze in her eyes, for ever blest,  
“Heart's soul!—shall I nevermore part from  
thee?”  
And there I would be—yes, fain would be!

### THE GARDENER AND THE WEED.

WEED.

“Why is't that thou so dreary art?  
I see thee smile no more;  
And in thine eyes 'tis written plain,  
Thou hast been weeping sore.”

GARDENER.

“And he who hath a stumpy field,  
A broken plough so dull;  
And he whose love has played him false,  
Is not his measure full?”

WEED.

“But he who fain would plough with cats,  
Should span a mouse before;  
Then all flies onward like the wind,  
Until they're seen no more.

“In all my life, no good I've done,  
No good intend to try;  
And all the world has ever known  
A worthless weed am I.”

### HUNTER'S SONG.

“Ich schiess 'den Hirsch im wilden Færst,  
Im tiefen Wald das Reh.  
Den Adler auf der Klippe Horst,  
Die Ente auf dem See;  
Kein Ort der Schutz gewahren kann  
Wo meine Buechse zielt.  
Und dennoch hab ich harter Mann  
Die Liebe auch gefuehlt.”

In forest wild, I shoot the stag,  
Or roebuck bounding free;  
The eagle on the mountain crag,  
The wild duck on the sea.

With certain aim, I kill my game,  
Where I with rifle rove,  
And yet my wild heart once was tame,  
And felt the power of Love.



And oft I camp in winter drear,  
By night and storm alone,  
And lay my head without a fear,  
Upon the snow-clad stone.  
A thorny bed I never dread,  
Though winds blow cold above;  
And yet this heart, so still and dead,  
Has felt the power of Love.

The wild hawk is my sentinel,  
The wolf still guards my bounds;  
The night I pass with shout and yell,  
The day midst barking hounds.  
For feather rare, I ever wear  
A fir-twig from the grove;  
Yet once I had a lady fair,  
And felt the power of Love!

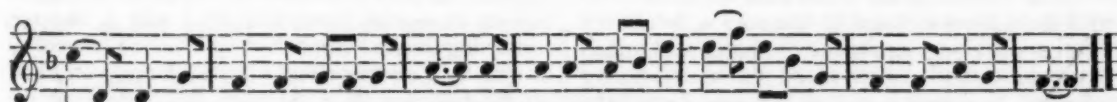
## THE BROKEN RING.

BY RICHENDORFF.

"In einem kühlen Grunde,  
Da geht ein Muehlenrad;  
Mein Liebschen ist verschwunden,  
Das dort gewohnt hat."



A - down in yon - der val - ley, I hear a mill - race flow; My love is lost for



e - ver, who dwelt there once be - low; My love is lost for e - ver, who dwelt there once be-low.

Adown in yonder valley, I hear a mill-race flow,  
My love is lost for ever, who dwelt there, once,  
below.

A ring of gold she gave me, and said her heart  
was true,  
And when her word was broken, the gold ring  
broke in two.

Now, as a wandering harper, around the world I'll  
rove,

From house to house I'll wander, and sing my  
songs of love.

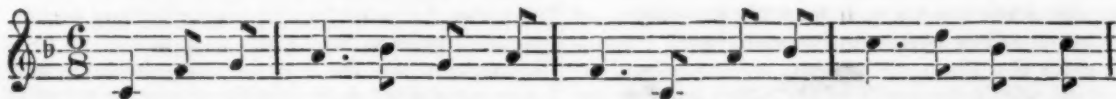
Or as a daring rider, to battle-fields I'll turn,  
And rest, when night steals o'er me, where silent  
watch-fires burn.

I hear the mill-wheel turning;—I know not what  
I will.

I would my life were ended, and all were calm  
and still.

## FOREST LOVE.

"Zum Wald, zum Wald steht mir mein Sinn!  
So einzig auf—so einzig hin!"



Oh, Fo - rest fair, for thee I yearn; A - lone I'll go, a - lone re-



turn: There all is joy - ful, bright, and gay, And life a plea - sant ho - li-



day; There all is joy - ful, bright, and gay, And life a plea - sant ho - li - day.

Oh Forest, fair—for thee I yearn!  
Alone I'll go, alone return;  
There all is joyful, bright, and gay,  
And Life a pleasant holiday.

My own green wood—to thee allied,  
Like bridegroom to immortal bride;  
I love but thee, to thee I'm true,  
For ever art thou fresh and new!

Oh, Forest!—wondrous fair art thou,  
When early Spring hath clad the bough,  
When loud thy minstrel's lay resounds,  
And back the echo gladly bounds!

In Summer's heat, I turn to thee,  
For then thy shadows shelter me;  
And from thy rocks, or down thy hills,  
Flow many cool and sparkling rills.

In Autumn, loveliest to behold,  
In robes of crimson, decked with gold;

Until the north wind, wild and free,  
Tears all thy summer garb from thee!

And e'en in Winter, all the while,  
The huntsman sees his Forest smile;  
When snow, which turns the coward back,  
Points out to him the wild deer's track.

Yes,—in the Forest, dark and free,  
The huntsman's lonely tomb shall be.  
Ho, for the greenwood, rock, and fern!  
Alone I'll go—alone return!

## THE IRON HORSE.

BY THOREAU.

As I sit at my window, this summer afternoon, the hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, an ancient race of birds, flying by twos and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish-hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond, and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door, and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and, for the last half-hour, I have heard the rattle of railroad cars, now dying away and then reviving, like the beat of a partridge, conveying travellers from Boston to the country. For I did not live so out of the world as that boy who, as I hear, was put out to a farmer in the east part of the town, but, ere long, ran away and came home again. He had never seen such a dull and out-of-the-way place,—the folks were all gone off,—why, you couldn't even hear the whistle. I doubt if there is such a place in Massachusetts now.

"In truth, our village has become a butt  
For one of those fleet railroad shafts, and o'er  
Our peaceful plain, its soothing sound is—Concord."

The Fitchburg railroad touches the pond about a hundred rods south of where I dwell. The whistle of the steam-engine penetrates my woods summer and winter, sounding like the scream of a hawk sailing over some farmer's yard, informing me that many restless city merchants are arriving within the circle of the town, or adventurous country traders from the other side. As they come under one horizon, they shout their warning to get off the track to the other, heard sometimes through the circles of two towns. Here come your groceries, country; your rations, countrymen! Nor is there any man so independent on his farm that he can say them nay. And here's your pay for them! screams the countryman's whistle; timber, like long battering-rams, going twenty miles an hour against the city's walls, and chairs enough to seat all the weary and heavy-laden that dwell within them. With such huge and lumbering civility, the country hands a chair to the city. All the Indian huckleberry hills are stript, all the cranberry meadows are raked into the city. Up comes the cotton, down goes the woven cloth; up comes the silk, down goes the woollen; up come the books, but down goes the wit that writes them.

When I meet the engine with its train of cars moving off with planetary motion, or, rather, like a comet,—for the beholder knows not if with that velocity and that direction it will ever revisit this system, since its orbit does not look like a returning curve,—with its steam-cloud like a banner streaming behind in golden and silver wreaths, like many a downy cloud which I have seen high in the heavens in a summer day unfolding its masses to the light;—as if this travelling demi-god, this cloud-compeller, would, ere long, take the sunset sky for the livery of his train;—when I hear the iron horse make the hills echo with his snort-like thunder, shaking the earth with his feet, and breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils (what kind of winged horse or fiery dragon they will put into the new mythology I don't know), it seems as if the earth had got a race now worthy to inhabit it. If all were as it seems, and men made the elements their servants for noble ends;—if the cloud that hangs over the engine were the perspiration of heroic deeds, or as beneficent to men as that which floats over the farmer's fields, then the elements, and Nature herself, would cheerfully accompany men on their errands and be their escort.

I watch the passage of the morning cars with the same feeling that I do the rising of the sun, which is hardly more regular; their train of clouds stretching far behind and rising higher and higher, going to heaven while the cars are going to—Boston, conceals the sun for many minutes, and casts my distant field into the shade; a celestial train, beside which the petty train of cars which hugs the earth is but as the barb of the spear. The stabler of the iron horse was up early this winter morning, by the light of the stars amid the mountains, to fodder and harness his steed. Fire, too, was awakened thus early, to put the vital heat in him and get him off. If the enterprise were as innocent as it is early! If the snow is deep, they strap on his snow-shoes; and with the giant plough, plough a furrow from the mountains to the sea-board, in which the cars, like a following drill-barrow, sprinkle all the restless men and floating merchandise in the country for seed. All the day the fire-steed flies over the country, stopping only that his master may rest; and I am awakened by his tramp and defiant snort at midnight, when, in some remote glen in the woods, he fronts the elements encased in ice and snow; and he will reach his stall only with the morning



star, to start once more on his travels without rest or slumber. Or, perchance, at evening, I hear him in his stable blowing off the superfluous energy of the day, that he may calm his nerves, and cool his liver and brain for a few hours of iron slumber. If the enterprise were as heroic and commanding as it is protracted and unwearyed!

Far through unfrequented woods, on the confines of towns, where once only the hunter penetrated by day, in the darkest night dart these bright saloons, without the knowledge of their inhabitants; this moment stopping at some brilliant station-house in town or city, where a social crowd is gathered; the next in the dismal swamp, scaring the owl and fox. The startings and arrivals of the cars, are now the epochs in the village day. They go and come with such regularity and precision, and their whistle can be heard so far, that the farmers set their clocks by them; and thus one well-conducted institution regulates a whole country. Have not men improved somewhat in punctuality, since the railroad was invented? Do they not talk and think faster in the depot than they did in the stage-office? There is something electrifying in the atmosphere of the former place. I have been astonished at the miracles it has wrought; that some of my neighbours, who I should have prophesied once for all would never get to Boston by so prompt a conveyance, are on hand when the bell rings. To do things railroad fashion is now the by-word; and it is worth the while to be warned so often and so sincerely by any power to get off its track. There is no stopping to read the riot act, no firing over the heads of the mob in this case. We have constructed a fate, an *Atropos*, that never turns aside. (Let that be the name of your engine.) Men are advertised that a certain hour and minute, these bolts will be shot toward particular points of the compass; yet it interferes with no man's business, and the children go to school on the other track. We live the steadier for it. We are all educated thus to be sons of Tell, or stand and have tin-cups shot off our heads. The air is full of invisible bolts. Every path but your own is the path of fate. Keep on your own track. Man avoids the bolts of fate by minding his own affairs.

What recommends commerce to me is its enterprise and luxury. I see these men every day go about their business with more or less courage and content, doing more even than they suspect, and perchance better employed than they could have consciously devised. I am less affected by their heroism who stood up for half an hour in the front line at Buena Vista, than by the steady and cheerful valour of the men who inhabit the snow-plough for their winter quarters; who have not merely the three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, which Bonaparte thought was the rarest, but whose courage does not go to rest so early; who go to sleep only when the storm sleeps, or the sinews of their iron steed are frozen. On the morning of the great snow, which is still raging and chilling men's bones, I hear the muffled tone of their engine-bell from out the fog-bank of their chilled breath, which announces that the cars *are coming* without long delay, notwithstanding the veto of a New England northeast snow-storm, and I behold the ploughmen covered with snow and rime, their heads peering above the mould-

board,—which is turning down other than daisies and the nests of field-mice,—like boulders of the Sierra Nevada, that occupy an outside place in the universe.

Commerce is unexpectedly confident and serene, alert, adventurous, and unwearied. It is very natural in its methods withal, far more than many fantastic enterprises and sentimental experiments, and hence its singular success. I am refreshed and expanded when the freight-train rattles past me, and I smell the stores which go dispensing their odours all the way from Long Wharf to Lake Champlain, reminding me of foreign ports, of coral reefs, and Indian oceans, and tropical climes, and the extent of the globe. I feel more like a citizen of the world at the sight of the palm-leaf which will cover so many flaxen New England heads the next summer, the Manila hemp and cocoa-nut husks, the old junk, gunny-bags, scrap iron, and rusty nails. This car-load of torn sails is more legible and interesting now than if they should be wrought into paper and printed books. Who can write so graphically the history of the storms they have weathered as these rents have done? They are proof-sheets which need no correction. Here goes lumber from the Maine woods, which did not go out to sea in the last freshet, risen four dollars on the thousand, because of what did go out, or was split up,—pine, spruce, cedar, first, second, third, and fourth qualities, so lately all of one quality to wave over the bear, and moose, and caribou. Next rolls Thomaston lime, which will get far among the hills before it gets slacked. These rags in bales, of all hues and qualities, the lowest condition to which cotton and linen descend, the final result of dress, of patterns, which are now no longer cried up, unless it be in Milwaukee, as those splendid articles, English, French, or American prints, ginghams, muslins, &c., gathered from all quarters, both of fashion and poverty, going to become paper of one colour, or a few shades only, on which, forsooth, will be written tales of real life, high and low, and founded on fact! This closed car smells of salt fish, the strong New England and commercial scent, reminding me of the Grand Banks, and the fisheries. Who has not seen a salt fish, thoroughly cured for this world, so that nothing can spoil it, and putting the perseverance of the saints to the blush? With which you may sweep or pave the streets, and split your kindlings, and the teamster shelter himself and his lading against sun, wind, and rain, behind it, and the trader, as a Concord trader once did, hang it up by his door for a sign when he commences business, until, at last, his oldest customer cannot tell surely whether it be animal, vegetable, or mineral, and yet it shall be as pure as a snow-flake, and if it be put into a pot and boiled, will come out an excellent dunfish for a Saturday's dinner. Next, Spanish hides, with the tails still preserving their twist, and the angle of elevation they had when the oxen that wore them were careering over the pampas of the Spanish Main,—a type of all obstinacy, and evincing how almost hopeless and incurable are all constitutional vices. I confess that, practically speaking, when I have learned a man's real disposition, I have no hopes of changing it for better or for worse in this state of existence. As the Orientals say, "A cur's tail may be warmed, and pressed, and bound round with ligatures, and, after a twelve

years' labour bestowed upon it, still, it will retain its natural form." The only effectual cure for such inveteracies as these tails exhibit is to make glue of them, which, I believe, is what is usually done with them, and then they will stay put, and stick. Here is a hogshead of molasses, or of brandy, directed to John Smith, Cuttingsville, Vt.; some trader among the Green Mountains, who imports for the farmers near his clearing; and now, perchance, stands over his bulkhead, and thinks of the last arrivals on the coast, how they may affect the price,—is telling his customers this moment, as he has told them twenty times before this morning, that he expects some, by the next train, of prime quality. It is advertised in the Cuttingsville Times. While things go up, others come down. Here comes the cattle-train from the other side, bearing the cattle from a thousand hills, sheep-cots, stables, and cow-yards, in the air, drovers with their sticks, and shepherd-boys in the midst of their flocks, all but the mountain pastures, whirled along like leaves blown from the mountains by

the September gales. The air is filled with the bleating of calves and sheep, and the hustling of oxen, as if a pastoral valley were going by. When the old bellwether at the head rattles his bell, the mountains do, indeed, skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs. A car-load of drovers, too, in the midst, on a level with their droves now, their vocation gone, but still clinging to their useless sticks as their badge of office. But their dogs, where are they? It is a stampede to them; they are quite thrown out; they have lost the scent. Methinks, I hear them barking behind the Peterboro Hills, or panting up the western slope of the Green Mountains. They will not be in at the death. Their vocation, too, is gone. Their fidelity and sagacity are below par now. They will slink back to their kennels in disgrace, or, perchance, run wild, and strike a league with the wolf and the fox. So is your pastoral life whirled past and away.

But, the bell rings, and I must get off the track, and let the cars go by.

## A JUNE SHOWER.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Oh, of all the rhythmic voices chiming in their sweetest tune,

There is none more softly musical, in Nature's holy choir,

Than the ringing of the rain-fall in the happy days of June,

When the wind wakes not a murmur from the pine's Æolian lyre.

Straightly down the branchy forest, in the hushed, unmoving air,

Run the threads of liquid silver, crossed by woof of living green,

Weaving a transparent mantle, which the Naiad Queen might wear,

To make more intensely beautiful her light form faintly seen.

All that ridge of dusty verdure which had lined the travelled road,

Sheds the dull hue of its thirstiness for dust of powdered gems;

Clothed again in polished emeralds, beneath their dewy load

The glad leaves, without a zephyr, tremble on their buoyant stems.

Mute and motionless as marble stand the cattle on the hill,

While the clear streams trickle coolly down their parched and dusty sides,

With their meek eyes winking slowly, and their great breaths almost still,

For the quiet sense of thankfulness which through their being glides.

But the birds sing as they never sing, save when the very sky

And the earth are full of Dædal life's rejuvenating power;

From the thick clouds of the veiling leaves, unseen of human eye,

They pour their mingled melodies in another ringing shower.

How softly, with its rustling hum, quick plash, and gurgled notes,

The rain sings to the singing grass, in concert with their hymns!

How voice to voice is answering from a thousand feathered throats,

And a million million happy leaves, which thrill their rugged limbs!

Oh, and now out steps a rainbow on the ledges of the storm,

With its feet set, like the Angel's, "on the land and on the sea;"

And the waters and the land lie in a hue more soft and warm

Underneath the bending glory of its sevenfold mystery.

Now the clouds fall back and backward, as if earth were swept away

With the golden flow of lighter scuds for level-cutting wings;

And the victor sunlight, laughing through the western gates of day,

Fills the wavelets' dimples full of glee from everlasting springs.

Streaming through the foliage flashing with its dewy splendours fresh,

How the light makes gorgeous palaces of all the verdant trees!

Melting deep into their greenness, what a softly-blending mesh

Of inextricable shadings twines and flutters with the breeze!

Oh, of all the things of Nature which give freshness to the soul,

Setting heart and thought and sense alike to music's blithest tune,

The sweetest yet, in dry or wet, that crowns her endless roll,

Is the ringing, flashing rain-fall, in the happy days of June!



## MY UNCLE'S SANGAREE.

BY J. P. Q.

THERE is no modern improvement that gladdens me more than the decreasing use of intoxicating liquors. The reformers of the present day may talk loudly about the prevalence of vice and intemperance; but those who can remember the time when everybody drank his two or three glasses of punch at noon, a bottle of wine at dinner, and various strong potations before going to bed, can appreciate that advance of public opinion which holds such indulgence neither necessary nor respectable. Especially is it a subject for congratulation that we are at present allowed to decline vinous refreshment without making an enemy by every refusal. I sometimes wonder that any representatives of the last generation have survived the amount of tippling that custom required; and when I think of the continual dram-drinking which, as a boy, I remember to have seen, I am only surprised at the advance we have made.

There was no period of the year when a man was expected to swallow so many miscellaneous beverages as when an election was approaching. Whether a governor or a parish clerk was to be chosen, it was essential for the candidates and their supporters to go about canvassing and drinking for a fortnight previous. They must quaff with equal urbanity the wine of the wealthy and the rum of the poor, be prepared to stand any villanous combination of liquors which hospitality might offer, and have the strong heads and iron constitutions to endure this unsatisfactory sort of dissipation till the contest was decided.

I shall never forget an odd incident which befell my uncle while electioneering in behalf of a new schoolmaster, and which, though trifling in itself, operated strongly on the welfare and comfort of the younger portion of society, and secured to me—then a sensitive boy—a happy childhood under the government of Master A.,—the tenderest and most paternal of village schoolmasters.

This excellent instructor of youth in the little town of C—, being of a mild temperament, and enlightened by some rays of that knowledge which, even then, was beginning to pour itself on the problem of educational science, had neglected to administer that wholesome correction which had formerly been held salutary to the morals of his pupils.

It was his habit to reason with rebellious boys, to endeavour to interest them in the knowledge they were sent to acquire, and to use kindness instead of violence as an incentive to exertion.

Now, my uncle's mansion happened to be so near the school-house, that, in warm weather, when the windows were open, he had been accustomed to hear the cries of the wounded, accompanied by the sharp strokes of the rattan, as it descended under the strong arm of Mr. A.'s predecessor. We have all extravagant notions on some subject or other; and my uncle, not being exempted from human fallibility, was strongly prejudiced in favour of a free use of the rod during the erring years of childhood.

That he had been well flogged himself was a fact which my kinsman distinctly recollected. He also remembered that he had never been hanged, which latter piece of good fortune he chose to consider as consequent upon the severe discipline of his boyhood.

So strongly was the good gentleman impressed with the connexion between success in life and the use of the rod, that the shrieks of the boys, as they floated in at his window, seemed to his ear only a harmonious prelude to the honourable career which was to follow.

Yet my uncle was not an inhuman man. He would separate two dogs that were fighting in the street, and complain of a labourer who ill-used his horse; but he regarded children as rude lumps of ore which must be beaten into shape. And so, while he sipped his port after dinner, the screams of the boys pleasantly tickled his ear, knowing, as he did, the chance of their becoming respectable members of society was increased with every blow. I do not pretend that my uncle waged war upon the new pedagogue solely on account of the loss of his favourite concert; but I am very sure that certain nocturnal depredations upon his orchard were rather gratifying, since they furnished an excuse for questioning the discipline which resulted in such disorderly acts. So, having settled in his mind that the morals of the next generation were endangered by the present regime, he began to look about for a proper candidate to support at the next election.

An ungainly-looking Yankee, with a dark countenance and bushy whiskers, who had given great satisfaction as Superintendent of the Almshouse, was selected by my uncle as an unexceptionable guide for wayward youth. It was true, the acquirements of this functionary were of no very brilliant description; but my relative declared that he would make up in discipline what he wanted in learning, and so prepared to do battle in his cause.

It was no slight undertaking for a confirmed bachelor, to persuade all the parents of the village that he knew better what was for the advantage of their younger members, than did those naturally connected with them, and I have always admired the spirit with which he singly undertook a crusade against the prejudices of his neighbours. Always zealous and energetic in the pursuit of his ends, my uncle never worked harder than during the few weeks before the annual town meeting, at which the reappointment of Mr. A. was to be considered. The claims of the manager of the almshouse were urged with irresistible eloquence; he delivered a lecture on popular fallacies connected with education, and published an essay, of thirty-six pages, containing many Latin quotations, advocating proper chastisement in youth. At last the day of the election arrived; my uncle had warmed to the work, and was sanguine as to the results. The public faith in Mr. A. had evidently diminished, and it was only necessary to clinch the matter, by making

a final round of calls, and to propitiate the favour of each voter by taking "a glass of something," to show the Squire was not proud. Very particular was my uncle in the quality of the beverage with which he wound up the machinery of the inner man. He could hardly imagine a greater trial, than vexing his stomach with the villanous compounds which he foresaw would be offered, but his public spirit was engaged. Early in the afternoon, my uncle appeared with a brisk and determined air, to commence the final canvassing.

At every house, as he had foreseen, the test of his zeal for the public welfare, was the good-will with which he sacrificed his delicate vinous perceptions to the various potations of rum, whiskey, and Jamaica spirit, which duly appeared at his entrance. At length, with his throat nearly scarified, and his head throbbing, he turned up the little pathway which led to the farm of Deacon Hopkins, where his labours were to end.

Here he was well prepared for a somewhat vigorous opposition to his Spartan prejudices, for Mrs. Deacon Hopkins was the mother of six interesting boys, and was supposed to object to the cuts and bruises with which they were sometimes disfigured under the old system. Most respectfully, however, did she receive the visiter, and marshal the way into the best parlour, where my uncle endeavoured to lead at once to his object, by remarking on the fine, healthy appearance of two of the younger generation, who were looking in at the window, which opened on the orchard.

"Fine boys, indeed, Deacon," said my uncle; "will go to Congress, by and by, if they are, driven up well."

"Why as to that," rejoined the Deacon, "they are pretty smart fellows, and I guess they get on pretty well with their learning."

"Nothing to what you could get out of them with a proper master. I am afraid, Deacon, they can climb those apple-trees better than the ladder of learning. Ah!" sighed my uncle, "to think where you and I would be, if the evil one had not been well whipped out of us!"

"Well, Squire, I know what you want, and I don't mind hearing what you have to say about the matter, so we'll have something to drink, and talk it over."

"Indeed, Deacon," said my uncle, "I believe I must decline taking anything more, this afternoon, for the fact is, they have been giving me so many good things, that I really don't think I could keep awake at the meeting, if I drank any more."

"Humph!" muttered the Deacon, "I suppose you got something stiff at Captain Seaver's, over the way, and you don't think I could give you anything as good. Some people *do* say, I can make a *cider sangaree* fit for an emperor, but they don't know much, of course. No more did the schoolmaster, when he called in the other night to tell us how well Jemmy did his lessons, and sat down and took some of our sangaree as sociable as could be."

"Good heavens!" thought my uncle, "there is no getting off here. Well, Deacon, I cannot resist your cider, which I know has the greatest reputation in the country."

The Deacon was no sooner apprised of the altered intention of my uncle, than he bustled about, in search of the various ingredients that combined to form his famous beverage. For he was one of those people who have a natural fond-

ness for mixing and stirring—and nothing was more gratifying than an opportunity to display his powers.

"Wife!" shouted the Deacon, in the midst of his operations, "take away this brown sweetening, and bring me the white."

But Mrs. Hopkins, who, during the discussion had been called to the nursery, heard not the summons, which obliged her lord to go himself; and it was to this little circumstance, that the gentle Mr. A. owed his re-election. It happened that the Deacon, not being so well acquainted with the mysteries of the store-room, as was his better half, stumbled upon a box of cooking salt, which he mistook for the "white sweetening," that was the object of his search, and this, as a final ingredient, he added to the compound of cider, lemon, cloves and nutmeg, that was prepared for my devoted uncle.

"There, Squire," said the host, presenting a brimming tumbler, "just try that. I rather think it'll beat anything Captain Seaver can make."

My uncle took the offered glass, and, making a vigorous effort, swallowed a large part of its contents.

"What, in the name of all the fiends, have I taken now!" murmured the poor gentleman. "I was prepared to wonder at nothing in the way of detestable drinks; but such a disgusting mixture of acidity, spice, and salt. Who could have expected?"—

"Pretty good that, I reckon?" said the Deacon. "I don't drink it myself; for the doctor says sweetened drinks are bad for my constitution, so you must finish the pitcher."

"Sweetened drinks!" mentally ejaculated the victim. "Drink it yourself! No, I'll be bound you don't."

"Well, Squire," continued the host, "I really begin to be of your opinion about the schoolmaster. Let me fill up your glass. Nay, I insist; for I don't give this to everybody, and all who taste my sangaree must drink my health in a bumper."

In vain did my uncle endeavour to excuse himself from complying with this appalling demand. The Deacon expatiated on the willingness with which the schoolmaster had paid this compliment, till my uncle, seeing, as the saying goes, that he was in for it, determined to make a final effort and depart. He, accordingly, grasped his replenished glass, braced himself firmly in his chair, threw back his head, and drained the abominable mixture to its very dregs.

But the powers of human endurance had been over-estimated; for, no sooner was the detestable saline draught fairly in his stomach, than my uncle, impelled by an irresistible impulse, started from his chair, smiled a ghastly smile upon the Deacon, and rushed frantically from the house.

My uncle never knew how he got home, and to bed; but there, at length, he found himself, suffering much after the manner of Sancho Panza, when he made trial of the famous balsam of his master. The first thing my kinsman heard the next morning, was that Mr. A— had been re-elected, there having been no one to lead the opposition. And no sooner had he digested this mortifying intelligence, than a note arrived from Deacon Hopkins, containing a thousand apologies, and expressing his unutterable mortification at discovering that, instead of sugar, his cider sangaree had been seasoned with *salt*.



## GLENANNA AGAIN!

BY REVERLY LACY.

Once more, as of yore,  
By the petreous shore  
Of the stream at Glenanna I roam.  
(A POEM, BY R. L.)

GLENANNA again! Yes; for I hope the world that reads "Sartain" was sufficiently pleased with my quiet sketch of that quiet old manse, in the beautiful land of Kentucky, to accept another. And before, a migratory bird, I alighted only for a transitory sojourn, as I winged my way southward, and a grievous necessity compelled me to leave, just as I began to enjoy the pleasure of the cosy, old-fashioned life there in its fullest fruition; just when the picturesque knolls and dells of that sunny nook of the world 'gan again to become familiarized with many a charm to my fancy, as they had been of old—in young days long ago.

Autumn's sere and yellow leaf was falling, when again I came to Glenanna. I debouched from the vast forests of Tennessee into the sunny, green meadows of Midland Kentucky. I emerged from the sombre, shaded mountains of Cumberland, whose smoky heights and ravine-furrowed sides were clad in an endless primeval forest. I came out thence into the smiling fields of Kentucky. The "Dark and Bloody Ground" seemed bright and blithe enow, compared with the Hartz-like horrors of the interminable woods, dreary mountain-ranges, and desolate and uninhabited wilderness beyond the border.

I came by way of Cumberland Gap—for I had been summerizing in the unknown but romantic region included in East Tennessee, Western Virginia, and Upper North Carolina; and approached the confines of the civilized world only when I reached the little spa of the Crab Orchard; and there, with much satisfaction, I exchanged my helter-skelter "Dugout," drawn by four wild mules, and my half-savage mountaineer driver, for a span new post-coach, a "crack" driver, and a spanking team; and we galloped off for Harrodsburg along a smooth stone road at a merry pace.

The Harrodsburg Springs were my immediate destination; a watering-place not much known, perhaps, to the Northron, but the Saratoga of Kentucky. I reached there at the close of the season, and only repaired thither at that late period to meet a friend there from the South. Most of the company had deserted Dr. Graham's spacious establishment, some for the Mammoth Cave, others for Blue Lick, Lexington, Niagara, or elsewhere, as it was even yet too early to seek the summer clime of La belle Louisianne and the winter gaieties of that American Paris, Nouvelle Orleans.

And when I drove up, I saw nobody but a few idle strollers about the grounds, or a listless promenader or so on the broad colonnade, the picture of *ennui*; and I knew, by their gazing at a newcomer as a novelty, that the season was on the wane, and the few lingerers were invalids, either in health or purse.

The first man I encountered was my expected friend—that erratic man, George Greenberry. He exclaimed, as he grasped my hand,

"Why, Lacy, what d'ye mean by coming here at the twelfth hour? I had quite given you out. We've had a gay, brief season, but it is gone, and there is absolutely nobody here at all; our lion, Count Beaucarmi, left last week for Lexington, and that was the signal for a general stampede. I should not have waited for you this long, I am afraid, had not an attack of gout kept me here."

I explained how the wretched mode of conveyance through the mountains and wilderness had caused me many a vexatious delay.

"Well," added he, "I find my toes in travelling order this morning; suppose we set out for Glenanna to-morrow morning? I was just going down to-day, if you had not come—should have left a note for you. What say you, will you take a seat in my phaeton?"

"With pleasure, my dear fellow. I accept your offer most willingly, not only because I am tired of staying, but likewise for the pleasure of your company."

George was a man of the world, a *bon vivant*, a connoisseur in wines, cigars, horses, dogs, ladies, guns, and all such important matters; dressed fashionably, lived on his income, spent his winters in New Orleans, Cuba, and sometimes Mexico city, and his summers everywhere. He had been twice to Europe, knew some fashionables in Paris, and a few of the London upper ten; had studied, or pretended to study, at Heidelberg, and on strength of that, set up to be a litterateur and amateur savan, and, I believe, laid claim to the title of M.D.

At all events, he was a *clever* fellow, in both the English and American sense of the word; an agreeable companion; and to have him at Glenanna, I thought, would be a perfect luxury, since he had that peculiar tact, which everybody prizes in another though few covet for themselves, of making amusement for the company one is in, no matter what its character may be, either at the expense of others, or, default of that, his own.

When we got to the little village of S—, three or four miles from the Glen, the Doctor sprained his ankle, in getting out of the carriage to get a drink; and concluding that it would disable him for a day or two, begged me to go on without him, and send the carriage back from the Glen, whenever a note from him would inform me that he was able to come out. It was easy to see that this was a *ruse*; at least, I thought so, but said nothing, and went without him.

This time I came not unknown. The grinning ebon urchin who came to conduct the horses to the stable had become familiar with my mustache, and saluted "Massa Reverly" with doffed hat, as I threw him the wonted largess.

Fairyfoot came to meet me,—Annie o' the winsome smile; and had she not then her winsomest wreathed round the dimpled corners of

her roseous lips as she ran to meet me? Golden-haired, hazel-eyed, beautiful Annie! When those rosy lips were pressed to mine, and that tiny white hand and arm of graceful mould enclasped my neck for a cousinly welcome, I felt that there was magic in her sunny eyes, and feared that Art was not a fair match for the Artless,—that Philosophy was but an indifferent non-conductor against the electricity of Love. Remember the fate of ———, oh, Reverly, and be wise!

So, here I am, again, at the Glen. It was evening when I came. The day had been a gray-clouded one; though the clouds were high and dry, and there was no premonition of rain. Even the croaking of the bullfrogs in the brook was *no sign*; and a long-legged crane sat, dry-weatherwise (and he generally is wise in his meteorological observations), on a dead tree, and flapped off lazily as my horses' feet pattered over the pebbles and aroused him from his reveries. Nevertheless, there were clouds; and they overspread the whole sky with one panoply of sullen gray. Only to westward was there a streak of azure over the horizon,—a bit of blue sea bordering this broad, sombre continent of clouding.

Aunt and Annie and Sam were in the yard when I drove up; and, just in the moment of my alighting, the setting sun came down into this opening in the west, like a fire-ship launched upon a summer sea, and poured a flood of glorious light, which it were but a poor simile to call golden, over the autumn-browned hills, the green wheat-fields and vari-tinted forest, the shining brook and the old red brick manse, up-lighting all, from the sober, neutral tints of a moment before, into a mellow, magical tinging, such as painter's brush has never dyed;—such colouring as we only may dream of in reading Arabian Nights. And that sad, leaden-gray field of clouds formed a strange and curious background to a picture where Earth seemed to have stolen all Heaven's beauty, and left her mourning for its loss.

It was in this strange, golden light that fairy-tripping Annie came to greet me. This setting sunlight was on her hair, and in her hazel eyes, and gilding her rubescent cheek, when she gave me that child's welcoming kiss.

Reverly, thou art too happy, my boy. Moreover, thou must be wary of intensifying thy æsthetic Platonism, and remember thy vow.

When I said, in my former visit to Glenanna, that Annie's was the beauty of the artist, I would have said that not she, but God, was the author of the piece,—God, the Divine Master, in whose studio I take more delight than those at Florence or Rome. And here was one of his master-pieces. Imagine a being whose every outline, the grace of whose every movement, the disposition of whose every curl, the *set* even of whose *parure*, was in perfect accord with the laws of Art. Conceive with this the warm, glowing, yet blended and delicate, colouring which some old masters have striven to encanvass, and, finally, *en surcroît*, a voice that was melody itself, and then mayest thou know the temptation to which the philosophy of a Southern sun-dried naturalist was subjected.

Most people scarcely consider there is any temptation about falling in love, or, if there be

any, they succumb to its power without attempting any resistance. For my part, in this present instance, I do here solemnly declare and protest that I have not the slightest wish or intention of falling in love with Annie Gordon. On the contrary, I made up my mind against it the first moment of my seeing her, as the reader, who accompanied me on my first visit to the Glen, will bear me witness. And I now inly resolved that none of the blandishments which Nature had lavished on this sweet child, so artless and untutored,—this little fay o' the Glen,—should ever entice me into the slightest thought of loving.

In the first place, Cousin Sallie L—— had more than half-insinuated, at Newport, when I started for Glenanna, that I could not withstand her charms. "And," said I, in my pride, "shall Master Lacy, who has seen the world, and sets up for a philosopher of the Stoic order, who has had the smiles of more than one city dame and damsel, come down into the woods and be beguiled out of his heart by a little, unsophisticated country cousin? And there was Mrs. ———. What would gifted and intellectual Cousin Fanny say to Revy's *entêtement* on this wise?"

What would worthy Aunt Nanny say? "Shall I have an absent-minded, bug-hunting bookworm, a philosophical dreamer, as lover to my daughter? Reverly Lacy, ain't you ashamed o' yourself, to come here, under pretence of fossil-questing, to be philandering about my darling?"

Dear Aunt, don't be alarmed. Reverly is too much a man of honour to betray your unsuspecting hospitality with such covert cozening.

But simply *cousining* you'll allow. So Annie shall be my darling and beautiful cousin. I'll love her as I do that charming Raphaelian Madonna in my study. She shall be Madonna Annie to me.

My hearty, flaxen-haired Cousin Sam had just rode up on his broad-backed gray cob. By the same token, videlicet, the cob, I know he had been to salt his kine and swine. The music of their lowing and grunting was yet in our ears. He clasped my hand in his cordial but rather too athletic fist, for such a welcome as came from his noble heart. Ah, Cousin Sam, they that sneer at thy herds and herdsman'ship will please be informed that thy pursuits afford a higher scope for intellectual enjoyment than ever a herd of empty-heads gabbing in a Casino, Opera, or Assembly.

I wish Mr. Sartain would draw two pictures for you, reader, and set them side by side;—or, stop; he shall draw us only one. Let that be my broad-shouldered, stout-limbed Squire Sam, on his gray, down at the "old pasture" feeding his kine. In the middle-ground is a picturesque stone fence, covered with ivy and bordering the brook, winding with its windings, till it fairly crosses over by a water-gap, and, skirting a grassy knoll, disappears in a deep, dark ravine. The brook, bordered by many a picturesque elm and sycamore, retreats down the middle of the picture, shoaling out, now and then, into glistening sheets, as it sprawls along down the Glen, which closes up in the background, with a blue hill and gap in the horizon. To the left, Oakpoint Hall stands stately on its knoll, with clustering oaks around it; and, to the right, nearer the foreground, you get a glimpse of the old manse of Glenanna itself. Take that magnificent elm near the stone fence, under whose shadow,—*id est*, the elm's—Sam has



taken his station, and sketch me out that herd of cattle of blooded race, in their various graceful attitudes, adding in, if you will, one or two of Sam's hounds about him, a brawny negro lad perched on the fence, and a negress in her short, striped petticoat, piggin on head, going home from milking.

If Mr. Sartain will favour us with this sketch from his facile pencil, we will take for the other his fashion-plate for May. Look at this rural picture, full of beauty, and then at those tawdry, tinsel bawbees, yelegant ladies and gentlemen of fashion, and give your judgment.

Well, *passons de tout cela*. Annie had welcomed me, and so had Sam;—how delightful is a hearty welcome!—Aunt Nanny, bless her heart, the very sight of her droll nephew, who had such unaccountable ways of doing and saying, seemed to put her into convulsions of delight.

Ah, friend reader, what a pity my words could not mesmerise you into clairvoyance, and you, obedient to my will, could see in your mind's eye the old-fashioned sitting-room at Glenanna, and the group therein. Your attention would, of course, first be drawn to the dame of the manse, my worthy old aunt. A complacent, fat lady of Virginia, as ever was seen, with a merry, eye-twinkling laugh, that would shake her fat sides and purse up her lips in the most comfortable and visible manner. Considering that Aunt, in a fall from her horse, had sprained her ankle, and thereby was rendered a cripple for life, and often an invalid, I think I never have known a person with such a perpetual flow of good spirits. She was never out of humour longer than a minute at a time.

She sat in her big arm-chair as usual, with her foot on a "cricket," her specs thrown up on her forehead, her black wig, surmounted by an antique cap, set slightly awry, just so as to give a jaunty, comical air to her merry physiognomy,—and sat there, the best picture of a fun-loving, cheer-loving, whimsical old dame, ever seen by me. In her pearl-gray gown, and old-fashioned stomacher, she was not uncomely either, and I do not blame, as much as she did, a certain middle-aged minister,—whom she told, on the occasion, to clear himself from her premises ere she set the dogs on him,—for making some advances, at least, so hath it been hinted, which had matrimony in view: one Elderberry by name. Nay, I am credibly informed,—credibly, said I: well, that little elf Annie was my author,—that he composed an ode on the Pleasures of a Married Life, four pages foolscap, and directed it to our respected relict aunt. The chief peculiarity about said performance,—for I had the pleasure of perusing it; and, in fact, Annie and I had formed a little plot, by which so noteworthy a production should not be lost to the literary world; but Aunt, with her usual sagacity, got wind of our intent, and incontinently consigned it to the flames,—our Vandalic aunt!—well, the chief merit, I was going to say, was, that it divested itself of such needless encumbrances as rhythm and measure, and merely denoted itself as poetry by two words rhyming at the end of each line, which were of any determinate length that the sentence might require,—a plan which I would respectfully submit to some of our modern novelty-seekers.

In a chair, *vis à vis* to myself, sat Miss Annie, demure and prim, just as though she were going

to have her portrait taken with her hands folded—what slender, white little fingers she had!—on her lap. She was wearing a neat French chintz frock, cut close up around her small neck, where a lace collar peeped out above a sky-blue cravat, her hair arranged most killingly,—artistic, as usual, without knowing ever that she was so. Her hazel eyes glanced from me to Sam, and from Sam to "mamma," beaming brimming full of happiness and fun, and her merry lips ready any moment to expand into a burst of laughter, at some of Aunt's blunders and *canards*. For Aunt was a real Irishman for a bull; and, I believe, claimed to be one by descent; and Annie, mischievous witch, was constantly lying in wait for a laugh, at entrapping one. And Sam, who loved to laugh better than he did to eat, and to eat better than he did to sleep, and to sleep better than anything in the world, except having fine cattle and horses, was always ready to join in his sonorous bass to Annie's vibrous soprano. Sam sat by me. He wore a hunting-jacket, whose brass buttons were ornamented with pheasants, dog's heads, and other sporting emblems, a pair of corduroy shorts, a red plush waistcoat, and top-boots,—a right honest farmer and sportsman's dress; and Sam became it, as a rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired, stout Squire needs must.

"Well, Revy!" cried my Aunt, "have you added any more bugs to your collection?" and all three laughed most inordinately at this sally, as might, of course, be expected.

"Jinsey," continued she, "go in the other room, up stairs, here, and bring down that basket on the wardrobe."

I saw by the twinkle of her eye, as she said this, that here was a practical joke forthcoming at my expense, but I pretended no suspicion, and talked on, as though the basket could have no possible reference to me.

So when it came, Aunt handed it to me, and told me that "it was an humble contribution to science, by the denizens of the Glen."

"Well," I said, "I was very glad that they had all turned their attention to such an interesting subject. I can imagine, Sam, how much more pleasure, your morning and evening rides will be to you, when you find lessons in stones, beauty in bugs, and the wonderful power and goodness of God, in every flower and shrub by your wayside. Aunt, you don't know how interesting you would find the chemistry of your cheese, pickles, and preserves. But let us see what we have here."

I opened the lid, and drew forth a broken tobacco-pipe, labelled, "A new Calamite, from S. Gordon, Esq."

"An old *calumet*, you'd better say," quoth I.

Then came a bunch of artificial flowers, from her old bonnet, pressed between some sheets of letter-paper, and labelled with botanical names, "From Miss Annie Gordon." Next, a pair of old spectacles, without any glasses, entitled "A discovery in Optics, by Mrs. Nanny Gordon, of Glenanna." Then there was a ludicrous sketch of a man, whose mustache and enormous *lorgnons* denoted a caricature of my worthy self, shooting at a beetle with a popgun! and dubbed, "A specimen of Art, by Annie G.," and a number of other drolleries, each of which was received with shouts of laughter, as I drew them forth from the basket.

"Sam, I think our happiness would be com-

plete, if we only had Jamie to participate in our fun," said Aunt; and then, as if suddenly recollecting something,—"Oh, Annie, what was the name of that lady in B—, who told us about poor Mr. What-you-call-em's being so badly hurt when the railroad ran off the track, near Lexington, the other day?"

"I don't know who you mean."

"Oh, yes you do; that lady we saw at Fleming's Hotel,—a sister to the lady that died last year!"

Annie said that she "saw so many ladies at the hotel, and there was such a number who died last year, that she could not possibly tell," and we all laughed immoderately at this odd way of helping the memory; and always afterwards, whenever Aunt wanted to remember anybody's name, Annie would ask if it was not "a sister to the lady that died."

One salient peculiarity, among a score of others, in Aunt's character, was a habit of changing the subject in this abrupt manner, and commencing on a new one, without the slightest apparent connexion between them. If there was, she never told in what way they were related. Sometimes she would suddenly stop in the middle of a sentence, and after the conversation had turned into some other channel, would as suddenly revert and finish it out, just where she left off, in a manner so infinitely droll, that I have often laughed till the tears rolled from my eyes. The transitions she would make, from waggery to reverie, from grave to gay, and from scolding to laughing, in the abruptest manner,—oh, it was so funny, that absolutely one must see it, to have the rarest treat of laughing he has had since a long time. Sometimes she would speak part of a sentence, *think* another part, and finish aloud again, without seeming to be at all conscious of the mental ellipsis, which had formed a gap in her discourse.

So, that evening, after we had got to talking on other subjects, Annie, I recollect, was talking to me of a gentleman, living some five or six miles off, who had married our cousin.

Said she, "Mr. Pierre doats on his little boy, and Fan thinks he is the image of his sainted mother."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised, Annie, if he came here to-morrow," interrupted Aunt.

"Who?" asked Sam; "Mr. Pierre?"

"Oh, pshaw, no! Jamie Lacy, of course. He will be delighted to—Reverly, you remind me of Jamie every minute."

"The delight will be mine to see him," I said; "but are you looking for him up from New Orleans at this season?"

"Oh no," said Sam; "he is at E—; has been at home all summer; we've been looking for him here for a month; he never goes down South without first paying us a visit."

Said Aunt, "Sam, don't you think that brindle cow of his would be . . . . He offered her to me for forty dollars, last week."

"La, ma! Cousin Jamie has no cows!" laughed Annie.

"Fudge," said Aunt, "I was talking of Mr. Pierre. Annie, don't you wish Sallie was here?"

"That I do. What would you give to have her and Jamie, and Cousin Reverly all here together. Wouldn't that be happiness!"

"Wouldn't it, now?"

"That would be too much happiness. I fear Providence would never show us such a signal favour," I said.

"Stranger things happen sometimes," said Sam. "The old lady here has been telling us, for the last twelve years, in fact, ever since I can remember, of a certain man, —, who lived in North Carolina, who used to spit on his hands whenever he went to carve a turkey. Well, about a year ago, a man, who was moving to Missouri, stopped here and asked to stay all night, having heard that the Widow Gordon, of Virginia, lived here, and he was an old acquaintance. Well, said the old lady to me, 'Sam, who do you think that is in the other room? Nobody in the world but —, of North Carolina.' And I made him stay till after dinner next day, and killed a turkey expressly for him to carve. *And he actually did spit on his hands* before he took the carving-knife; and Annie and I laughed so much, that we could not eat any dinner. So that I lived to see —, of North Carolina, whom I had heard of since a boy, and saw him carve a turkey, too!"

"So you think that the day may come when Sallie, Jamie, and I, will all sit around this table together?"

"I predict it!" cried Sam; "more than that; I am going to bring it to pass."

"The Glen never is as lively as when Sallie is here," said Aunt; "she keeps us in a roar of laughter from morning till night."

It was my own private opinion that folks at the Glen did not much else but laugh any time, the year round.

"Sallie has so many qualities for an agreeable companion in the country," said Sam; "she plays whist, she sings, rides a wild horse, shoots off a pistol, plays the piano and guitar—"

"And trims my caps and makes my preserves," said Aunt.

"And teaches me the last new waltz, the last song, and the latest fancy for dressing one's hair," added Annie.

"And makes cauliflower pickle to perfection," said Aunt again.

"And then, whenever she comes, we have all the beaux from B— down to see her, and such times we *do* have!" cried Annie, enthusiastically.

After supper, of course, we must have a game of whist—we are great whist-players at the Glen;—Annie and I against Aunt and Sam. And then I must read Copperfield, and Aunt would interrupt me every five minutes with some of her inimitable drolleries; and in the midst of a beautiful description, the clock struck nine, and she called out, "Jinsey, bring a bedroom-candle for your Mas' Reverly; have you aired his sheets? We put you in your old room, nephew. It has been called 'Reverly's Room,' ever since you were here last."

"Oh, mamma, we are not sleepy," cried Annie; "let Cousin finish that delightful chapter; it's so early—"

"You, Jinsey, bring that candle."

"Aunt, I'm not at all sleepy; I never go to bed before twelve."

"Well, but *I* do. I know you're tired from your ride to-day. Good night, my son."

"Mamma, you're so provoking!"



"Charlotte, bring me my nightcap!"

So I had to retire.

The next morning the gray clouds of yesterday had vanished, and the sunlight which fell in my window showed me a bright autumn morning, dreamy, glorious, and beautiful; the dew sparkling on the brown and green foliage—for summer's hue had not yet faded out entirely—and the blue smoke hazing the distance into mellowness.

Sam's stentorian voice called to me from below.

"Up wi' ye, Master Naturalist, for a morning's walk; the partridges are whistling over the fields, and the gray squirrels barking on every tree!"

I sprang from my snowy sheets, after a night's rest which of itself was a luxury in that old-curtained bed at Glenanna, and donned a hunting-dress which I had brought down with me. If anybody would know the particulars, let me say, a green velvet jacket, with frog-fastenings and black slashed trimmings; a Lincoln green waistcoat, of the time of William IV.; white corduroy "shorts;" buckskin galoshes, and blue cloth foraging cap.

I am not sure that I didn't arrange my *foulard* shawl with more care than was necessary for a shooting excursion; but I hope the reader will not suppose that my seeing Annie walking in the garden had anything to do with it.

But I cannot go on. To tell half of the things I felt and saw; to enter into the minutiae of our every-day life at the Glen; to tell half the drolleries of Aunt, and half the attractive charms of Annie, and half the honest pleasure that the society of Cousin Sam afforded me, would take up more time than Mr. Sartain would allow me. Though I half fancy my good-natured reader would not object to my going into details; for simple scenes are not always unpleasing. I would particularly wish to make the reader more familiarly acquainted with young Squire Gordon; my broad-shouldered, broad-laughing, broad-acred Cousin Sam.

Sam's father died when he was quite a boy, leaving him to the guardianship of Aunt Nanny. He had been raised up on the place there, and his education was such as could be obtained at the village school. He had a generous, noble nature; and had it been properly expanded, refined, and cultivated, would have made a rare gentleman. But Sam never saw anything of the world, for Glenanna was entirely out of the world; and having no inducement for expenditure, the simple and primitive mode of living at the Glen, where every abundance for good cheer was obtained with scarcely any cost, presenting no inducement for display or extravagance, it is no wonder that Sam grew very much in the mould of Nature; and considering that Aunt had taught him his honest father's principles of frugality and saving, I cannot blame him for loving to make money, and to keep it when made. I have heard him condemned as "close" by some. I studied quietly this phase of Sam's character, and I assert that there is, as Aunt would say, "not a stingy bone in his body."

No; Sam's was a nervous, sanguine temperament, a warm, impulsive heart chilled into avarice, —though that is too hard a name,—by the very necessity of his education and situation. Under other circumstances, Sam would have been an

ambitious man, and,—the Gordons have talent hereditary,—would have attained distinction. Shut up at Glenanna, and taught by precept and example that economy was the highest virtue, his ambition had no other outvent but that of making money. Sam is neither avaricious nor stingy; he is saving, economical, and money-making. He inherited a considerable fortune from his father, and instead of spending, in the free, off-hand way that many young Kentuckians of birth take a pride in, and thereby becoming a "poor gentleman," in other words, a drunken, loafing *roué*, he had nearly doubled his patrimony by his industry, economy, and enterprise, almost before it was out of the hands of his guardian. So far from condemning Sam as parsimonious, I give him credit for good sense, and honest frugality.

If I wanted money, Sam would be the man I should apply to for it, and I know that his generosity would exceed that of many who make more professions.

I know of nobody who is so great a contrast to him as our mutual cousin, Jamie Lacy. Yet he and Jamie have been sworn friends and comrades since childhood. The knowledge that Sam Gordon's boyhood was passed in companionship with Jamie is warrant sufficient that there was nothing mean about him.

The first time I ever saw Jamie Lacy, since we were wee children together at the Glen, was some four or five years ago at my own home of Hazelbrook. He came up with Uncle Tom from New Orleans, and spent part of the summer at our house. He and Cousin Sallie and I at Hazelbrook! had we not more happiness at that quiet Kentucky homestead than the richest and the noblest in their marble halls? Yea, verily, I'll vouch for't. Since then, Jamie and I had never met. But I have never forgotten that happiest summer of many happy summers at Hazelbrook.

Jamie has always been my hero. All the girls of our village were dead in love with him when he was at Hazelbrook. His picture would require that delicacy of shade, and colour, and touch to encanvass, that I fear Reverly's rough pen will not sketch him out as artistically as he deserves—as he *was*, in truth.

His *personnel* is easily described; not so easily conceived. He was tall, handsomely made, slender, aristocratic in form, features, bearing, and in feelings; his features were unusually handsome; his eyes blue, and radiant with intelligence. I think Jamie had no need of a tongue, for his eyes discoursed most eloquent language, and yet nature had endowed him with a voice the clearest, most sonorous, richly modulated, varied in compass, clear and melodious, ever heard by me. As for his lips, I swear I never saw such lips, and, consequently, do not know how to describe them. Begging pardon for saying so; but the Lacys all have splendidly chiselled mouths, and I only know how to convey an idea of Jamie's, by saying that he has perfect *Lacy* lips.

His hair was *dark* brown, and inclined to curl, and clustered over his high, intellectual forehead, and around his temples, and down on his white neck, so as to give his head a contour of almost girlish beauty. But his nose, which was Græco-aquiline, relieved him from anything like effeminacy. If his form was beautiful, his soul was more beautiful still. Modest, and gentle as a girl,

his genius was full of high refined poetry. Were not the word so trite, and, by modern instance, had departed from its true meaning, I would say that Jamie was the most sentimental fellow in the world. But, it was no affected sentimentality; for his modesty was equal to the delicacy and refinement of his feelings. Oh, rare Jamie! What a world this would be, if every man was such as thou wast!

He had read and studied much; his mind was stored with the richest gems and jewels of genius. He acted out in his life the poetry that others

could only write about,—acted, said I, *lived* it; the very atmosphere in which he moved seemed hallowed and refined by his presence.

Call Sam Gordon stingy! Why, the thing is impossible. Had he been of sordid nature, instead of noble, association with Jamie would have refined and purified him. Jamie loved Sam; they never met or parted without the tenderest embraces; was not that proof positive that Sam was a noble fellow? But, I had studied him out myself, the first time I went to the Glen, and I wanted no proof.

## CHARTY JEM.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY FAN FEATHERBIE.

### CHAPTER I.

"You'RE as stubborn as Mark, to-night, and, it seems to me, 'most as crazy."

"No, Faith! I *may* be a little stiff, but that is all; and you go rather far to liken me to Mark—poor Wild-head."

"If you were young, and strong, as you used to be, Charty, I wouldn't say a word; but you're an old man now, and a long tramp through the woods, such a night as this, is no wise trick, I can tell you;" and Faith Charton bustled angrily over the fire.

But the old pedler only answered her by a good-natured laugh.

"Laugh away, Charty, but I wonder if all the folks in Red Chalk wouldn't say to you as I do, Stay at home to-night. Why, the wind howls like a mad thing in the woods, and the sky is nothing but one big black cloud. I can hear the Ford roaring, and I know the freshets have swelled it like any river."

"I guess they have; but, if the logs ain't swept away, I'll cross the Ford to-night. Don't fret about it, Faith; I won't cross alone; I'll get some one in the village to go with me as far as the White Oak, and then let the wind and rain come as they please. I know every turn in the woods, and will soon be out of it."

"Well, after all, I am sure you *might* wait till morning light."

"If I do, Faith, I'll be too late for Grayson's team; and, if I miss that, there's no telling when I may have another chance of meeting the traders, and just now a good deal hangs on that."

Faith Charton made no reply. The vision of her brother's nearly empty packs rose before her; and, as she thought of their own poverty, she felt in her heart that a good deal *did* hang upon his meeting the traders.

Jem Charton, or "Charty Jem,"—for so the settlers familiarly called him,—had been one of the first to leave the States, and seek a home in what was *then* termed "the Far West." He built a cabin in Red Chalk,—a resting-place for Faith and Mark; but he was seldom there. Charty Jem became a pedler; and not only did his wares meet with a ready sale in Red Chalk,

but throughout the country he was well and favourably known, and the eccentric though kind-hearted old man ever met a welcome at the settler's fireside. Charty Jem had seen more than sixty winters, and his long, white hair, and small, bent figure, gave him the appearance of an older man; but he was active for his years, and met the hardships of his roving life with an indifference which made men wonder.

As Faith and Charty Jem sat down to their simple supper, Mark arose from the corner where he had been crouching, and stealthily approached the table.

"Come here, Mark," said his brother, coaxingly; but the idiot snatched up, with greedy violence, a portion of food, and went back gibbering to the fire.

"Mark, the Wild-head," as the people in Red Chalk called him, was Charty Jem's twin brother. He was strikingly like Charty in face and figure,—an old, white-headed man; but the light of reason had long ago died out in his eyes, and they looked forth with a strange, idiotic stare. Mark was harmless; every one knew him, and no one feared him. Sometimes, he would go from Red Chalk,—whither, no one knew,—and, after an absence of many days, return to his home, ragged, half famished, and weeping like a child. For a long time, the pedler and his sister strove against these wandering spells; but the idiot's cunning rendered their efforts useless, and they learned at last to feel but a dim anxiety during his absence, and to look upon his return as sure.

Faith Charton was younger than her brothers, but her brow was furrowed, and her step slow. Sorrow had outsped Time to make her old, and troubles had clustered round her faster than years. Yet in all this Faith murmured not, but cheerfully, untiringly, performed her duties. She lived but for her brothers; Charty Jem and Mark crowded all else out of her world, and in *their* love her labours met a *full* reward. The light of peace shone clear and unwaning upon the patient, toiling woman's path. Unselfish love had kindled it; it likewise kept it alive.

"Charty, you know Mark always jabbars and



raves more when one of his wandering spells is coming on him; and listen now! Heaven grant it may not be in his crazy head to set out on such a night as this;" and Faith Charton looked anxiously on Mark.

"No, no, Faith, that he won't. Mark loves a warm corner too well to rush out in the wind and rain. Watch him right close, though," continued the pedler, as Mark looked up with a cunning leer, "and I'll be back in a day or two. Don't worry about me, Faith; I'll soon get down to Grayson's. God bless you! take care of the poor Wild-head, and good-bye;" and the cabin door closed after Charty Jem.

"Dear Will, don't go!"

"I *must* see Charty Jem safely over the Ford. Why, Kate, it were a shame to let so old a man cross that swollen stream alone."

Kate Lee made no answer, but, snatching up a candle, followed her husband and Charty Jem to the door. It was a fierce, wild night. The heavens were black with storm-clouds, and the winds moaned fearfully in the distant woods. Mingled with its wailings came a hoarse, murmuring sound, as of gushing waters. Kate Lee heard it, and cast an anxious glance upon her husband.

"I understand that look, my Kate," said he, gently. "Yet never fear; although the waters foam and gurgle ever so madly, I do not dread to cross them, and I will not long be absent." Lee spoke cheerfully, and his words seemed to reassure his young wife; for, as he smoothed back her sunny curls, and pressed a kiss upon her white brow, she smiled brightly.

"Have you no kind word for Charty Jem? Won't you wish him a safe tramp through the woods to-night?" asked the old man, who had hitherto remained silent.

"God bless you, and protect you, good Charty!" earnestly exclaimed Kate Lee, as she clasped the pedler's rough hand.

"May his blessing rest upon you!" solemnly returned Charty Jem; and then, shouldering his pack, he continued, "Don't spoil your bright eyes with tears, sweet lady, for, in less time than you look for, I will send Will Lee back to you, safe and sound."

The door closed, and Kate Lee was alone. Hastening to the quiet of her room, she threw herself on her knees by the cradle, in which lay a fair little sleeper. With hand pressed upon his tiny arm, she implored a blessing upon her noble young husband. Pray on, in thy loveliness, sweet Kate Lee! Oh, pray for light and strength from above, for, even now, a dark and blotted page in thy life-book is to be turned.

"If you would listen to me, Charty, you would stay in Red Chalk till morning. This will be one of the wildest nights that ever darkened earth."

"You tell me the same tale Faith did, not an hour ago. But 'tis no use, Lee; I tell you I *must* go;" and then, as they struggled on against the wind, the pedler explained to his companion the reason of his seemingly strange determination.

"I mind nothing but crossing the bridge, Will, and I can't deny but that I will need your cool young head and steady hand *there*."

"You are heartily welcome to them!" came

the cordial answer; and, for a while, the two strode on in silence.

"What a pretty little wife you have, Will! I always think, when I see her, that Heaven has sent one of its sweet angels to brighten your cabin for you."

Lee smiled at the old man's sudden remark. "You are right, Charty; Kate is everything to me, and I only grieve that I cannot place her in a better home."

"What made you bring that fair young blossom to this rough country, anyway, Lee? Why did you leave the States?"

"Friends, fortune, all, was averse to me there," sadly replied the young man, "and I persuaded my sweet Kate to leave her New England home, and try with me life in these western wilds."

"Never may you and your pretty Kate have cause to rue it;" and Charty Jem pressed closer to Lee, as they hurried over the clearings.

Will Lee was tall, and finely formed; and his coarse dress could not conceal the manly grace which was visible in every movement. A handsomer or franker face not a man in the settlement possessed, and few could boast a nobler heart or more energetic spirit. Two years had gone by since Lee and his fair Kate sought a home in Red Chalk. In that time, the enterprising young emigrant had done much toward retrieving his fortunes, and, at the present period, owned a broad tract of land, a pleasant home, and stood high amongst his fellow-settlers.

The waters had not swept away the crossing at the Ford, but they were surging up high against it, and the strong logs trembled with their angry violence. Lee grasped the old pedler's hand, and slowly and cautiously the two crossed the dangerous bridge. Will Lee was silent. He knew his life was in danger, and he thought of Kate; but Charty Jem murmured bitterly against the spring freshets. Ere they reached the White Oak, in the entrance of the woods, there was a crash amongst the thick brush, a savage growl, and then a panther, half grown, but fierce and bold with hunger, sprang in the path. Quickly and heavily Lee struck the animal, and, as though stunned and frightened with the blow, it suddenly slunk away.

"That *painter* is young, Lee, or it would not have been scared so easily," said the pedler, with a laugh; "but that blow you gave it will keep it cross and wakeful all night; so lend me your knife, boy, for I forgot my pistols at your cabin, and I do not care to go through here unarmed."

"Willingly," returned Lee, drawing from his jacket-breast a sheathed hunting-knife; "take it, Charty, and you can bring it to me when you are again in Red Chalk."

The old man took the knife, and, murmuring a blessing upon his young protector, prepared to enter the wood. Will Lee would have gone with him to the next clearing; but the pedlar was obstinate, and would not hear of it.

"Go back to the pretty trembler who watches for you there," he said, waving his hand toward Red Chalk; "I shall soon get down to Grayson's." And they parted;—the pedler, with rapid step, hurrying through the wood, whilst Will Lee, crossing again the swollen Ford, was soon upon the clearing.

Kate Lee was very happy when her husband returned. The presentiment of evil which had

darkened her heart vanished in his presence. The young couple loved each other too well to know aught but sunshine when together; and, as they sat side by side in their humble home, they talked happily of the future.

Faith Charton was alone that night. Mark had rushed forth, she knew not whither; and, as she sat hearkening to the moaning, shrieking wind, the woeful vision of Charty seemed to rise before her, helplessly struggling in the swollen waters of the Ford. Faith could not sleep; and, though the few glimmering lights of Red Chalk had died out, she yet kept her sad, lonely vigil by the cabin fire.

#### CHAPTER II.

Two days of stormy weather, lowering clouds, and sweeping winds went by; and then a spring morning, fair, rosy, and joyous, lit up the dark old woods, brightened the wide clearings, and smiled upon Red Chalk. About sunset, Faith Charton came to Lee's cabin in trouble. She had seen Grayson that morning, but he could tell her nothing of Charty; the pedler had *never* been at his house, and the team had set out on the night appointed without him.

"Charty met his death in the woods that dreadful night, I know," sobbed Faith; "nothing *but* that could have kept him from going to Grayson's, he was so set on meeting the traders."

Something unpleasant seemed to cross Lee's mind; a shade of sadness stole over his fine face, and springing from his seat, he walked hastily to and fro. The young man's troubled looks struck Faith Charton; she watched him keenly, and when her eyes for a moment glancing from him fell upon objects strangely familiar, a horrid suspicion thrilled her, and, urged by its might, she cried out,

"In mercy's name, *why* have you murdered my brother?"

Lee turned round angrily; but when he met the gaze of wild blue eyes, dim, and strained with weeping and misery, he answered gently,

"Poor Faith! this great trouble has almost crazed you."

"William Lee, you told me with your own lips that you were the last person with Charty that night. I see his pack beneath your settle; upon your shelf lie his pistols; that sharpened stick is stained with blood: there is a red spot upon your leggins; *blood! my brother's blood!* Your face grew troubled and dark when I spoke of him. Young man, you *are* a murderer!"

"It is well you are a woman," sternly answered Lee; "were you not, even your distress should be no excuse for your casting so foul a charge upon me. I do indeed fear that your brother is dead, Faith Charton, but I am innocent of his blood. Of the things you have spoken, I can give you a clear account. My face may well look troubled, for my heart bitterly reproaches me that I left that old man alone in those dark woods; would that I had not yielded to his obstinacy, but gone with him to the next clearing."

Faith Charton made no answer; she laid her head upon the table, and wept violently. Kate Lee, pale and trembling, clung to her husband, and for a little while there was silence in the cabin. Suddenly the sound of distant footsteps, and many voices, fell upon Lee's ear; as he lis-

tened, it became more distinct. Nearer and nearer it came; and the young man knew it was *his* name those stern voices uttered, and to *his* cabin those quick feet were hurrying. William Lee opened the door; he was a brave man, and his heart was conscious of no ill, so he calmly confronted the crowd.

They were hardy, determined-looking men; and, when the door was flung open, steadily pushed in, until the room was almost filled. A fearful burden they bore; ghastly, cut, and as though dripping with water; his long, white hair falling wildly over his ashen face, was the form of Faith Charton's brother; and she, kneeling beside him, screamed out in agony,

"My Charty! my poor, murdered Charty!"

As Will Lee looked upon the pedler, he shuddered violently.

"Ah, William Lee, do you tremble at your own work?" said a gray-haired man, firmly, but not ungently, laying his hand upon Lee's arm.

"*My* work! what mean you, Squire Jones?"

"He means you are a murderer, and poor Charty Jem your victim," said a gruff voice from the crowd.

A wild shriek followed these words; and Kate Lee, who had hitherto sat white, motionless as a statue, fell from her chair in a heavy, deathlike swoon.

"Wretch! *you* have murdered my Kate," and Lee bent anxiously over his wife, forgetting, in his love for her, his own jeopardy.

Kate Lee soon returned to consciousness, but her lovely eyes opened with a shudder, and she sank down upon the low settle with a heavy sigh. Lee, irritated by the stern looks and reproaches of his neighbours, and maddened by the dreadful charge brought against him, refused to listen to anything, and fiercely ordered the men from his house.

At a whisper from Squire Jones, Kate Lee approached her husband, and gently laid her hand upon his.

"My husband," she murmured, and her voice was sadly sweet; "for my sake, for your own, for our child's, hear what these men have to say."

The whisper and imploring look of his lovely wife fell as a soothing spell upon Lee, and quietly turning to the magistrate, he signified his readiness to hear.

And the statement was briefly made. Some boys had found the murdered man, not an hour before, in a lonely hollow in the woods which skirted Red Chalk. The throat and neck of the body were much cut, and the face swollen and bruised; it lay close by the water's edge, and this position, and the state of the clothes, gave no one reason to doubt but that it had been cast in the Ford some two or three days previous, and the wild, foaming stream had not long dashed it upon the bank. The settlers, whom the children hastily summoned, believed the murdered man to be Charty Jem. As they raised him from the ground, a hunting-knife, half-hidden by the long grass, met their eyes; and upon its blood-stained handle the frightened settlers read, in the yellow, sunset light, the name of *William Lee!* When they brought the body to Red Chalk, many persons there remembered seeing William Lee and Charty Jem walk out in the direction of the woods, the last night the pedler was in the settlement. None would have dreamed of fastening the murder



upon Lee, had not this circumstance, and the finding of the knife, spoken strongly against him.

"Hear me, now!" exclaimed Faith Charton, as the magistrate ceased speaking, "and may I be forgiven if I do Lee wrong; I bear no malice against him, yet I truly believe him to be my brother's murderer;" and then rapidly and earnestly she spoke of the circumstances which had awakened her suspicions, and ended by again declaring her conviction that Charty Jem had lost his life by the hands of Lee.

There were angry murmurs in the crowd, but Lee seemed not to hear them; and when the magistrate proceeded to arrest him, he hastily pushed him aside, and strode to the body of Charty Jem. Placing his hand upon the brow of the murdered pedler, and raising his eyes to Heaven, William Lee, in a clear, firm voice, solemnly declared his innocence. His earnest manner and dauntless bearing, filled the hearts of many with the conviction he might not be guilty. One by one, slowly and sadly, the settlers left the cabin, and soon all was silent there.

When Squire Jones learned that Mark Charton had again set out on one of his wild, unknown tramps, he persuaded his wretched sister not to return to her lonely cabin, but to accompany him to his home; and thither Faith Charton went, crying bitterly, for her grief was very great.

The two men who had been left to guard Lee, talked lowly by the kitchen fire; and the young man and his stricken-hearted wife were alone. A mighty sorrow clouded Kate Lee's sky; and, with hands pressed upon her brow, the miserable young creature crouched in a corner of the room. Lee sat stern and moody, brooding over his fearful situation, but Kate's moans pierced his heart. Bending over her, he took her hand. Kate raised her head, and with streaming eyes, gazed anxiously upon her husband. It was a long, searching look, full of inquiry, love, and tenderness; but there was much of misery in it, and the young man turned away and groaned. Kate Lee laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, and he wildly pressed her to his heart.

"Was it for *this*, my bird," he asked mournfully, as he smoothed back her sunny tresses, and gazed into her azure eyes; "was it for *this* I won you from the home-nest? Was it only that your name should be linked with a so-called murderer's; a man who must die a felon's death?"

Kate Lee shuddered at these fearful words; but as she spoke of hope, and whispered of her firm faith in his innocence, her husband felt a sweet calm steal over him. The moonbeams cast a halo of light around Kate Lee's fair brow; and whilst gazing upon her tearful beauty, and listening to her words of affection, William Lee recalled Charty Jem's saying, and felt that "one of Heaven's sweet angels" indeed dwelt with him.

Many hearts in Red Chalk were troubled for Will Lee; he was beloved by his rough neighbours, and they were grieved that this fearful charge should have fallen on him. In those early days, and in that *then* untamed country, justice was dealt in a summary manner, and with little of the formula now so essential to its meting out. Whatsoever the settlers found to do, that did they with all their might; and the day following the discovery of the pedler's body, Lee's trial commenced in Red Chalk.

It was brought against Lee that he had been

the last person seen with Charty Jem, the night he left the settlement, and that it was his knife, covered with blood, which lay near the old man. His clothes were free from mark; upon his leggins only was a spot, small, 'tis true, but ruddy and crimson enough to show that it was blood. The pedler's pack pushed under the settle, his heavily-mounted old pistols upon the rude shelf, how came *these* in Lee's cabin, if not by foul means? A heavy, sharp stick, behind the kitchen-door, was redly stained. Around the neck of Lee's child hung a silver toy, which Faith Charton affirmed to have been in her brother's pack the evening he left her. The troubled looks and actions of Lee, when the pedler's death was suggested by Faith, were strongly dwelt upon; and darkly the cloud frowned over him, whilst friends true and earnest, as they listened to these things, shuddered to find their trust in him weakening.

Firmly and boldly Lee met these charges. Explaining the cause of his walk with the pedler, he spoke of the incident of the panther, as not only accounting for his lending his knife to the old man, but likewise for the stain upon the stick, which, with the spots upon the leggins, had before been unobserved by him. William Lee fearlessly declared that the presence of the pedler's pack and pistols in his cabin had been unnoticed till too late to return them; they had been forgotten by Charty Jem; and the pack, he supposed the more readily, as he generally carried two, and feeling the weight of one upon his shoulders, might not so soon miss the other. The silver toy, Lee declared he had purchased for his child from the pedler, the last afternoon he was in Red Chalk. "Faith Charton has urged my anxious looks," continued the young man, "as being an evidence of guilt. I shall not deny when she spoke of her fears for her brother I shared them. I did not dream of his being murdered; but I thought of the fierce animal I had wounded before we parted, and I keenly blamed myself for leaving the old man to go through those dark woods with none to defend him, should it again spring forth; it was *this* reflection which troubled me, when Faith Charton spoke of her brother. One question, and I have done. Were I guilty of this poor man's murder, think you would I so carelessly leave about the evidences of my guilt, as you are pleased to term them? I beg you to consider this. *Who* has done this fearful deed, I know not; but I solemnly and most truly declare myself innocent!" and, folding his arms, Lee took his seat.

Lee's defence fell upon the ears of the settlers as "an idle tale, cunningly devised." They believed him to be the murderer; and although strenuous exertions were made in his favour, and many hearts were moved for him, yet, convicted by strong *circumstantial evidence*, William Lee was declared *guilty*! No personal feeling actuated this decision against Lee, but justice seemed to demand his life; and it was to the people of Red Chalk as though the blood of the murdered pedler cried out for reparation.

"I pity you, William Lee, and your sweet young wife; and I forgive you, although you had no pity on my poor brother!" and covering her eyes with her linsey apron, Faith Charton went back to her lonely cabin, still lonely, for "Mark, the Wild-head," was yet away.

## CHAPTER III.

The day upon which Lee's sentence was to be pronounced, came. The schoolhouse, the only public building in Red Chalk was crowded. Men, women, and children, drawn by feelings of intense interest, flocked there. Pale, though firm and collected, William Lee sat upon a low bench, whilst his young wife, sorrow shading her fair face, clung closely to him. A sound of quick, hurrying feet, a wild halloo at the schoolhouse door, and the next instant, Charty Jem dashed in amongst the crowd. Had the dead returned to life? or did spirits walk the earth as in days of old? The murdered pedler stood before the settlers of Red Chalk, pale, and anxious-looking, but his countenance bore not the ghastly seal of death. Even those who had gazed upon what to them had seemed the blood-stained and lifeless body of Charty Jem, felt that he was indeed in their midst, as little of a spirit as any present. A wondering hush, and then a shout, free, heart-sent, and joyous, rang through the schoolhouse; every one joined in it, and the sound echoed far back from the distant woods.

"What ails ye, settlers?" cried the pedler, in a loud, stern voice; "has *all* Red Chalk gone crazy? When I opened my cabin-door, Faith screamed, and ran from me, as though I had been not of earth, and when she came a little to her senses, she told me a strange story of Lee being taken up for my murder, and managed to let me know that even as she then spoke, ye had met to sentence him. Who ever said that I was murdered? Who has been foul-hearted enough to tell so black a lie on Will Lee? Don't look so wildly on me, boy! thank God, I have come in time to save ye," and Charty Jem approached the young man.

A glance at Kate, the pedler, and the crowd around, and William Lee saw no more. The mighty workings of the spirit were too much for the flesh, and the strong man swooned away. When William Lee opened his eyes, the radiant, tearful face of Kate was bending over him, rejoicing friends were near, and Charty Jem stood by his side.

Briefly, yet fully, matters were explained to the pedler, and when the wonderful likeness which the murdered man had borne to himself, was touched upon, his brow grew darker, and sadder, and refusing to answer any questions, he sprang from his seat, and demanded to see the body.

"No, Charty, that cannot be," said Squire Jones, "it has been buried these three days, and you surely would not tear it from the grave."

"If it had been buried as many weeks, as you say days, Squire," doggedly returned Charty Jem, "I would not be turned from seeing it. Don't cross me, none of ye; in this I must see the man. A dreadful fear is in my mind, and I cannot rest till it is quieted."

Opposition was idle; the pedler met it with obstinacy.

"I will tell ye nothing until I have seen the body, nor shall a morsel pass my lips before. I will open the grave myself."

Then the excited old man went forth, but not alone; an awe-stricken and silent crowd followed him from the schoolhouse to a new-made grave, at the edge of the woods which skirted Red Chalk.

The settlers paused in their fearful task; the rough pine box was laid upon the green earth,

and there, where the very air seemed joyous with bird-carols,—where the warm sun threw his fairest light, the ghastly face of the dead was uncovered. The earnest, searching gaze, with which Charty Jem approached the body, gave place, as he looked upon it, to one of agony, and turning away, he joined in Faith's exceedingly bitter cry,—

"Mark! Mark! Alas, my brother!"

A sudden light came with these words, to the minds of the settlers, and wondering within themselves, that it had not dawned upon them before, they gazed upon the body of Mark Charton with anxious curiosity. The twin brothers were strangely alike, and although the features of the dead man were marked and livid, the resemblance existed to a remarkable degree.

"When you told me of these things in yon schoolhouse, I felt afraid in my heart, that I should find Mark here. Sure was I, that I should see *his* face when that box was burst open." And Charty Jem sat down and wept. "Cover Mark up," said he, at last, without raising his head; "hide him from me; I cannot bear to look upon him again. I am satisfied now, but it is a terrible satisfaction."

Then back to earth went earth, and, mingled with the pedler's and Faith Charton's sobs, came the sound of heavy-falling clouds. For some minutes there was a hush, and then, making a mighty effort to choke down his grief, the old pedler spoke.

"Men of Red Chalk," he said solemnly, "the stain of innocent blood has well-nigh been on your skirts. You have most wickedly wronged Will Lee; all that he has told you, is true, but you would not believe him; and now listen to me. I borrowed Will's knife after we met the *painter*, for I had forgotten my pistols at his cabin, and I did not care about meeting that fierce thing, unarmed. I was just in the thickest of the woods, when something dark jumped right out against me, from the bush. I thought, at first, of the *painter*, but in a moment I found it was a man, and by his jabbering and raving, I knew him to be Mark. He was crazier than I had ever saw him before, and when I tried to coax him back to the cabin, he broke from me with a loud yell, and ran along the path a little piece. Dark as it was, I thought I knew every twist and turn of the wood, and though it would take from my time, I determined to catch Mark, and take him back to Faith. I knew she would worry terribly at his being out that night, and I didn't like to think of it myself. But Mark was stark mad; he fought with me keenly, and when I still kept a hold upon him, he tried to choke me. I had to let him go, or I would have been a dead man; then he dashed from me, and went, I know not where. I could only hear his yells getting weaker, and farther off. I found I had dropped Lee's knife in trying to catch Mark, and I hunted for it a long time, but there was no finding it. I went on my way with no easy heart; I was afraid Mark might grope across the knife, and as Faith and I never let him have anything sharp, even in his quiet moments, I was troubled to think he should get the like, when he was so raving crazy. More than once, I felt like starting again after Mark; but then I thought as he was out on one of his 'travelling spells,' there would be no catching him, and that in his own time, he would come



back again, to the cabin. I began to think, too, that my taking hold of him in the woods, all of a sudden, had scared him, and that was the reason he was so furious; and, praying in my heart, the poor Wild-head might not come across Lee's knife, I pushed on. I had been so taken up with my troubles about Mark, that I lost the path, without knowing it, and when I came out of the woods, instead of being at Grayson's, I was at a road three miles above it. I knew the place, and as I could not then go back, I tramped on to the first cabin; there I got a horse, and by daybreak was on my way to meet the traders. I had to stay away longer than I wanted, from Red Chalk, for I had a strange fear all was not right, but I left as soon as I could. I knew nothing,—I heard nothing of this miserable business until I opened my own cabin-door, settlers! You know the rest; I thank God I have come back in time to save Will Lee's young life. I know, now, that Mark found that knife, and in his craziness cut himself, until, madder than ever, by pain, he must have jumped or fallen into the water. Again I declare to you, men of Red Chalk, that *all* that Will Lee has told you, is true, and ye have cruelly belied him." Then, as his eye fell on Mark's grave, Charty Jem covered his face, and groaned heavily.

Faith Charton rushed forth from the settlers, and flung herself at Lee's feet,—“Forgive me, forgive me, young man!” she sobbed, “and oh remember, I have wronged you unknowingly. I had no fears for Mark; he was often away, but I was sure something dreadful had kept Charty from meeting Grayson, and in my wild sorrow, I charged you with his murder. *Can you forgive me?*”

“Get up, Faith!” said William Lee, kindly; do not kneel to me. Freely, from my heart I forgive you all you have ever said in this matter. I have borne no anger against you,—in my sorest peril have I pitied you, for I knew your trouble was very great.”

Faith Charton dashed the tears from her eyes, and turning a look, full of gratitude, upon Lee, went slowly down the little path which led to her cabin, followed by Charty Jem. The hardy settlers crowded round William Lee, and as they cordially wrung his hand, and with tears of manly joy proffered their congratulations, he felt that

the heavy cloud, which had loomed so darkly over him, had not chilled their esteem and affection.

The people of Red Chalk felt that they had cruelly wronged William Lee. Earnestly they strove to make amends, not by mere “lip-service,” but by such acts as testified most fully to him the return of their faith and trust in him, deepened by sincere repentance that it had *ever* wavered. And Lee acted nobly,—loftily. He buried in the past the memory of his wrongs, and the monument he raised over them, was fair and beautiful, even a generous and full *forgiveness*. Those hand-maidens of destiny, called by men, *circumstances*, had indeed woven round Lee a dark and fearful web, but he was not long to struggle in it; the strong arm of the Deliverer burst the meshes, and set him free. As touching the remarkable likeness between Mark, and Charty Jem, the people in Red Chalk, had often said,—

“If it had not been for the crazy glow in one's eyes, and the light of sense in the other's no human being could have told them apart, so like were they.”

And when we recall *this* fact, we may, perhaps, the more easily forgive the terrible mistake of the settlers,—a mistake which came near hurrying an innocent man into eternity.

Gleeful as she was *before* these days of sorrow, Kate Lee never was again; yet sunshine was her after portion, and “loving and beloved,” she lived serenely and happily.

When Faith Charton died, her brother went to live with the Lees. The kind attentions of William and Kate Lee brightened the last years of Charty Jem, and their affection soothed his dying pillow.

Many years have gone by since then, and the actors in those scenes now sleep in dust. The cabin of William Lee has long since fallen into ruins, but he and his beloved Kate rejoice in “a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The spirit of emigration has strode on with giant power, and Red Chalk has long been lost, in the heart of a great and wide city. The descendants of the Lees yet live there, and treasured amongst them, as a sacred family legend, even to this day, is the story of Charty Jem, the western pedler.

## LOVE'S WARNING.

BY SARAH ANDERTON.

THOU wilt miss the child that nestled,  
Fondly watchful at thy knee;  
THOU wilt miss the woman-nature,  
Yearning with its love for thee;  
THOU wilt miss the thoughtful spirit,  
Brooding o'er life's mystery;  
For, *unless thy lips were liars,*  
Thou didst love me as the three!

And thy heart will beat more feebly,  
Through an added strength's decline,  
And thy thoughts, twin-rays no longer,  
Sadly and more faintly shine;  
And thy blood run shorter courses,  
For that twofold life of thine  
Was, *unless thy lips were liars,*  
Wider by the width of mine!

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Not that I was equal to thee—  
No, beloved! *thy* soul, complete,  
Was a God-ordained convention,  
Where all heroes seemed to meet,  
Calms of reason coolly poisoning  
Passion's fervent motive heat;  
Yet, *unless thy lips were liars,*  
Love to thee was priceless sweet!

If our destiny thou wilt  
Now before our fate should bow,  
Time will lead on love's revenges,  
Burning brands the memories grow  
Of each look, and touch, once seeming  
Coupling of our life-streams flow;  
But, *thy lips were never liars,*  
And this pain we shall not know!

## THE DARK HOUR.

BY THE REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

### I.

A WOMAN, still in the bloom of youth, sat alone in an humble apartment. Alone,—and yet not alone; for, although there were none with whom she could exchange a thought, the basket-cradle at her foot sheltered a little being which made Mary Irwine feel that, whatever the world might think, still she was *not* alone. Nor was she companionless; what mother is? To the stranger and the indifferent, the infant may seem, if not a cipher, a trouble, and a wearisome charge. But she whose own blood flows in its veins, never forgets, and never wearies.

We have said Mary was still in the bloom of youth. But the bloom was sadly faded. Care, suffering, want, had blanched the roses on her cheeks. A few days before, you might have discerned feverish anxiety there; but now, all that had passed. The expression of her face was thoughtful; but still it spake rest. She had drank of the cup of bitterness to its very dregs; but He who hears the sorrowful sighing of the wretched, had comforted her. The crisis had passed, and she felt that natural composure which steals on the soul, when all is done, and all is suffered,—the rest with which Heaven rewards the patient and the dutiful.

Her story was not a remarkable one; if by remarkable we mean to say unusual. The appearance of the house indicated something of it; for we imagine that there is always a significance in the aspect of a dwelling which one of its late inmates has just left, to go to the "narrow house." Mary's husband had been consigned to the grave. The neighbours and friends who had aided in the melancholy bustle of the last offices, had returned to their homes, and Mary sat with her babe in the silent room.

The husband whom she had buried out of her sight was her choice,—her wilful choice, made in spite of the remonstrances, the objections, and the forebodings of her relatives. For a short time after her union, it seemed as if his life and prosperity were to prove her triumphant answer to their objections. All was sunny, cheerful, promising. And the very friends who had warned and expostulated with her, were willing to believe that they had been wrong, and Mary right; and that affection had not unerringly pointed out to her excellencies of character which they had not perceived. As if willing to atone for past enmity by warm friendship, they crowded advantages and facilities upon him, and liberally opened the way to wealth. For a time, all succeeded that he undertook, and no young man in the city seemed more certainly assured of competence than he. And Mary, how happy she was! We can pardon her short period of exultation, for she bitterly suffered for it.

Some men cannot bear prosperity; and Henry Irwine was one of these. Give them discouragements to meet, and unpropitious circumstances to

combat, and they hew their way with a silent pride and resolute perseverance which conquers all obstacles. But let the sun shine on them, then pride soon finds outrageous utterance, and their resolution degenerates into opinionated obstinacy. They take pleasure in contemning good advice, and will do wilfully wrong, and against their own conviction, to mark their independence. Henry Irwine took early occasion to retaliate upon his wife's friends for what he affected to regard as their unwarrantable opposition. He accused them, while they were, in no small degree, the authors of his prosperity, as being drawn to him by it; and intimated that selfishness was the origin of their tardy friendship, no less than it had been of their former enmity.

Mary was a true wife. She saw the injustice of her husband, but declined to acknowledge it, even to herself. At length, the coolness became more and more chilling, until it resulted in irreparable estrangement between Irwine and the friends of his wife. He gloried in what he considered a complete, and endeavoured to persuade himself was a righteous revenge. He made his former opponents suitors for his friendship, and proudly spurned them. Such was his impression. There was that they had overlooked the disagreeable character of their favourite's husband, and striven to befriend him; but that, true to his natural low instincts, he had refused. Neither party was entirely right. When the breach became final, Mary Irwine deserted father and mother, and kindred, for her husband, and identified herself with him, so far as lingering first affections would permit. But, if her heart yearned over the dear first friends of her youth, she never suffered her conduct to betray what she accounted a weakness; but clung to her husband with a madness of affection, which deserved a better return than she received.

Henry Irwine, as we have said, could not bear prosperity. A secret reason, hardly acknowledged to himself, why he disliked his wife's connexions, was because they perceived his dangers, and ventured to warn him. His sensitive pride took captious alarm, and he gloried in mocking reproof, by persisting in indiscretion. The end of such a course is easily prophesied. He fell among thieves; and for the wounds of friends exchanged the selfish flattery of knaves. Plucked of money, and bankrupt in credit and character, he awaked at last to find himself a ruined man, with a meek, uncomplaining wife dependent on him, and feeling twice as keenly as he did, all his ruin and degradation. The temptation which has ruined many, came in to complete his destruction. He sought oblivion of his degradation in the wine-cup, and there lost the last redeeming trace or hope of manhood. It is a fearful fall, when the appetites triumph, and the reason is dethroned; when the man wakes only to misery, and rushes back to inebriation again, in the vain hope to forget himself.



A lower depth still remained; and Henry Irwine found even that. His jaundiced thoughts dared to suspect her who, for love of him, had surrendered friends, home, happiness, hope. Because she did not, and could not rail against her own, as he did; because she was meek, and quiet, and uncomplaining, he quarrelled with her also. He charged that she hated him, and regretted that her fate was coupled with his. The last she could not deny; the first he saw in his own heart, and judged that it *must* be in hers also. It is their own fancied concealed reflection in the good that the wicked hate.

And he dared, moreover, to accuse his wife as the cause of all his misfortunes. He said she triumphed in them! Can we wonder that she would not say she did not? It might have been that she thought such a charge too wickedly preposterous to answer; or, it might have been that she was wearied into hate at last, and not displeased to find that there was one mode in which she could inflict pain on one who had heaped so many wrongs on her. Mary was drawing near her DARK HOUR.

## II.

There is in most, if not in all, careers, a moment—the crisis of a life;—an hour upon which all the future hangs. That crisis came to Mary Irwine.

Her house, derobed of many comforts, was not yet *quite* desolate. She clung, while a glimmer of hope remained, to her faith in her husband. She believed that all who knew him did not know his degradation. She thought that she had concealed it from many; and, fond simpleton! imagined that men did not see through the hollowness of her smile, when she spake of her husband.

It was night, and late. There were voices, and a rude knock at the door. She opened it, and her own brother entered, preceding the policemen, in whose custody he had found the inebriate husband. She looked, and comprehended all. They laid the senseless man on a sofa; and the strangers left the house.

"Put on your bonnet, Mary," said her brother, "and come home with me."

Mary cast an eye on the wreck of her love and hope. Loathing thoughts rose within her; she made one step as if to comply; for escape was now first in her thoughts, and she felt that she had borne all that human nature could endure. The child, disturbed in its sleep, recalled her to the thought how hopeless was escape;—the babe smiled, and in the smile she saw the sunshine of other days. Bowing over the cradle, she sobbed out of her heart all its stern resolves.

"Come!" said her brother.

"But, my child!"

"We will send for it," said the brother; but, perceiving a strange look, almost indignant, through her tears, "We will take it with us," he said. But the first careless expression had turned the scale. She made no answer, until, after waiting a moment in silence, her brother said, and now more sharply, "Come!"

"Wait till to-morrow."

"Now, or never!"

She made no reply; but bending over her infant soothed it again to sleep. She wavered—thought—parleyed; and was roused, at last, from a half dream by the noise of a closing door. She rose suddenly, and gazed wildly about her. Her

brother had gone,—her dark hour had passed; for the temptation was withdrawn. Did she do right? Mark the sequel, and then answer.

## III.

Henry Irwine awoke to consciousness in a burning fever. It was not merely that which invariably follows debauch, nor was it that terrific delirium consequent upon long indulgence in intoxication; for his fall had been rapid, and the time of his error short. But disappointment, excess, and exposure, had made him, in a short space, a perfect wreck. He obeyed her guidance like a child, and she conducted him to his bed, and then despatched the following note to an old friend:

"Mary Irwine hopes that, among all the friends of her better days, there is one left who will come to her in her extremity, with no impossible demands, and that she shall find that one friend in Dr. Ralph."

The physician, a benevolent old gentleman, was with her even before her messenger returned. He listened kindly; and if a thought of incredulity arose in his mind, he concealed it, and followed the wife, with kind words, as an equal, and not as a patron, to the bed-side of her husband. For a moment, he stood regarding the sad picture; then, gently taking the debauchee's hand, proceeded mechanically to count his pulse.

"Oh, Doctor!" cried the sufferer, turning away, "this is the cruelty of kindness!" A dark shade came over his face. "No!" he shouted in a husky voice, "it is the keenness of insult!" He rose to spring forward—but his face became deadly pale, and he sank exhausted and powerless.

The Doctor sighed and turned away. He sat down and pencilled a prescription, and said, "I will call again."

"Will you, indeed!" said Mary, her face brightening up.

"Poor child!" said the old gentleman. "You are pleased to find that I admit that something ails him beside intemperance. Strange—strange—but very natural." And he hurried out.

Henry lay some hours, weak but conscious. Faithfully, but painfully did his wife attend upon him; for while the necessity of attention and the promptings of her heart called her to his side, she grieved to see that the sight of her face disturbed him—disturbed him almost to distraction. And who can wonder?

It was a long, long day. And day passed into evening, and evening into midnight, before the care of her husband and her child suffered her to rest. Exhausted nature claimed her due, and Mary dreamed. She was back in the joy of other years—yet over that joy there seemed a sadness. People were decrying him to her, and she was zealously defending him—as she had often done. And while she dreamed she thought his pleasant voice spake in her ear, "Mary!" Again it spake, and now she sprang up and went to his bedside.

"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, *dearest!*" She did not know whether she was asleep or awake—whether he spake in fact and deed, or whether the voice were a dream-voice. So, for want of further words, she placed her cheek to his.

"God bless you, Mary! *Now* I can rest."

He fell asleep. But the shock his health had

received was not to be retrieved so easily as by one night's rest. On the morrow he was both better and worse—better, for there was less fever—worse, for there was less strength.

And so wore day after day. We need not relate how with sure progress but slow, death mastered his victim; for Henry Irwine's days were numbered. And we need not describe how the young wife hovered over his couch, and his weary life was closed in forgiveness and peace. Brothers and friends she lacked none now; for He who calls us hence by death, has surrounded its approach with circumstances which remove enmities and disarm hate. He passed away quietly, and his last illness left a gentle memory of him in men's hearts.

There was a sound of wheels at the door. "Now, daughter," said her mother, as she en-

tered, "we have come for you, as we promised. Come home again to our hearth and hearts. Forget that you ever were away."

Mary silently pointed to her child. Her mother could make no reply, and Mary said:

"With this memorial of *him*, mother (and may God spare it for *my* memorial when I am gone), I cannot forget that I have been away. And, O! how grateful am I, that once away, I stayed until now; that I remained here to see all reconciled on earth; to note the evidences in a meek and quiet, a repentant and resigned spirit, that all is forgiven in heaven! When this dear child shall live to ask of his father, now, mother, I *can* speak of the peaceful close of his brief day, but I need not of its dreadful storms."

And Mary Irwine bade adieu to the house in which she had met and conquered her DARK HOUR.

## THE COFFEE-HOUSE OF SURAT.

Translated from the French of J. H. Bernardin de St. Pierre.

BY M. E. LAZARUS, M.D.

THERE was a coffee-house at Surat where many strangers assembled in the afternoon. One day, there came a Persian Seide, or doctor of the law, who had all his life written about theology, until he had come to believe no longer in God.

"What is God?" said he. "Whence comes he? Who has created him, or where is he? Were he a body, he would be seen; were he a spirit, he would be intelligent and just;—he would not suffer that there should be unhappy people upon the earth. *Myself*, after having laboured so long in his service, I should be pontiff at Ispahan, instead of being exiled from Persia, after having sought to enlighten men. There is, then, no God." Thus, the Doctor, bewildered by his ambition, by dint of reasoning about the first reason of all things, had come to lose his own, yet to believe the loss, not of his own intelligence, but of that which governs the universe.

He had an almost naked Caffre slave, whom he left at the door of the coffee-house, while he reclined upon a sofa, and took a cup of coquenar or of opium. When this beverage began to warm his brain, he called to his slave, who was seated on a stone in the sunshine, busied in driving away the flies which devoured him, and said to him, "Miserable black, do you believe there is a God?"

"Who can doubt it?" answered the Caffre; and, drawing from under the rag that he had tied round him, as a waist-belt, a little marmoset of wood,—“Here is the God who has protected me since I have been in the world. It is made of a branch of a fetish tree in my country.”

All the guests of the café were no less surprised at the answer of the slave than at the question of his master.

Then a Brahmin, shrugging his shoulders, said to the negro, "Poor fool! How, then! do you

carry your God in your waist-belt? Learn that there is no other God than Brahma, who has created the world, and whose temples are on the banks of the Ganges. The Brahmins are his only priests, and have existed under his special protection for 120,000 years, notwithstanding all the revolutions of India."

A Jewish broker then thus spoke in turn: "How can the Brahmins believe that God has no temples but in India, and that he exists only for their caste? There is no other God than that of Abraham, who has no other people than that of Israel. He preserves it, although scattered over all the earth, until he shall reassemble it in Jerusalem, to give it the empire over the nations, when he will there rebuild his temple, formerly the wonder of the universe."

And, having spoken, the Israelite wept. He would have resumed, but a blue-frocked Italian replied to him, angrily: "You make God unjust, saying that he loves only the people of Israel. He has rejected it for more than seventeen hundred years, as you may judge by its dispersion. He now calls all men into the Roman church, out of which there is no salvation."

A Protestant minister from the Danish mission of Fringuebar answered the Catholic missionary, turning pale as he spoke: "How can you restrict the salvation of men to your idolatrous communion? Learn that none will be saved except those who, according to the gospel, adore God in spirit and in truth, under the laws of Jesus."

Then a Turkish officer of the custom-house of Surat, who was smoking his pipe, thus gravely addressed the two Christians:

"Fathers, how can you limit the knowledge of God to your churches? The law of Jesus has been annulled since the advent of Mahomet, the Paraclete predicted by Jesus himself, the Word



of God. Your religion still subsists only in a few kingdoms, and ours has risen on its ruins in the most beautiful portion of Europe, of Africa, of Asia, and their islands. It is now seated on the throne of the Mogul, and spreads even into China, that country of intelligence. You yourselves recognise the reprobation of the Jews by their humiliation; acknowledge, then, the mission of the prophet by his victories. The friends only of Mahomet and of Omar will be saved; as for those of Ali, they are infidels."

At these words, the Seide, who was of Persia, where the people follow the sect of Ali, began to smile; but a great quarrel arose in the café, because of all the foreigners, who were of different religions, and among whom there were also Abyssinian Christians, Cophtes, Tartar worshippers of the Grand Lama, Ishmaelite Arabs, and Guebres, or fire-worshippers, all disputed upon the nature of God and his worship, each upholding the religion of his own country for the true and only one. There was present, however, a learned Chinese disciple of Confucius, who was travelling to acquire knowledge. He was in a corner of the café, taking tea, listening to all, and saying not a word. The Turkish custom-house officer addressed him in a loud voice,

"Good Sir Chinese, you keep silence well; you know that many religions have penetrated into China. Merchants of your country, who have needed my services here, have told me so, assuring me that Mahomet's was the best of them. Will you, like them, render justice to the truth? What think you of God, and of the religion of his prophet?"

There was then complete silence in the café. The disciple of Confucius, drawing his hands within the large sleeves of his gown, and crossing them upon his breast, collected himself, and replied, in a mild and measured voice,

"Gentlemen, if I may be permitted to say it, it is Pride which, in all things, prevents men from agreeing; if you have the patience to listen to me, I will cite you an example which lies still fresh in my memory.

"When I left China to come to Surat, I embarked upon an English vessel, which made the tour of the world. On our road, we cast anchor on the eastern coast of Sumatra. About noon, having landed with several of our people, we were seated upon the sea-beach, near a little village, under the cocoa-nut trees, in whose shade several men of different countries were resting. There came along a blind man, who had lost his sight by looking at the Sun. He had had the foolish ambition to understand its nature, so that he might appropriate to himself its light. He had tried all the resources of optics, of chemistry, and even of necromancy, to enclose one of its beams in a bottle; not having been able to compass it, he said, 'The light of the sun is not a fluid, for it cannot be agitated by the wind; it is not a solid, for no pieces can be detached from it; it is not a fire, for it is not extinguished in water; it is not a spirit, since it is visible; it is not a body, for it cannot be handled; it is not even a motion, since it does not agitate the lightest bodies: it is, then, nothing at all.'

"Finally, by dint of looking at the Sun, and reasoning about its light, he had lost his eyes, and, what is worse, his reason. He believed that it was not his sight but the Sun which no longer

existed in the universe. He was led about by a negro, who, having seated his master in the shade of the cocoa-nut tree, picked up one of the nuts, and began to make a lantern with its shell, a wick with its fibre, and to press from the nut a little oil to put into his lamp. While the negro was thus busied, the blind man said to him with a sigh,

"There is, then, no more light in the world!"

"Sun shine," replied the negro.

"What is the Sun?" said the blind man.

"Me can't tell," answered the African. "Nigger only know he must go work when de Sun rise, and when he set, nigger rest. I lub my lamp de best, 'cause he light me in my cabin; couldn't wait on massa in de night widout him." Then showing his little cocoanut-lamp, he said, 'Here be my Sun.'

"At this time, a man of the village, hobbling up on crutches, began to laugh, and supposing that the blind man was born blind, he said to him: 'The Sun is a ball of fire, that rises every day from the sea, and sets every evening in the west among the mountains of Sumatra. You would see this yourself, as well as the rest of us, if you enjoyed the gift of sight.'

"A fisherman then answered the cripple: 'It is clear that you have never been out of your village. If you had legs, and could have gone round the island of Sumatra, you would know that the Sun does not set in its mountains; but it rises every morning from the seas, and returns into them every evening to cool itself, as I see every day along the coast.'

"A native Hindostan then said to the fisherman: 'How can a man with common sense believe that the Sun is a ball of fire, and that it comes out of the sea and returns into the sea every day without being extinguished? Learn that the Sun is a God of my country; that he passes through the heavens every day on a chariot, turning around the golden mountain of Merouwa; that when he is eclipsed, he is swallowed up by the Serpents Ragou and Ketou, from whom he is delivered only by the prayers of the Hindoos, on the banks of the Ganges.'

"It is a very foolish pride in a native of Sumatra to believe that he shines only on the horizon of his island. Such a notion could only enter the head of a man who had never sailed in anything bigger than a canoe.'

"A Lascar patron of a trading vessel which lay at anchor, then spoke in turn as follows:

"It is a still more foolish ambition to believe that the Sun prefers India to all the countries of the world. I have sailed in the Red Sea, on the coasts of Arabia, Madagascar, the Moluccas, and the Philippine Islands: the Sun shines on all these countries as well as on India. It does not turn round a mountain, but it rises in the isles of Japan, which, for this reason, are called Jepon or Gue puen, birth of the Sun; and it sets far to the West, behind the isles of Great Britain. Of this I am very sure, for I remember, when a child, to have heard my grandfather say so, and he had travelled to the very ends of the sea.'

"He would have continued, when an English sailor of our company interrupted him, saying:—

"There is no country where the course of the Sun is better known than in England: learn, then, that it neither rises nor sets anywhere; it turns

round the world without stopping; and I am quite certain of this, for we also have just done the same thing, and we have met with it everywhere."

"Then, taking a switch from the hands of one of his auditors, he traced a circle in the sand, trying to explain to them the course of the Sun from one tropic to the other, but failing in this, he took to witness the pilot of his vessel for the truth of his assertions. This pilot was a wise man, who had heard the whole dispute without saying a word, but when he saw that all the audience were silent to listen, he spoke out, and said to them:

"Each of you deceives the others, and is deceived himself. The Sun does not turn round the earth, but it is the earth which turns round him, presenting to him, by turns, in twenty-four hours, the isles of Japan, the Philippines, the Moluccas, Sumatra, Africa, Europe, England, and many other countries. The Sun does not shine only for one mountain, one island, one horizon, one sea, nor even for the whole earth alone; but he is in the centre of our universe, whence he enlightens at once many other planets, which, like the earth, turn round him, and some of which are much larger than the earth, and much more distant from the Sun. Such, among others, is Saturn, of 30,000 leagues in diameter, and which is 285,000,000 leagues distant from him. I speak not of moons, which reflect the sunlight on distant planets, and which are in good number. Each of you might get an idea of these truths, if he would only upturn his eyes to the heavens at night, and if he had not the pride of believing that the Sun only shines for his own country."

"Thus, to the great astonishment of his audience, spoke the pilot who had sailed round the world, and also observed the heavens.

"It is the same," added the disciple of Confucius, "with God as with the Sun. Every man thinks he has him all to himself, in his chapel, or, at least, in his country. Every people think

to shut Him up in its temples, whom the entire universe cannot enclose. Is there, however, any temple comparable to that which God himself has raised to assemble all men in the same communion? All the temples of the world are but built in imitation of that of Nature. We find in most of them lavers or basins of holy water, columns, vaults, lamps, statues, inscriptions, books of the law, sacrifices, altars, and priests. But in what temple is there a water of blessing so vast as the Sea which is not enclosed in a shell? columns so beautiful as the forest trees, or those orchards loaded with fruits? a vault so lofty as the sky, and a lamp so brilliant as the Sun? where shall we see statues as interesting as so many sensitive beings, who love each other, help each other, and converse? inscriptions so intelligible or more religious than the very benefits of Nature? a book of the law so universal as the love of God founded on our gratitude, and the love of our fellows on our own interests? sacrifices more touching than those of our praises to Him who has given us everything, and of our passions for those with whom we ought to share everything? finally, an altar so holy as the heart of the good man, of whom God himself is the priest? Thus, the further man shall extend the power of God, the nearer he will come to the knowledge of Him; and the more indulgence he shall have for men, the more he will imitate his goodness. Let him, then, who enjoys the light of God diffused through the whole universe, despise not the superstitious, who sees but one little beam through his idol, nor even the atheist, who is entirely deprived of it, lest in punishment of his pride it should happen to him as to that philosopher who, wishing to appropriate the light of the Sun, became blind and found himself reduced to employ the lantern of a negro to conduct his steps."

Thus spoke the disciple of Confucius; and all the guests of the coffee-house who had been disputing about the excellence of their religions remained perfectly silent.

## HUNGARIAN WAR-SONG.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

Ho! light-limbed mountaineer!  
Ho! burgher of the town!  
Arise, with sword and spear,  
Nor fear a tyrant's frown.  
Ho! speed ye forth, and lead ye forth  
Your coursers to the field,  
And fail ye not, and quail ye not:  
Die, die! but never yield!

You say your hearts are true  
As the manly hearts of old,  
Who with panting ardour flew  
To the muster of the bold:  
Why weep ye, then, why sleep ye, then,  
Oh, ye of little faith?  
Why move ye not? why prove ye not  
That slaves can laugh at death?

Whence is the strength of waves?  
In Unity, alone!  
Their might is seen in caves,—  
They write their power on stone;

Awake ye, then, and take ye, then,  
Its secret from the sea;  
United, then, self-righted, then,  
You must, you *shall*, be free!

The zephyr's breath is sweet  
To maiden in her bower;  
But when the zephyrs meet,  
The STORM-WIND has power;  
So greet ye, then, so meet ye, then,  
Like gentle airs in June;  
So sigh ye then, and sigh ye, then,  
A tempest will burst soon.

Vesuvius' mount for years  
Will treasure up its ire,  
But, when its *hour* appears,  
It bursts in ruin dire;  
So keep ye, then, so heap ye, then,  
The scathing coals of wrong,  
Till TIME it is (no crime it is)  
To crush the guilty strong.



## RHEIN-WEIN—FLAGON THIRD.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

### THE SERPENT LADY.

EHRENBREITSTEIN stands alone, where, fed by twice a thousand rills, Slowly toward the distant sea the Rhine winds bluely through the hills.	And he thinks how still within them, in a fairy palace, sleeps The enchanted Serpent Lady, who for ever dreams and weeps;—
Like an eagle on his eyry stands the sentry on its wall, Looking where the smoke curls upward from the little town of Thal.	Weeps and dreams of him who, sometime in the circles of the years, Shall explore their craggy caverns and with kisses dry her tears.
Day by day he sees the vessels spread and fold their snowy wings, Where at night the Siren, Lurlei, by her whirl- pool sits and sings.	"All the world is mad with Progress, rushing on with iron wheels, While the Old Time lies behind it, sleeping corpse-like at its heels."
From the parapet he gazes, trolling many a Ger- man rhyme, Full as summer flowers of fragrance of the faded feudal time.	So the musing sentry murmurs, with his footsteps keeping time To the rise and fall of accents, in the rhythm of his rhyme.
Musing, on the cliffs around him marks he, where, in ruin, stand Castles which like him are warders, gazing downward on the land.	Thus, as on his round he goes, he sings of girlish Polidore, Who had walked those walls before him in the golden years of yore.
There, among the cliffs, in fancy, many a plump of spears he sees— Flowing feathers, flashing helmets, gleaming through the leafy trees.	Of his lady, Countess Chrimhild, mistress of those royal halls; Who was proud and tall and stately, and as stony as their walls.
Time by time he turns his head and listens, with uplifted eyes, Drinking strains from charmed clarions dropping swooning from the skies.	Who, though dwelling always fondly on her page's azure eyes, Yellow hair and ruddy cheeks, still swore to make no sacrifice.
All the ancient Realm of Fancy,—Cobold, Gnome, and Goblin, pass Through the galleries of his soul, like shadows on Agrippa's glass.	"For," said she, "am I not queenly? Why should I, whom monarchs seek, Waste my beauty on the lowly, on the feeble, or the weak?"
Then, if he be young and single, bold, adventur- ous and brave, Dreams he of the Serpent Lady, weeping in her living grave;—	So, with swelling breast she bade him, and averted, trembling eyes, Win and wear her, if he loved her, by his deeds of bold emprise.
Weeping, fettered by enchantment, to be won— O, that were bliss, Even amid the encircling horror, by a loving, tremulous kiss.	"I love thee," quoth she, "right frankly, I con- fess, but none shall see Chrimhild wed, unless her lover standeth in her own degree.
"Ah," quoth he, in tones of sorrow, "would the old, romantic days, Once again might shed their sunlight on our mod- ern, marshy ways!	"You are knightly, you are noble; he who seeks may conquer fame; I will never wed a sluggard; I will never shame my name!"
"In the splendour of their presence, in the lustre of their eyes, We would clasp the Beautiful in Joseph's coat of many dyes."	Polidore remained in silence gazing on her as she strode, Coldly and imperially, through her tapestried abode.
And he gazes, sadly sighing, downward on the rocks below; Where the river throbs and pulses, like a heart, with many a throe.	And his eye flashed like a meteor, and his step fell on the ground, With the certainty of manhood in its resonance of sound.

It was in the hush of twilight—heaven and earth  
and air were still—

When the humbled page descended, cliff by cliff,  
the craggy hill.

Overhead the swarthy castle stood in silence in  
the moon,

Which was full and round and amber, as it is in  
nights of June.

Silent round him lay the forest, save when the  
sepulchral owl

With its funereal hoot responded to the wehr-  
wolf's howl.

As he stood and marked the echos gloomy as a  
funeral urn,

Silently a form arose before him in the feathered  
fern.

"So, Sir Page," quoth it, "your Countess treats  
your love with queenly scorn;

I can help you to a rarer and a richer ere the  
morn.

"One to whom the queenly Chrimhild is a pebble  
to a gem;

Who can raise you, if you win her, to an Em-  
peror's diadem.

"Have you fervour? Have you courage? He  
will need them both, I trow,

Who would seek the Serpent Lady under Ehren-  
breitstein's brow!"

Polidore had heard the legend: flame was in his  
heart and brain:

If she loved, she had refused him,—driven him  
from her with disdain.

And he gazed upon the stranger, anger, mingled  
with surprise,

Palely pictured, as he marked him, in his fixed  
and wondering eyes.

"Are you man, or are you devil? Would you  
make my soul your prey?"

Quoth the Page, at length reviving from his won-  
der and dismay.

"Neither," said the stately stranger, and his shaggy  
eyebrows lowered;

"But I waste my time in mummery; I am talk-  
ing to a coward."

"Nay, not so," the Page responded, indignation in  
his eye;

"Take my scorn, discourteous ruffian; in your  
teeth I throw the lie!"

"Ha, so brave, Sir Page!" the stranger, with a  
meaning glance, replied;

"I am one who is not wont to be insulted or  
defied.

"But I bear no malice. Passion, boy, is born of  
youth,

And is its fault; but, in amends, it gives us con-  
stancy and truth.

"Come with me, and I will guide you, where,  
though many men have been,

None, except in senseless ravings, ever breathed  
what they had seen."

"Lead me to the lady's rescue: I will break her  
chains, or die;

Better death than live to meet the constant scorn  
of Chrimhild's eye,"

Quoth the Page. The stranger answered, "Will  
is almost always Power.

He will conquer who, with courage, strength, and  
faith, doth his devoir."

Through the forest, while the owl with wild "tu-  
whoos" alarmed the night,

Polidore walked boldly on, though trembling still  
with vague affright.

Suddenly, his guide stood still: above him, stretch-  
ing toward the skies,

Polidore beheld, before him, Ehrenbreitstein's  
cliffs arise.

"Keep you still your dangerous purpose?" quoth  
the stranger, with a sneer.

Polidore replied, in anger, "Manhood never  
dreams of fear."

Many times the Page had wandered by the spot  
where now he stood,

Gazing upwards on the castle, sideways on the  
silver flood.

Now, before him, rose a portal, hewn from out  
the granite rock,

Quaintly, Gothically carven, bound with many an  
ancient lock.

On it hung a silver clarion, with this motto, "He  
must sound

Thrice on this, who seeks to pass the portals of  
enchanted ground."

All was real, and the Page a moment paused,  
with, as he stood,

Many curious surmises eddying slowly through  
his blood.

But a second: in the next, the magic horn was in  
his hand,

And the echos of its music made a wonder in  
the land.

Chrimhild, in her chamber, heard its sound, and  
trembled with affright

In the darkness, and the silence, and the terror  
of the night.

And she crouched upon her pillow, all her limbs,  
like ice, with dread,

With a vague, uncertain tremor, creeping coldly  
through the bed.

Straightway, silently as death, the ponderous  
valves rolled slowly back:

Far before him spread a passage, tall, Titanic,  
wide, and black.

In the distance shone a glimmer, which, per-  
chance, he thought a star,

Leading him, with pallid lustre, to an icy grave  
afar.

"Enter," said the stranger, sternly, "and whate'er  
may chance to be,

Fear not; nought hath power to harm you; turn  
not, whatsoe'er you see."



Slowly through the gloom he wandered, whispers  
trembling in his ears,  
Sneers of scorn, and mocking voices, clash of  
swords, and clang of spears.

But the Page strode boldly onwards, with a  
sternly martial tread,—  
Chest expanded, eye dilated, lip compressed, and  
haughty head.

Finally, he reached a doorway, opening on a  
palace hall,  
Carpeted with cloth of gold, and tapestried from  
wall to wall.

There, before him, on a couch, in a chamber, such  
as seems  
The golden glory of the Future in impassioned  
boyhood's dreams;

Fairer than Romance had painted; brighter-hued  
than Fancy draws  
In the word-woofs of the Poet, struggling for the  
world's applause,

Sat a fairer, lovelier lady. Chrimhild by her  
seemed a Moor.  
What, to win so rich a treasure, would not mortal  
man endure?

Polidore was blind as marble, in the vivid rose-  
hued light,  
And his brain was drunk with odours, and his  
mind was like his sight.

Soon she spoke, "Oh, gentle stranger, many, many  
weary years  
Have I slumbered in these caverns, with no  
friends except my tears.

"Have you, have you come to free me?" (holding  
out her finger-tips.)

"Press but thrice a passionate kiss upon these  
pallid, purple lips,

"I will love you,—will obey you. All you gaze  
upon is mine:  
Wealth untold, is glowing round you; that, and  
I, and power, are thine."

Polidore rushed madly forward, and would have  
at once embraced  
Loveliness he never had dreamed of, when he  
saw that from her waist

Downward, streaming through the chamber far  
away, in emerald coils  
Was a serpent's slimy body, and he felt him in  
her toils.

All his sudden love passed from him, while the  
lady, with surprise,  
Gazed with wonder, and with terror, at the hor-  
ror in his eyes.

"Polidore," (she knew his name) "why, why do  
you look on me so?

I am fairer than your Chrimhild: pause, oh,  
pause before you go.

"Press three kisses on my lips, nor heed what I  
shall say or do:

Fear not, let no doubt assail you; to yourself and  
love be true."

Polidore sprang once more forward, and his  
earnest arm embraced,  
While he kissed her fragrant mouth, the emerald  
of the serpent waist.

With her eyes and face convulsed, she struck  
him with her clenched hand,  
And bade him from her, rudely speaking words  
of resolute command.

And she coiled her body round him, while from  
roof, and floor, and wall,  
Hideous shapes struck terror through him, horror  
held his soul in thrall.

Gibes, and jeers, and scoffs assailed him, but re-  
membering, he sips  
Twice, despite her seeming anger, nectar from  
her dewy lips.

Horror! what a change was there! the lady's  
lovely face was gone;  
It was a serpent's awful, spectral, hideous head,  
he looked upon.

Closer still, the lady clasped him, for it was the  
lady still;  
Kiss the serpent's lips he could not; Fear at  
length had conquered Will.

Thrusting the huge monster from him, tremblingly  
he turned and fled,  
Brain and heart convulsed alike, with the extreme  
of deathly dread.

But he paused upon the threshold, glancing, as he  
hastened, where  
Heart, and sense, and soul, had suffered so much  
of confirmed despair.

There an iron hand retained him; he could nei-  
ther speak nor stir;  
There was but the lovely lady; there was nothing  
else but her.

She was lovelier than the angels, when they sing  
in choirs, to Him  
Who made the world in all its beauty,—Cherubim  
and Seraphim.

Brow to foot, no fairer being ever shone on mortal  
vision;  
She was woman,—Eve,—the Fairest, ere Love  
made her less Elysian.

Though her eyes grew dark with anger, still her  
beauty reigned supreme:  
The Page, but for the hand which held him,  
seemed the plaything of a dream.

Polidore would fain have turned, but the hand  
compelled him forth:  
He stood again beside the Rhine, upon his native  
German earth.

And a voice was in his ears: "Henceforth dream  
evermore of me;

In the world of mortal beauty, thou hast ceased,  
alas, to be.

"All thy thoughts shall flow unto me, and man-  
kind shall turn with scorn

From the ravings of a being so degraded and  
forlorn."

"Said I not, it needed courage?" quoth his guide;  
 "it does, I trow,  
 In those who seek the Serpent Lady under Ehren-  
 breitbartstein's brow."

Swiftly rushed the Page away; but swifter, wilder  
 still, came after,  
 Mocking words, and shouts of scorn, and terribly  
 discordant laughter.

After many days had passed, after searches far  
 and wide,  
 They found the Page, a senseless maniac, by the  
 river's silver tide.

And they bore him unto Chrimhild, who in an-  
 guish drooped her head,

And nursed him with undying love, until he  
 slumbered with the dead.

When, in penance for the past, she left her castle's  
 kingly halls,  
 And hid her golden head for ever, in a convent's  
 gloomy walls.

So the watchful sentry sang, on Ehrenbreitbartstein's  
 mossy wall,  
 Gazing downward on the river, and the little  
 town of Thal.

Walking forward, turning backward, with his  
 footsteps keeping time  
 To the rise and fall of accents, in the rhythm of  
 his rhyme.

## THE LIGHT BOY OF SHADOW-LAND.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

ABOUT a little boy who lost his shadow.

Somewhere in the world, but I can hardly tell you exactly where, is a great country, called Shadow-Land. It is much like the country in which we live; indeed, many people think it the same; but a cloud hangs over it day and night, and all its inhabitants live in darkness. Old or young, it matters not, none are without shadows; and so early are the shadows attached to many, they are thought to be born with them. This, however, I think a little doubtful. They are not at all like our shadows; for ours often leave us, or, remaining, render themselves invisible, while those are present at all times, and in all places. Nor are they always proportionate to the size of the people in Shadow-Land; for many a large man has a small shadow, and many a small man a large one. And most men possess the power of making them larger or smaller, just as they please. And some, not content with their own, attach themselves unto those of others, and compel others to attach themselves unto theirs; whereby many brows are clouded and wrinkled, and many eyes are filled with tears. And now and then one more powerful than the rest rises, and darkens the whole country; and nations arm themselves, and battle in his cause, and cities are laid in ashes, and lands are pillaged and wasted, and thousands weep over graves which would not have been dug in years to come but for him, and his shadow. And he is called "Great" because of it, and his memory is handed down from generation to generation, in books written by learned men, who make the histories of Shadow-Land.

So much for the country and its inhabitants. And now for the story of the boy who lost his shadow.

Thus, then, to begin.

Once in Shadow-Land was a little boy, called the Light Boy. You are all, I know, wondering why he was called so, and whether that was his real name. Not to keep you in suspense, then, I must tell you at once that it was not. What his name was, however, I have forgotten,—if, indeed, I ever knew. He was called the Light Boy,

partly to distinguish him from his brothers and sisters, who were as swarthy as gipsies, and partly in derision by those whose shadows were darker than his; for his shadow never wholly left him, until the Spirit came to him. But of that by-and-by. He was a strange child was little Luminous (so we will call him hereafter), but as beautiful as a prince in a fairy story. His complexion was as white as a lily before anything has soiled it; his hair was like a shower of sunbeams; and his eyes were as blue as the illimitable heavens, and seemingly as deep; for you might gaze and gaze into their lucid depths, without ever being able to fathom them, or see the last of his thoughts rising there, one by one, like the stars at twilight from the sea. His father and mother were both ugly and deformed, with beetle brows, long, black hair, and evil, black eyes; and his brothers and sisters were as like them as could be. So, you see, his beauty did not come to him by descent, but because some fairy blessed him at his birth, and the good God willed it so.

From infancy, he was wedded to things of light. The rude cradle in which he lay when a babe was filled with brightness:—whether from his hair, which even then hung down his neck in golden ringlets, or from some supernatural cause, no one could say; but so it was; and his parents marvelled thereat. But, instead of looking upon it as something beautiful and commendable, they turned away from it, and thought how they might get rid of it, and how they might make his shadow as dark as their own. For, in common with the inhabitants of Shadow-Land, they loved darkness rather than light, and looked upon those who were brighter than they with contempt and hatred. So they neglected no means in their power to bedim little Luminous, and give him a dark shadow. And they sometimes succeeded in doing it; for they clipped off his beautiful ringlets as fast as they grew, and kept him shut up in a dark room the greater part of his time. And his brothers and sisters called him ill names, and pinched him, and beat him, till he grew peevish and fretful, and when



his father was in ill-humour,—which, I am sorry to say, was very often,—he used to smite him to the floor, as if he had been a log, instead of a tender and good little child.

His brothers and sisters, as I said, teased him, and made him unhappy; and when he was large enough to go out of doors, he found the neighbour children ready to do the same. He could not walk down the street in which his parents lived without having the boys pointing after him, and shouting—"Light Boy! Light Boy!" and having stones or snow-balls thrown at him. He generally went on his way and paid no attention, but thought about his lesson, if he was going to school, or about his errand, if he was sent on one. And then his shadow grew less.

But there were times when they called him names that he turned and called them names, and when they stoned him for it, he turned again and stoned them. And then his shadow grew more.

But this was not often; for his temper was easy and mild, and he was a very good boy with all his faults. "And after all," thought he, "what does it matter if they do call me a few hard names, or throw a few stones at me? If I get through the world and suffer nothing worse, I shall do well. Besides, when we do not wrong those who wrong us, we leave them nothing to do; for they soon grow tired of repeating old affronts, and wait for us to give them cause for new ones, which not finding, their better nature at last prevails, and they begin to respect and like us, for the forbearance and forgiveness we have shown." So said the child, in the simplicity and beauty of his heart, and so it happened; for the boys who persecuted him soon became his friends, and loved him because he first loved them. And then their shadows grew less.

Then they went together away into the green woods and played, and told fairy stories; and among other things he told them that he was trying to get rid of his shadow, and they wondered how it was to be done, and how he would look when it was gone.

That shadow of his was always in his mind. When a mere child the sight of it made him afraid; for it seemed to him a demon that tracked and dogged his footsteps everywhere. As he grew older it became a cause of settled grief and melancholy. One day he asked his mother how he could get rid of it, and why she did not get rid of her own. This question she could not answer, for she had never before thought of it. "Get rid of her shadow, indeed! As if she had any more than was becoming and necessary! But even if she should get rid of it, what good would come of it, and what would his father and the rest of the folks say of her? They were in Shadow-Land," she said, "and must do as the Shadow-Landers did!" So, she did as they do on such occasions, and gave little Luminous a sound box on the ear, and told him never to trouble her with such questions again, or she would give him to the Dark Man who came for bad children. And he held his peace, and tried to forget his shadow, but could not.

He was a simple and earnest child, and asked the meaning of everything he did not understand; but his first and last question was always—How can I get rid of my shadow?—or, as he expressed it—How can I leave off my darkness? (This, as

I said before, caused him to be called the Light Boy.) He was generally put off with vague and careless answers, and told there was time enough to think of such things when he grew up to be a tall man. But this did not satisfy him; for he could not understand why little boys should be kept in darkness and ignorance. Nor can I understand why either.

One day he met an old man with a long white beard, and asked him his usual question—How can I get rid of my shadow? and the old man answered him, and told him to hearken to a little Voice, and his shadow would in time leave him. Then he wondered how and where he should hear the little Voice, and talked about it as much as he had before talked about the shadow. He did not know that he had been hearkening to it ever since he was born. For the little Voice the old man spoke of, speaks to us all from the depth and beauty of our hearts, and from everything in the world around us. It is a still small Voice; softer than silence, softer than thought; but it can make itself heard above the roar of seas, and the shout of tempests; and it rises above all the voices of the heart be they never so loud, and sweet, clear, solemn, and beautiful, as the Voice of the good God himself. There is no escaping that little Voice. It speaks to us all day long, though we may affect to stifle it, and may cease to heed its counsels; and at night when we are fast asleep, it speaks to us still, and communes with the angels, who are nearer than at other times, and unfolds to them all that we have done through the day; and the angels commune with it in return, and unfold to it what it must counsel us, and what we should do on the morrow. And on the morrow it continues its beautiful song, which is the very breath of our existence. But of this little Luminous knew nothing, and it troubled him.

Some time after his meeting with the old man, a poor old widow, who lived near his father's house, gave him a book which taught him how to get rid of his troublesome shadow. It was an old book, covered with dust and mould. Many of its leaves were wanting, and many that remained were ragged and torn, and blotted in many places. It was a book of Laws for Shadow-Land. Some people thought it the work of the good God; others the work of men like themselves. Some read it with fear and joy, others read, but affected to despise it, and others, again, neglected it altogether. There was in Shadow-Land a class of men in black robes, whose business it was to expound it at stated seasons. But they differed among themselves so much about the meaning of certain little passages in it, and called each other so many hard names for so doing, that it was somewhat doubtful whether they or those who listened to them were much benefitted by it. For, above all others, that book engenders kindness and charity, and its first and greatest precept and command is love; always love. It must be read with a loving heart, and all its obscure passages will become plain, and all its darkness light. With such a heart little Luminous read it, and it became as clear and bright, every word of it, as if it had been written with sunbeams. And as he read, he pondered much in his mind on the good God from whom it was said to have come, and the good God seemed to help him understand it, and to give him light

from the Light-Land itself. And his shadow grew less and less.

Here you interrupt me, and ask me how it was possible for a shadow to grow less, or more, as I have told you that that of little Luminous did, once or twice before. But this I am not able to explain. I only know that it did so from day to day. The rest of the matter is a profound mystery, nor am I quite certain that I would have it otherwise if I could: for if we could all understand it, it would not charm us half so much; besides, this would be no real fairy tale then, which it is now, every word of it. So you must ask me no more questions about the shadow, but believe all I have told you, and open your eyes and ears for all that is to come. And now let us go back to the thread of the story, and learn what became of little Luminous, and the old book.

He told his brothers and sisters and the neighbour children about that old book; and when they went together, as was their custom on holidays, away into the green woods, he took it with him, and read to them about the good God, who lived, the book said, in a golden palace far above the sailing white clouds, away and away in the illimitable measureless heavens, farther than they could think. And they listened to him with wonder and joy. And their shadows grew less.

Then he read about Shadow-Land, and how that once, in the old, old time, it was a bright and beautiful garden, the like of which was never before, or since beheld, anywhere in the wide world. For the flowers there were lovelier than our flowers are, and the fruits were sweeter than our fruits; and neither ever faded, or fell from their stalks; and when, by any chance, one was plucked, another grew in its place instantly. And there was no winter there, he read, but always summer. And no fog, nor rain, nor snow; only shining mists and showers, and the softest of silver dews. And there, over sands of gold, ran four crystal rivers, east, west, north, and south. And gold and silver fish swam therein; and beautiful shells, rosy, and purple, and star-like, were strewn along their winding banks, which were grassy down to the water's edge. And beautiful birds with wings like rainbows, and tufts of golden feathers on their heads, flew from tree to tree, and sung delightful songs, and talked to the moths and butterflies in the air above them, and to the flowers and grass on the earth below: For the grass and flowers, and the butterflies and moths, and all other things that live, and grow, possessed the faculty of speech, and talked to each other then, as only men do now.

And in the midst of that bright and beautiful garden, he still read, grew a wonderful Tree, whose roots pierced down into the heart of the earth, and whose branches were lifted into the very heavens. Indeed, so high did the topmost branch of all grow, and so star-like were the fruits thereon, it was hard to distinguish and separate them from the stars, which might then be seen in the sky all day long. But day or night made little difference there. It was never dark. When the sun set, the moon rose; when the moon set, the stars shone in myriads; and could the stars have been clouded over, as they sometimes are now,—but they never were then,—the very clouds themselves would have shone in their stead. For the clouds, we are told, were the tents of angels, who watched over the world from the blue space of

air, and baptized it at morn and even. And, furthermore, that the angels frequently descended on ladders of gold, and walked in shining raiments up and down that bright and beautiful garden!

Oh it was a rare, rare place! and it was always bright, and shadows were never known in it; never, until its inhabitants disobeyed the good God. But one day they disobeyed his commandments, and the light shrank away from their embraces, and darkness settled in its place, and the first shadow was born.

When they saw it they were affrighted, and fled into the groves, and hid themselves: but the shadow tracked them there, and the trees around began to have shadows too; and the flowers drooped, and the fruit withered, and the garden itself began to grow dim and unlovely, glimmering, and melting away, like a landscape in evening mist. And they were still more affrighted, and wept. And then the second shadow was born.

"Then a stern but sad angel," still read little Luminous, "the last that they ever beheld, came to them from out a gathering black cloud, and took them by the hand, and drew them from their hiding-place, and urged them down the walks of the fading garden, until they reached its outer gate. Then he pushed them across its threshold into the darkening world beyond, and disappeared in the cloud again; and the cloud grew larger and larger, and darker and darker, until it blotted out the site of the garden and overshadowed the whole world. And they groped about in the darkness, and their eyes were blinded with tears. And from that day to this neither they nor their descendants were ever able to find the garden again, nor to see the angels who walked therein in the old, old time. For the golden ladders by which they descended from the clouds are broken, and the clouds themselves are no longer their tents. For nothing dwells in their dark skirts now, save the Fog and Rain, the Snow and Sleet,

'And the great Tempest is his midnight car,  
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh.'

All else is gone; and the garden has disappeared, and the country in which it stood is now called Shadow-Land, and all its inhabitants have shadows."

Thus read little Luminous, and his playmates listened eagerly: and his brothers and sisters loved him, and his parents grew kind and gentle. For they no longer beat and scolded him, as when he was a babe, but lifted him tenderly on their knees, and smoothed his beautiful ringlets. Nor they alone, but the very insects and animals loved him, and became his friends and playmates. The birds came at his call, and perched upon his shoulder, and sung to him; and he understood what they sung, even the very meaning thereof, as perfectly as they did themselves; and they understood what he sang in return. And the squat ugly toads with rusty spotted backs, and the grim looking spiders with huge bodies, and the beetles with their long legs, all came, and talked to him in the toad, spider, and beetle language; and he understood them as well as he did the birds. And serpents crawled from their holes, to be caressed by his pure white hands; and innumerable insects and reptiles that were harmful to others, became harmless to him. And even the deaf crested adders, the most noxious things in the world, loved him, and grew as in-



nocent and beautiful in his eyes as the very fairies. And he saw the fairies likewise; and they, you may be sure, said many things to him, and he said many things to them in return, and loved them dearly: for the good God binds the fairies unto the hearts of all good children with a beautiful golden cord.

He was so light of foot, that he hardly crushed the flowers he happened to tread upon. And when he did crush them, they died not as soon as when crushed by other feet, but slowly, slowly, as if death were pleasant. And their odours were as sweet as the hymns and prayers of a dying saint. And he understood what they meant, and told his playmates that they were hymns and prayers; and that the flowers, the common, wayside flowers, were the only saints left living in the wide, wide world. And where no flowers were growing,—as on barren moors and bleak hillsides, where the north winds marched,—let him but walk there and they were sure to grow afterwards, wherever his feet had trod. And ugly and ill-scented weeds changed, or seemed to change themselves into flowers, as he passed them. And everything unlovely grew beautiful in his light. And his shadow grew less and less.

But there were times when the flowers were changed into weeds, and the weeds into brambles and briars, which pricked him with their sharp fingers. And the serpents hissed, and the beetles and spiders and toads ran at him spitefully, and the fairies pinched him, and the birds pecked him with their long, thin bills, or sung the saddest of songs over him, on the tip-top boughs of the tallest trees. But this was only when his shadow was darker than usual, and it troubled him exceedingly.

So he lived from day to day, and from year to year, half-bright, and half-dark: like a star between the night and morning; but nearest to the morning.

In poring over the old book, which told him how to get rid of his shadow, he came across an account of a certain country called the Light-Land, the most beautiful country in the world. You may guess how beautiful it is, when I tell you that its walls are solid gold, its gates solid pearl, and its foundation one immense and entire rock of crystal, studded with all manner of precious stones. It is made up of plains and valleys, mountains and continents, rivers and seas, just like the world itself; but they are much too beautiful to be described, or ever imagined, even by the finest poet. And there is never any winter there, but always summer; and never any night, but always day, always light,—from whence comes its name. And all its inhabitants are angels: and there is no shadow there, neither can there be, for there dwells the good God.

Yes, little Luminous read of all this in the old book, and his heart was filled with rapture; and he became more curious than ever; for, whereas, he had before only asked how he might get rid of his shadow, or when he should hear the little Voice, he now added, "And where, where is the Light-Land?" He asked his father and mother; but they were not able to answer him. Then, he asked the old man who had told him of the little Voice, and he told him to hearken to the little Voice again; and he hearkened to it again, but it told him nothing that he could understand. Then he went to the widow who had given him the

old book, and she told him to read the old book again; and he read it again, and again; but failed to learn from it where the beautiful country lay. Then he went to one of the men in black robes, and questioned him; but he gave him no more information than the others. But, if he could not tell him where the Light-Land was (he thought it was up in the blue sky somewhere), he told him of a Night-Land instead, to which he was in great danger of going. But, of the Light-Land itself, the gentleman in black was profoundly ignorant, and likely to continue so for a very long time. Then little Luminous went to another man in black, and questioned him also, and he also told him of the Night-Land, and of another Shadow-Land in which he would have to remain for a great many ages on his way to the Light-Land, unless he paid him, the gentleman in black, so much money for singing him out of it. But where the Light-Land itself was, he could not begin to guess. He knew, however, that the founder of his order, a rough and tough old fisherman, kept its keys, and gave him and his brethren power to admit or exclude whomsoever they pleased. This, the child could not understand (nor can I either); but he held his peace, and wondered the more. And his shadow grew less and less.

About this time, the good God gave his parents a little girl, to be his sister; but before she had been with them a week, she died, and they laid her in a grave in the old churchyard. This also troubled him; and he asked why they laid her there, and where she went to when they left her alone in the ground. But they could not answer him.

And now he began to have dreams and visions, and the angels came and enlightened him about these things.

And this is what they taught him:—

"There is no Light-Land," said the angels, "nor Shadow-Land, nor Night-Land, as men say, either above, or below, or anywhere in the world, but only in the heart of man, who is all these in himself, and there is no other."

"And those who are laid in graves," said the angels, "go not away, as men say, but walk in their old paths, and love their old friends; only men can not see them any more."

"And the angels themselves," said the angels again, "have not gone from the earth, as men say, but haunt it still, as in the old time; only men can not see them now, because their eyes are stone blind, and because the angels have no shadows."

And they taught him further, the angels did, "that when his shadow was gone, a Spirit would come to him and bear him into the Light-Land." And he rejoiced thereat, and loved the angels. And his shadow grew less and less.

And not only his own shadow, but that which hung over the world, melted away also. And he walked in brightness, as when the morning breaks through a mist. He lived in a mist of light, and saw the angels on every side, and great temples and palaces of crystal and pearl. And the blessed dead, who died in the Lord, walked there with the angels, hand in hand. And the unhappy dead, who died in their shadows, walked there also, perplexed and sad, groping about for the Light, which slowly dawned upon them, as their shadows grew less. And the living were

there, likewise, the brave, noisy world of men, with all their devices and conceits. But they saw not, and guessed not where they were, though the angels led them through green pastures, and beside still waters. And the dead took them by the hand, and spake the old familiar words, and kissed them with loving lips; but they knew it not, though the memory of old times came over them, and their souls thrilled in tears.

Among the dead, little Luminous saw the little girl who was sent on earth to be his sister, and she knew him, and kissed him, and sent her love to her dear father and mother.

And now little Luminous grew familiar with the angels, and learned to know them by sight and name, and their different orders and officers. There was the Angel of the Sun, with a golden shield on his arm; the Angel of the Morning and Evening Star, and the Angels of Sunrise and Sunset, who went before and after the Day in its perpetual journey around the world. And there was the angel of the Dew and Rain, and the Angel of Mist and Snow, and the beautiful Angel of the Flowers, with his hair full of blowing buds; and many more, whom I have not time to tell you about now. And little Luminous loved them all, and they all loved him, and caressed him; all save one, who kept aloof from the child. And he was the most beautiful and spotless, the most dazzling of the shining band; yet the most meek and humble of them all; for his hands were folded on his breast, and his large, melancholy eyes were always uplifted in prayer. To the presence and communion of this Spirit, Luminous could not yet attain, and it grieved his soul

exceedingly, but not long; for he saw that he drew nearer to him day by day, as his shadow lessened; and also that his grievous shadow was almost gone, a little, thin, luminous shade, and nothing more. And his parents saw it likewise, and were likewise aware of the Spirit coming nearer and nearer. And they knew the Spirit, for he it was, who bore away the sister of Luminous. But he did not reveal himself to them as to the child. In their eyes he was stern and terrible, and his mantle was a pall. And he seemed no angel, but a spectre, a ghost, a fleshless, bony skeleton; and they feared him much. But Luminous saw him as he really was, and loved him, and beckoned him from the mist. Nor was it long before he came. And thus it happened. One night, before going to sleep, Luminous knelt down and said his prayers, and while he prayed, his shadow melted away, and when he arose it was gone, entirely gone, and light settled in its place. At that moment the Spirit came, and breathed upon him, and he was in the Light-Land; at once in the Light-Land shadowless and invisible; and his parents saw him no more. But that they might keep him in remembrance, and know what felicity had befallen him, the Spirit left in his stead, in his little bed, a little clay image, with folded hands, and smiling face; like him in everything, even to the least ringlet of his hair. And when they arose in the morning, they saw it sleeping on the child's pillow; but the child himself, little Luminous, the Light Boy of Shadow Land, him they saw not, for he was walking then in the Light-Land, with the beautiful angels, and the good, good God, for ever and evermore!

## I LOOK FOR THEE.

BY L. E. WATROUS.

"I tremble lest the lapse of years  
Has made thee strange unto my eyes;  
And watch more closely, for my fears  
Of Time's disguise."

SARTAIN'S MAG. FOR APRIL.

"Not know thee, my good angel?"—PETRARCH.

Oh no, no, no! it cannot be!  
What lapse of years can work such change?  
No mask can Time prepare for thee,  
To make thee strange.

Though he may touch thine outward form,—  
Though years, disease or sorrow bow;  
Thy noble soul defies all storm;  
The same art thou.

E'en should my eye to darkness turn,  
Still, I should *know* if thou wert nigh;  
My ever-reaching heart would burn,  
Didst thou pass by.

Should I not feel the balmier air?  
And would not warmer glow the sky?

And grot, and flower of perfume rare,  
Proclaim thee nigh?

Can evening fail to know its star?  
And day, the sun that makes the day?  
So, as thou risest from afar,  
I *know* the ray.

Could my good angel's hovering wing  
Sweep o'er me, and I know it not?  
My heart, like harp of waiting string,  
Would vibrate thought.

My yearning heart shall search for thee,  
As eye of eagle seeks the sun;  
My being finds an answering free,  
In thee alone.



## MONTHLY SUMMARY OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

**RECENT GERMAN LITERATURE.**—JOSEPH GEO. MAYR has recently published a work entitled "*Der Mann von Rinn*,"—"The Man of Rinn; or, Joseph Speckbacher, and the Incidents of the War of 1809 in the Tyrol. From historical sources." We are told that "the author of this work possesses two excellent qualifications for the task which he has assumed. As a native Tyrolean, he has an accurate knowledge of his land and countrymen, which he has extended by much industrious travel, and is inspired with a just pride in the warlike deeds for which the Tyrolese distinguished themselves in 1809. In addition to private and written sources, he has contributed much gathered from his own or others' recollections of such individuals as Wintersteller, Oppacher, Ennemoser, Hormayr, and Straub, as well as of many Bavarian officers who fought, under the French flag, against the Tyrol. He gives us a satisfactory and attractive description of Speckbacher, who was the true military genius of the campaign, and by whom the honourable but limited Hofer only apparently played the part of a leader, though he could not, in reality, be spared, owing to his great authority or popularity. But little that is really new is, however, contributed; and we wonder that the Bavarian sources of information, which appear to have been so readily available, were so little used. The style of the work is, on the whole, tolerably simple and free from objection. We say 'on the whole,' for there are certain singular and remarkable intervals in which the author falls into an entirely different tone. He is, as we have already stated, a native Tyrolean, but has for many years been a Bavarian citizen; and, although this double peculiarity generally keeps him in position of praiseworthy neutrality as to both parties, yet there are times when, in speaking of any remarkable battle, he appears, strangely enough, to take an active sympathy with both sides, and he cites in a single breath the brave deeds of each, with the enthusiasm of a partisan. He also passes lightly over the cruel conduct of the Bavarian troops, where the officers, at least, deserve great blame for having opposed so little hindrance, when it was in their power. Herr Mayr has another peculiarity, which occasionally drives his fairly pacing prose into a poetic trot. He appears at times, though unjustly, to imagine that his straightforward narrations are not of themselves attractive enough; and he consequently attempts to beautify them by the quotation of a mass of fragments from German poets;—an attempt which not unfrequently appears inharmonious, even when citing from Schiller,—not to mention King Louis and other poets of lesser fame. When we regard his great knowledge of Schiller, we wonder that it never occurred to him to take a motto from that poet,—Butler's '*Dank vom Hause Oestreich*,' 'Thanks from the House of Austria,'—a sentence which emphatically abridges the entire work."

"*Berlin: A Book for Young and Old Prussians*,"

is the title of a recently-published work. In its descriptions of the public buildings of that city, and its agreeably-depicted historical scenes, the work is said to be truly admirable. "But whether it really is of service to the young Berlinese may be doubted, when we find it asserted that the '*Thiergarten*' is the most beautiful park in Europe, that the Prussians are justly esteemed the first people of Germany, and that every prince of the race of Hohenzollern has ever been all that could be required in fulfilling the duties which his country and age required. In this book, the reciprocal love of prince and people is uniformly insisted on; though we find, a little later, tumult and open war. The year 1848 is not alluded to, in order to preserve the harmony of the work;—a bit of policy reminding us of that intelligent bird, the ostrich, which, by hiding its own head, believes that its entire body is concealed." In the same class we have, also, the fourth volume of "*A History of the Free City of Bremen*," by J. HERM. DUNTZE, and "*Bremen under the French Domination*," by the same author.

"*The Album of the Nuremberg Literary Union*" contains the following interesting articles:—"The Parival of Wolfram von Eschenbach," by J. L. HOFFMAN; "Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'" by WOELFEL; "Goethe's 'Ottile,'" by DR. LOESCH; "Willibald Pirckheimer (the friend of Albert Duerer)," by J. MERZ; "The Monography of Cards," by G. ARNOLD; and poems by DAUMER, EBERSBERGER, FALKNER, FENNIMORE, SIGM. V. HALLER, LOUISE HOFFMANN, KNAPP, OBITSCH, PRIEM, SCHNERR, and WEISS.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN, it would appear, has returned to his first love—the study of German Philology. A recent second edition of his *Reineke Vos*, according to the Lubeck version of 1498, has just made its appearance "with an introduction, remarks, and a dictionary." The reader may remember that an English translation of this work by ROSCOE, was printed many years ago, in the Novelists' Library, under the title, we believe, of "Reynard the Fox." In this recent German edition, a renewed collation with the original is given, with variations from the two first Rostoch impressions. The notes are greatly increased, and the dictionary much improved.

A book bearing the following curious title has recently appeared in Germany. "*The most interesting Tales of Swindlers and Scoundrels of every Age and every Country. A work intended for Psychologists, Pious Individuals, Lawyers, Business Men, and—Thieves.*"

"*The History of Watches*," by GUST. HERTZ, has been published by NICOLAI of Berlin.

Two works have recently been published in Heilbronn, bearing the titles of "*A Correspondence between our Lord Jesus Christ and Abgarus, King of Edessa. Dictated by the Lord, Personally, to one of his Chosen Servants*," and "*A Letter of the Apos-*

the Paul to the Community in Laodicea. This long-lost Letter, was Communicated by the Lord himself to one of his Chosen Servants." Were these works inspired by delusion or fanaticism, we would pass them by in pity, but as it is evident from their style and contents that they are the production of some indifferent and clumsy bookmaker, we can only cite them with contempt.

We would mention as worthy of perusal, if not of translation, a work by A. L. ROCHAU, entitled "*Vier Wochen Französischer Geschichte*," or, "Four Weeks of French History, from the first of December, 1851, to the first of January, 1852." "It is true that nothing is communicated in this work, which has not appeared in the newspapers, but the facts are collected and arranged in a manner indicative of great intelligence, and the deep feeling of wrong and injustice with which the whole is inspired, creates a lively and beneficent impression. Its author has fully and clearly succeeded in proving that of all possible results of the French crisis, the present 'sable government,' is the most ignominious, dishonourable, and disgraceful."

PROF. E. STÖCKHARDT, author of a well-known and extremely practical Introductory Chemistry, has recently written a work entitled "*Die Drainage, oder die Entwaesserung des Bodens durch Thonröhren*," id est, "Drainage, or the Conveyal of Water from Soil by means of Clay Pipes." The avowed object of this work is rather to excite an interest in this really important subject, but the author's modesty stands in his own way, since it really contains much sound and valuable information. It was during a voyage in England, undertaken with an especial view to this subject of Drainage, that he first collected materials, to which are added many original observations on the German, and more particularly Saxon methods.

But a work of even greater importance on this subject of Drainage, has recently been published by the Prussian Government, under the title of "*Mittheilungen über die Entwaesserung des Bodens*." This book contains not only a very perfect account of the different systems of Drainage practised in England and Belgium, but also recent German experiments with the reports of VINCENT. In addition to the subject of Drainage, a short report is also given of what has been recently effected by the Prussian Government for Agriculture.

A recent publication by KOLLMAN, of Augsburg, bears the title, "*Lucifer's Manifesto to the Reds, Blacks, and Blues*." By the Reds are meant the Democrats, by the Blacks, the Clergy, and by the Blues, the Constitutionalists.

H. STETTENGOST has recently published a "*Landwirthschaftliche Reise*," or, "Agricultural Journey" through England, which is highly interesting even to the general reader. He concludes that both England and Germany have much to learn of each other. The reader may, however, judge of our astonishment when we inform him that though his accounts of the method of raising cattle, horses, and sheep, in England are quite satisfactory, no mention whatever is made of swine—a branch of farm economy in which Germany has yet much to learn.

Another work on GOETHE has appeared, entitled "*Goethe's Liebe und Liebesgedichte*," or "Goethe's Love and Love-Poems," by DR. J. LEHMANN.

"The Goethe Literature," says DR. ZARNCKE, "has reached such an extent, that it would be a task deserving our gratitude, if any individual would write a book, informing us what there is truly interesting, relative to the different portions of GOETHE's life, in this or that work. We at first believed that DR. LEHMANN had done this, but he has contented himself with arranging a list of the ladies with whom GOETHE from time to time associated, and placing in apposition with these, not only GOETHE's erotic poems, but also a long array of his letters, and the well-known commentaries on these. What object could have been proposed, in thus reprinting GOETHE's poems, with the addition of long passages from the '*Wahrheit und Dichtung*,' or Eckermann's '*Conversations*,' and similar well-known works, we cannot imagine." Nor is this stupid book-making well done. Even this simple task of co-ordinating passages, is bunglingly performed. "But the compiler also occasionally gives us some original matter. He never cites a poem without remarking that it is beautiful, and strengthens the bold assertion with a prose paraphrase of the same, in order to render more intelligible, that which the veriest idiot could perceive at a glance." We had hoped that this style of stupid, arbitrary reviewing had long since been numbered, in Germany, among the things that were, but weakness and presumption never die. What would an American reader think of a critic who should bolster up his citations with such epithets as "*magnificent*," "*exquisite*," "*beautiful*," and "*thrilling*," without giving them the slightest reason to infer that he had any other ground for so doing, beyond the vague illogical impressions which the passages made upon his sensibilities! What would they think of a critic who gave no indications of having, at any time, by study or reflection, formed for himself a single æsthetic principle which he could allege, when challenged to show his reasons for praise or censure? And what, finally, would they think of one, who thus unqualified, should venture to desecrate with his absurdities, the works of genius? But such questions are needless, for writers of this stamp hardly exist among us; they seldom find place in our public prints; and we trust that we do not venture on too bold an assertion, when we declare that in this particular, at least, we far surpass the inflated and arbitrary pedants of France and Germany.

Among the recent German works which have excited most attention, we must cite the "*Heldensagen von Ferdusi*," or the "Hero-legendary Poem of Ferdusi." Translated for the first time from the Persian, with an introduction to the Iranic epos, by ADELBERT FRIEDERICH VON SCHACK. This version, though by far the most perfect which has as yet appeared, is not, however, entire—the original consisting of not less than sixty thousand verses, the translation of which, we are told, would have occupied about half a life-time. Mr. SCHACK has accordingly judiciously limited his labours to such a selection from those leading legends which serve to give the reader a correct idea of the spirit and beauty of the whole. Those given are, 1. Feridun and his sons. 2. Sam and Sal. 3. The Gathering in of the Kai Kobad. 4. Kai Kawns in Masenderan. 5. The battle of the Seven Heroes. 6. Sohrab. 7. Sijawusch and Rudabe. 8. The Death of Firud. 9. Bischen and Menishe. 10. Rustam's Death. In a second



volume we are promised the Lay of the Destruction of Sijawusch, of Zal and Rudabe, of the Disappearance of Kai Chosru, and of the Battle of Rustam and Isfendiar.

**RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.**—In no country of the world is there weekly improvised, or written, such a mass of dramatic literature, as in Paris. An eccentric bookseller in London, many years ago, conceived the idea of publishing a catalogue of everything, good, bad, or indifferent, which had appeared during one year in that city. We do not require so long a time to form an even more singular mélange of French works in this line. Among other items, we learn that M. ARSENE HOUSSE, the more than talented author of that *spirituelle* work, "The Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century," has not been idle since his recent political success. "In his moments of leisure," says a recent French paper, "he throws out brilliant fancies, which proves that the director has not extinguished the man of letters. The theatrical saloon of the Hotel Castellane has listened, during the past week, to the sketch of a charming '*bluette*,' entitled, '*La Comédie à la Fenêtre*,' or 'Comedy at the Window,' which will, doubtless, be ere long produced upon a more extensive scale."

"Alas!" exclaims the lively *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal pour Rire*,—a spirited Parisian weekly, edited by PHILLIPON,—"Alas! do you know how the authors of tragedies end? By writing pieces for the Olympic Circus!"

"After executing a vast amount of alexandrines, for the use of kings, queens, and their *confidentes*, they scribble prose for—animals!"

"Oh, Monsieur LATOUR (DE SAINT YBARS), what spite did you entertain against Saint Genevieve to treat her as you have done?"

"What has become of the touching legend, in which the Chronicler d'Epinal related her wonderful miracles? You have made of Saint Genevieve a heroine of the Circus,—a noble lady, owning fiefs, vassals, serfs. You, oh poet, should have better comprehended the poetry of tradition."

MONS. ADOLPHE ADAM has brought out, at the Opera Comique, a little piece, entitled *Farfadet*, or, The Goblin. It is a delightful bit of buffoonery, owing its origin, in part, to the "*Rendezvous Bourgeois*," and the "*Bonsoir Monsieur Pantalon*." We know not whether Monsieur Adam, who wrote, in six days, "*The Puppet of Nuremberg*," has consecrated a longer time to the production of "The Goblin;" but of one thing, at least, we are sure, that both are agreeable to listen to, and that what they want in "melodious originality" is amply supplied by ease of composition and rare elegance.

An extraordinary success has attended the production, at the *Folies-Dramatiques*, of a new and extravagant play, in two acts, entitled "The King of Morocco's Mustard-Pot," certain reasons of "*haute convenance*," having prevented its being acted under the original name of "The Pope's Mustard-Pot." In this fantastic play, the origin of mustard is related, its mysterious cradle, and its life and adventures, previous to entering the palace of a *blasé* old gentleman, "whose appetite and nerves are thereby invigorated and renewed," says the critic, ALBERT MONNIER, "*comme un*"

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*vieux chapeau*." The reasons alleged for changing the name of this play, remind us of Sarastro's answer, in the burlesque of *The Magic Flute*. "My dear lord! I do not understand a word of all you have told me; but still find it perfectly intelligible and comprehensive!"

**FORTHCOMING MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SAND.**—"For a long while the *Mémoires* of George Sand have been eagerly expected, but no sign is yet given of their appearance. It will calm your eagerness somewhat, perhaps, if we tell you, which we can confidently, that the *Mémoires* will contain no confessions. Like Goethe, she has written her life in her works. All she has seen, thought, suffered, has found its expression under imaginary forms. More explicit she will not be. To transmute experience into poetic forms is the office of an Artist; but to use experience as a *franchise* for curiosity is what few Artists would condescend to. She is not of the few. The idea of writing *Mémoires* at all was suggested by her discovering, among some old family papers, a vast number of her father's letters addressed to her mother during the campaigns of Napoleon, to one of whose brothers her father was aid-de-camp. These will be given in *extenso*, and are said to paint a vivid picture of the times. George Sand will also describe her childhood, spent mainly under the eye of a grandmother, who tried to remedy the misfortunes of her having come into the world a girl, when a boy was wanted, by 'making a man of her;' she will tell us of her studies, and her dreams,—in short, she will trace for us some outline of the history of her mind. As to the rest, she may say with Mdlle. Delaunay, '*je me peins en buste*.'"

**THE FINE ARTS.**—We learn from the London Art Journal, that the subject of "Art for the Cottager" is attracting attention. Messrs. HERING and REMINGTON, print publishers, are preparing a series of large coloured prints from Bible subjects, intended to ornament the walls of the humbler classes of society. It is a fact beyond dispute, that the engravings which are generally found in such places, are of a nondescript and absurd character, and, too frequently, something worse; yet they are circulated by thousands, framed and varnished, at prices varying from six pence to half-a-crown. A very large number of these, especially of so-called religious character, are imported from the Continent at a remarkably low cost, so as to enable the vendors to dispose of them on terms that come within reach almost of the poorest. To provide something equally moderate in price, and of a higher and more teachable tendency, is the object of the gentlemen who have suggested the series in question. The subjects will be designed by first-rate artists, drawn on wood by Mr. J. GILBERT, and printed in oil colours by the process of Messrs. Leighton. The Rev. Messrs. H. J. ROSE and J. W. BURGON, have undertaken to edit and arrange the Scriptural texts that are to be introduced into the ornamental border surrounding each print.

The sculptures and paintings of the Catacombs at Rome—the most important monuments of the primitive Christian Church remaining—are about to be published in Paris, the National Assembly having voted eight thousand pounds for that purpose. The work is to be superintended by M.

ARUPERE, INGRES, MERIMEE, and VITEL, and to include all articles discovered in the Catacombs illustrative of the early Church.

The second edition of a highly interesting work has recently appeared in London. It is entitled "MICHAEL ANGELO considered as a Philosophical Poet, with Translations. By J. E. TAYLOR." "Condivi, who was contemporary with Michael Angelo, informs us that the latter applied himself to the study of the Italian poets and orators, and composed sonnets before the accession of Julius II., who called Angelo to Rome; it is, however, more than probable that his poems were not confined to any particular time, but were penned during various periods of his life. It is upon these sonnets that Mr. Taylor considers the artist entitled to be regarded as a philosophic poet; and, most undoubtedly, they abound with deeply-meditative thoughts, expressed in symbolical language. Religion, and the love of the Beautiful, wherever it appeared in *human form*, are the pervading subjects of his poems." The following commencement of one of his sonnets is highly characteristic of this spirit:

"Within thy looks my mental eye beholds  
That which I never in this life can tell;  
The soul, while still enclosed in earthly veil,  
Quickened and beauteous, rising oft to God."

Mr. Taylor's translations are rendered with much elegance, while the arguments he deduces from the original poems, impress us with the most favourable ideas of the artist "poet's pure and philosophic mind."

A marble statue of Margaret of Austria, by Tuerlinck, has been erected on the Grand Place of Malines. In this small and dull city, numbering scarcely more than twenty thousand inhabitants, there is a public drawing-school held in a part of the ancient "Halles." Seven professors are paid to give instruction to five hundred pupils. Most of these are workingmen and apprentices. The school apartments are large and spacious, and there is excellent accommodation for modelling in clay, which engages the attention of numerous pupils.

The monument which the city of Genoa is erecting to Christopher Columbus advances slowly. Colonel Colombo di Cucarra, supposed to be the last descendant of the celebrated navigator, lately died at Asti.

From the foreign items of the Tribune, we learn that "The Saudi Palace, one of the finest specimens of Genoese architecture, is to be demolished to make room for improvements. A French company has bought it for that purpose—to the great wrath of the inhabitants." In regretting to hear of this act of Vandalism, we may at the same time remark, that there are few cities in Europe which are, proportionally, so well stocked with palaces as Genoa. Its "palatial appearance" is proverbial.

The French Government has granted fifty thousand francs, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Marshal Ney.

It would seem as if there was to be no end to the improvements or adornments intended to be effected in Paris. It is contemplated to erect an

equestrian statue of the Emperor in some open part of the Champs Elysées, and the magnificent and unrivalled avenue that stretches away from the Place de la Concorde to the superb arch of triumph of the Barrière de l'Etoile is to be adorned at both sides with statues of the great men of the past—from the time of Charlemagne to him who vainly wished to restore the era of universal dominion—from the ninth to the nineteenth century. It is doubtful, however, whether the contemplated project of crowning the arch with a triumphant chariot, similar to that of the Place Carrousel will be carried into effect. In addition to the chariot, it had been proposed to adorn the four angles of the summit with allegoric statues of marble. It has, however, been found that the monument, massive as it is, would scarcely suffice to support such a weight. It was, however, part of the original plan that it should be surmounted by a group in bronze, representing France in an antique car, surrounded by the Genii of the Nation. But then the arch was raised higher than intended, and this was objected when in 1835 it was proposed to place a gigantic eagle on the top, with outspread wings. All these colossal statues and enormous cars may endanger the safety of the magnificent monument. The erection of a new theatre, to be called the "Theatre Napoleon," capable of containing six thousand persons, is also spoken of. The Place Carrousel will probably, before long, assume a more imperial title, "La Place Napoleon."

An interesting series of articles "On the Harmony of Colours in its application to Ladies' Dress," is at present being written by Mrs. MERRIFIELD, and published in The Art Journal. From her accounts of the contrasts of colour which she has observed in London, we should imagine, to borrow a remark from our old correspondent Harold, that the dames and damsels of that city wore articles resembling "highly-coloured geography maps for raiment." She thinks highly of drab, and says that flesh tints look brighter by the contrast. Drab and gray suggest to her the subject of gray hair, which she consequently admires, and very justly concludes from Camoens, that when

"Time's transmuting hand shall turn  
Thy locks of gold to silvery wires,—  
Those starry lamps shall cease to burn  
As now with more than mortal fires;  
The ripened cheek no longer wear  
The ruddy bloom of rising dawn,  
And every tiny dimple there  
In wrinkled lines be roughly drawn,"

the *face*, as well as the hair, will bear traces of age, and that the hair of youth never harmonises with the lineaments of age. "Matter of Breviary," quoth Friar John.

MUSICAL ITEMS.—CRUVELLI has been singing with extraordinary success at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Rosina, in "The Barber of Seville." BELLETTI sustained the character of Figaro.

A new star, one MADAME GIULIENNE, or JULIENNE (not Giuliani), has appeared successfully, in the Martyri, at Covent Garden. She came with a high reputation as dramatic-soprano, from Brussels.

As everything relating to Mr. Lumley's ma-



nagement appears to have attracted an unusual degree of attention during the last and present seasons, we extract from the London correspondence of the *Herald* the following account of a late squabble in which this talented and enterprising *impresario* has been engaged:

"Be it known, that a rivalry which borders upon that of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in the days of Romeo and Juliet, exists between the rival houses of Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden. A certain JOHANNA WAGNER, a *prima donna*, who competent authorities declare unrivalled in voice, had been engaged by Lumley, (her Majesty's) some four months since, to appear this season. Public curiosity was last week excited by the announcement that Miss Wagner would sing exclusively at the rival house, while the identical same papers announced also in their advertising columns that she would sing exclusively at the other one. Now, it was quite clear to the commonest understanding, that she could not sing exclusively at both. Bets were freely offered and taken as to which manager would secure the prize. Both parties started with railway speed for Germany. On Monday came a telegraphic despatch that Lumley, accompanied by the fair *cantatrice*, her father and friends, was *en route* to London; and a few hours later, a second telegraphic despatch arrived, stating that she was hourly expected, accompanied by Mr. Gye, the rival manager. The betting excitement increased; it was evidently a neck and neck affair. She arrived on the Monday evening, and on Tuesday was a prominent point of attraction in Gye's box, at Covent Garden. She is announced to appear there to-morrow, in the "Prophète," as *Fidès*. But I have this very moment been informed that Lumley has demanded an injunction to prevent her appearing, on the ground of the first engagement. The Vice Chancellor's Court is crowded by *dilettanti*.

"It is quite clear that Mlle. Wagner was engaged by Lumley; but I believe there was an agreement that on a certain day he was to pay down £500. Not having fulfilled this, the lady, after waiting a certain time, accepted an offer from Gye, who handed her over £1,000 down in ready money. We shall shortly have the whole affair in the papers."

From subsequent information, we learn that the injunction was granted "against Miss Johanna Wagner, restraining her from performing at the Royal Italian Opera, and also against Mr. Gye, restraining him from taking advantage of her services."

It is stated that Mr. Lumley has had recourse to every imaginable exertion to induce JENNY LIND to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre. We really beg our readers pardon for not calling Madame by her right name, but we are not, as yet, reconciled to such a Dutch-Jew abomination of a cognomen as Goldschmidt.

We find the following delicately rose-coloured and mysterious paragraph among the latest news. We do not hold ourself responsible for its authenticity:

"It is rumored that an eminent and popular *artiste* is likely to be graced by a special token of exalted favour."

A Mr. A. NOVELLO is about to reprint in Lon-

don, Sir John Hawkin's History of Music—a very curious, and at present somewhat rare book.

Mr. CHARLES BRAHAM, son of the veteran tenor, has made a successful *debut* at San Carlo, and has since given a concert which was attended by a very fashionable audience.—*Albion*.

We have already spoken of the great musical excitement at present raging in London, relative to JOHANNA WAGNER. As she appears destined to attract a remarkable degree of public attention, we offer no apology for extracting, for the benefit of our readers, the following somewhat extended account, from "*The Albion*."

"This celebrated vocalist is the niece of Richard Wagner, the Chapel-Master of Dresden, whom Liszt, in a recent pamphlet, pronounces to be the greatest composer of the age. The early days of JOHANNA WAGNER were passed in Wurzburg, in Bavaria, her parents being engaged at the theatre. As a child she was selected to represent the good spirit, in the fairy spectacles, her declamatory powers being remarkable. At fifteen years of age she made a successful debut in *Abigail*, in the comic piece, 'Le Verre d'Eau,' at the theatre of Ballenstadt. She subsequently appeared as *Preciosa* and *Esmeralda*, and made a great sensation in the part of *Cordelia*, in 'King Lear.' At this epoch of her career, it was remarked that her style was distinguished as much for juvenile grace as tragic energy. Her original destiny was fixed for the drama; but as her parents, who had a reputation as teachers of singing, perceived that she had a good voice, she was taught the character of the *Page* in Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots.' Her organ, however, daily increasing in compass and power, she was allotted the part of *Caterina*, in Halévy's 'Reine de Chypre,' and the striking success she met with, decided Mdlle. Wagner to quit, definitively, the legitimate drama, for opera. Her uncle strongly urged her to visit Dresden; but before she went to that city, she visited Paris with her father, and there took lessons for six months of Manuel Garcia, the brother of Viardot and Malibran, and the master of Jenny Lind. On the arrival of Mdlle. Wagner at Dresden, she was engaged for five years at the theatre; and from this time she took the line followed by Madame Schröder Devrient, although without any servile imitation of the style of that eminent *artiste*. In *Agatha*, in Weber's 'Der Freyschütz,' and in Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' she acquired great fame. Her next engagement, owing to political events having affected the Dresden theatre, was at Hamburg; and she was the first singer in Germany who undertook the part of *Fidès* in Meyerbeer's 'Prophète.' It was her delineation of the character, which spread her name throughout Germany. She afterwards sang in Vienna and Berlin with signal success, in the last-mentioned capital being the successor of Mdlle. Viardot in *Fidès*. The result was, that the Royal Intendant of the Berlin Opera-house entered into an engagement with Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, for ten years, on terms far beyond those ever before granted to any *prima donna* in Germany. In her contract, leave of absence for six months during the year was reserved for the young and gifted *artiste*.

"The *répertoire* of Mdlle. Wagner is rich and varied; and, owing to her genius, the master-

pieces of Gluck and of Spontini have been most successfully revived at Berlin. *Iphigénie* (en Tauride) and *Clytemnestre* (en Aulide) and the *Grand Priestess* in the 'Vestale,' have been highly popular. Her *Alice* in 'Robert le Diable,' *Valentina* in the 'Huguenots,' and *Fidès* in the 'Prophète,' have displayed her supremacy in Meyerbeer's operas. Her *Eglantine*, in Weber's 'Euryanthe,' was her farewell part at Berlin, on the 18th of last month. In the revival of Spontini's 'Olympia,' she was the *Statira*, surpassing, according to the German critics, the Celebrated Milder, who was the original representative. Rellstab, the eloquent critic of Berlin, writes of her *Statira*, 'In passion, she is a Medusa; in imperious command, a Juno; and in pathos, a Niobe.' Mdle. Wagner does not confine her line of characters to the classic models. Her *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Romeo*, in Bellini's works, have created as great a sensation in Germany as her *Fidès*, *Fidelio*, *Statira*, *Alice*, *Valentina*, &c. Her *Donna Anna*, in 'Don Giovanni,' and *Odette*, in Halévy's 'Charles VI,' show the versatility of her lyric capabilities.

"Mdle. Wagner, whilst she has acquired within such a brief period her artistic fame, seems to have inspired her admirers in Germany with the highest respect for her personal qualities. When she quitted Hamburg, in the spring of last year, for her engagement at Berlin, there was a grand ceremonial at the Tonhalle: she was crowned in public, and the population accompanied her to the railroad, greeting her with prolonged acclamations."

From the foreign items of the "New York Musical Times," we learn, that in London MDLLE. SPEYER, a Jewess and pianiste of the very first water, is just commencing a series of concerts, under the direction of AGUILAR, also a Jew, and most brilliant pianist. Aguilar, says Mr. Richard Willis, is a brother of Grace Aguilar, the authoress.

LABLACHE has accepted an engagement for St. Petersburg, next season, at the Imperial Theatre. CHARLOTTA GRIST, the danseuse, remains there, until called to Vienna, by an engagement which she has accepted.

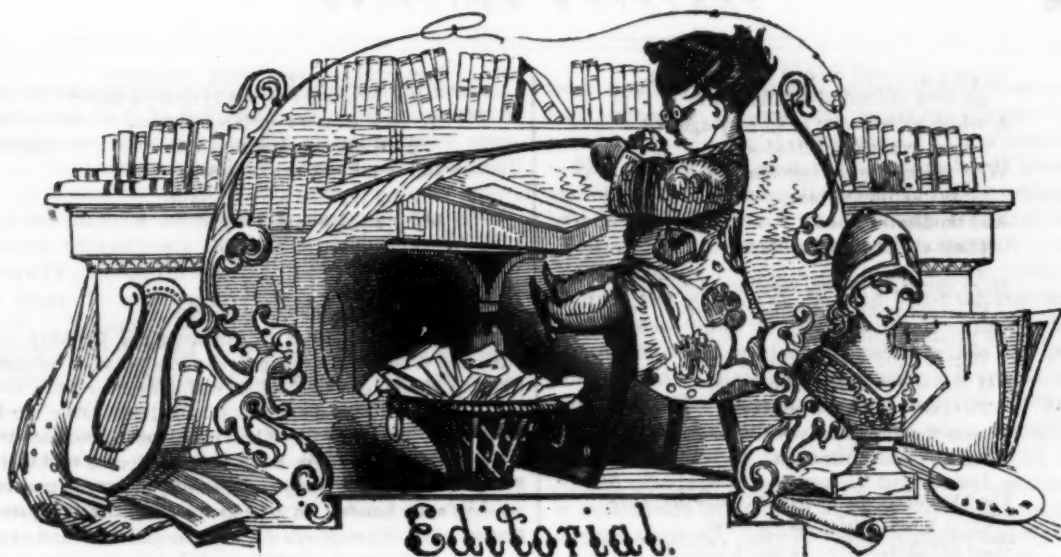
"All Paris has been in late raptures with MDLLE. CLAUSS. Mademoiselle Clauss, as we are told, and on good authority, plays every school of music with equal facility and address, from the fugues of Handel and Bach, the sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, the concertos of Weber and Mendelssohn, down even to the fantasias of Liszt and Thalberg. At some concerts she has recently given at Paris, with the most brilliant success, she has proved it beyond controversy. At the *soirees* of M. Ferdinand Hiller, those brilliant *reunions* where all artistic France assembles on Fridays, she has proved it beyond controversy. Elsewhere, not to specify, she has proved it beyond controversy; and from all we can gather, she will prove it beyond controversy, in a short time hence, at Exeter Hall, at Hanover Square, and Willis's Rooms. The eager Ella has already secured her for the Musical Union. The untiring Beale, also, for the New Philharmonic. The fiery Sainton, for the New Quartette Association; and there can be small doubt, the judicious Anderson, for the Old Philharmonic."

The great violinist ERNST is at present pursuing, in Switzerland, a continuation of that extraordinary success with which he was welcomed during the past season in Paris.

We observe that a new and striking feature will be, ere long, added to the present attractions of the "NEW YORK MUSICAL TIMES." We refer to "a complete course of musical instruction, through its weekly columns." This instruction, we are told, will have the advantage of being accompanied by musical exercises, the student being able to correct his own examples by the rules afforded, and by the correct exercises forwarded every week. This cheap and excellent weekly, furnishes its subscribers with *twenty dollars' worth of music, annually, and gratis.*

The rapid advance which German music has made of late years, among us, and the increased predilection evinced toward it by many who, until recently appeared to have no ear for its merits, must certainly prove gratifying, if not to the lovers of the Italian school, at least to true friends of Art. Yet we should sincerely regret to ever see it prevail to the exclusion of its softer rival. "The German school of the present day," remarks HOGARTH, in his *Musical History*, "though superior to any other, is by no means faultless. No other country can boast of such a constellation of great names; but among the numerous and able composers by whom the churches, theatres, and concert rooms are supplied with a large portion of their music, we still find a predilection for loaded and complicated harmony, a deficiency of flowing and simple melody, and that love of the obscure and mystical, which seems to characterize German genius in literature as in art." WEBER, in his "Life of a Composer," thus ironically points out the beauties of the modern German school. "Do you imagine," he says, "that in these enlightened times, when all rules are set at naught, and all difficulties cleared at a bound, a composer will, out of compliment to you, cramp his divine, gigantic, and high-soaring fancies? Thank heaven, we have nothing to do, now, with regularity, clearness, keeping, and truth of expression; all these things are left to such old-fashioned masters as Gluck, Handel, and Mozart. No!—attend to the materials of the newest symphony which I have received from Vienna, and which may serve as a receipt for this kind of composition. First a slow movement, full of short broken ideas, no one of which has the slightest connexion with another; every ten minutes or so, a few striking chords; then a muffled rumbling on the kettle-drums, and a mysterious passage or two for the violas, all worked up with a due proportion of stops and pauses. Then comes a raging movement, in managing which, the principal consideration is, to avoid following up any particular idea. Thus leaving the more for the hearer to make out himself. Sudden transitions, too, from one key to another, should by no means be omitted; nor need this put you out of the way. To run once through the semitones, and drop into that key which is most convenient, is sufficient, and you have a modulation off-hand. The great point is to avoid everything that looks like a conformity to rule—rules are made for every-day people, and only cramp the freedom of genius."





## Editorial.

OUR eleventh volume opens with the present number, and with it also commences the new feature already announced,—the pictorial series of lives of the heroes whose actions have contributed to the glory or dignity of American annals. We have every reason to believe that the plan will be regarded with favour by our old subscribers, and add greatly to the list of new ones, as the indications are numerous that it will be extensively popular everywhere. The superiority of its execution is sufficiently guaranteed by the known abilities of the author who has undertaken the task, and for the illustrations, we know of none more competent than the talented artist Schuessle, who will most probably design all, or nearly all, the pictorial portion of the series. No fixed plan has been adopted for the order in which these biographies shall appear, except that their issue will be continuous and without interruption in every successive number. Nor do we understand the term *hero*, as applicable to those only who have distinguished themselves in naval or military warfare: greater and truer glory is achieved in other paths than those of destruction. When Christendom shall be governed by Christian principles, it "will beat its swords into ploughshares, and its spears into pruning-hooks: nation will not lift sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more." Unfortunately, however, down to this time, a man may deserve well of his country for success in her service, even in the arts of destruction, and with such we must have to do.

With the present number commences also another enlargement in the bulk of the magazine. It is now three years and a half since the "Union Magazine" was purchased by the present proprietors, and up to the period of its transfer each number contained forty-eight pages. Since then it has received several successive enlargements, until it has now attained its present quantity of ninety-six large and compactly set pages, of original matter, and, by our present rule, all from writers of our own country. In past years, many eminent foreign authors contributed largely to our work, conspicuous among whom were Mary and William Howitt, Fredrika Bremer, Silverpen, R. H. Horne, and Harriet Martineau, (the latter regularly every month for one year), and these were really contributors, their articles being *paid for* and *not pilfered*:—in these days it is necessary to emphasize the distinction. But these are now discontinued, and we are in the course of an experiment—a successful one, let us hope—which will test whether the American public are disposed to afford adequate support to a magazine purely American. In pursuance of this purpose we have much to contend with in the present headlong race of competition—much that is unfair;—but our motto is, "*nil desperandum*."

It has been repeatedly suggested to us by discerning friends, that the practice of furnishing monthly fashions is detrimental to the appearance of a magazine which really aims, and successfully too, at superiority of cha-

racter in its literature; that the case is prejudged against us without examination, and access denied in certain elevated circles, partly because of this feature, and partly owing to the character for namby-pambyism which the Philadelphia three-dollar magazines earned for themselves in times past. They ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But female taste in dress is one of the "fine arts" not to be despised, and our lady friends protest against the discontinuance of fashion articles; so it is hoped that both parties will be satisfied with our future arrangement. The ephemeral fashion leaf will be the last of the number, and those who desire its exclusion can readily have it cut off before binding their volume.

### OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.

We claim especial credit this month for the beauty of Mr. Bonfield's elaborate cut of "Fruit-Gathering," after Karl Girardet. It is not done in illustration of any subject treated in this number of the magazine, and can well afford to stand alone on its own merits, complete in itself. The other engraving, a mezzotinto, represents the scene of carnage in the village of Waxhaw, South Carolina, where Andrew Jackson, then a lad of twelve years, resided with his mother. The sight of the dead and dying on this occasion, was the impelling cause of Jackson's joining the patriot army during the next ensuing year, when he was scarcely strong enough to handle a musket. It is his figure that is conspicuous in the foreground group, looking with indignation on the dead body of a fellow-townsmen, whose wife and family are on the spot, wild with despair.

Apropos to the subject of *pictures*, our friend Weishampel has sent us the following verses about his, and particularly desires that the dedication attached may not be omitted in the printing.

#### MY PICTURE-BOOKS.

Inscribed, with affection, to W. Wallace Lambdin.

BY JOHN FREDERICK WEISHAMPEL.

I have two picture-books, between  
Whose dainty lids I often peep,  
With soul contentedly serene,  
Until I go to sleep;  
And slumber till I dream,  
In bliss and languor—but  
These trances merely seem—  
Mine eyelids stay unshut.

I gaze upon the sylvan views  
Of present time and ancient day,  
Until they seem too sweet to lose—  
I hate to look away!  
Then angels come and bring  
A cup that I partake,  
Obscuring everything,  
Though I am wide awake!

There's pictured on one sombre page,  
An arm around his oldish wife,  
A white-haired man of saintly age—  
Sweet eventide of life!—  
Who marks the setting sun  
In its declining blaze,  
And meditates upon  
Their own departing days.

Here speeds a brave, reluctant knight,  
Who flings his kisses back afar  
To yonder castle, scarce in sight,  
Where shines his morning star!  
"O, fare-thee-well!" she cries,  
The latticed panes between,  
Where watches she, with sighs,  
Till he no more is seen.

The moonlight shimmers through the trees  
Upon a cot, where sits a maid,  
Who catches, on the summer breeze,  
A honied serenade!  
She hears the pipe and flute,  
And instruments of strings,  
While lowly with the lute  
Her gallant lover sings.

Now solemn be my musing soul,  
Before a painted thought sublime!  
Where sacred thunders seem to toll  
The burial of Time.  
"Twixt heaven and earth, I see,  
As countless as the sand,  
All tribes arise that be  
Of every tongue and land.

Bright angels guard the avenues,  
And, tinted by artistic brush,  
Upon a throne of dazzling hues,  
GOD bids all nations hush!  
And there, assembled high,  
He speaks their final fate;  
Saints rise into the sky,  
The rest are—desolate.

And now my mother's hand I trace,  
Who gave this pencilling to me;  
Drawn by her gentle hand with grace,—  
A bird upon a tree.  
Who sits on twigs aloft,  
So naturally fair,  
I almost hear her soft,  
Her sweet and plaintive air.

A dimness now comes o'er my sight;  
The views are gliding fast and free—  
A shade I catch, and now a light,  
All mingled unto me.  
But, ah! my hand is laid  
Upon a token rare—  
It is the silken braid  
Of my sweet Mary's hair!

She let me slip it from her touch,  
One sunny day, a month ago;  
Then sought for it, and wondered much,  
Pretending not to know.  
Remain, thou plaited curl,  
Within these bijou books,  
More dear than sheeny pearl,  
Catch thou a lover's looks!

He who has peaceful reveries,  
While sacred tears his eyes bedim,  
A heavenly beauty in them sees,  
And they do comfort him.  
O, God! to thee I turn,  
All gratitude be thine;  
For holy things I yearn,  
And pant to be divine!

AWAKE I be, once more,—to smile,  
And place these books upon a shelf;  
To seek another shrine awhile—  
To Mammon bow myself.  
But when my eyes are wet,  
With tears of sin and pain,  
My picture-books I'll get,  
And go to sleep again.

### OUR MUSIC.

OUR MUSIC, published in the numbers for May and June, as well as for the present month, was selected from an edition of old English melodies which are now being collected by the eminent musical composer, Sir H. R. Bishop. Some of these had previously remained unwritten, and all of them have been subjected to that refining process which they could hardly escape in passing through such hands. In preparing them for the press, Bishop himself composes the accompaniments and symphonies, and writes the notes, which in numerous instances furnish very curious and interesting facts relating to the history of these simple melodies and their authors. The names by which the tunes were heretofore known are appended, but it is to be hoped that henceforth they may be called by the titles of the beautiful verses of Charles Mackay, to which they are now newly married. One of the avowed objects of the author is to avoid in these songs all affected allusion to heathen Deities, which disfigure the originals, and to make them in accordance with the feelings and sentiments of the present age. That which we published in May was entitled

### MAY DEW.

"AIR—'THERE WERE THREE JOLLY HUNTERS.'—This air is a lively and very graceful specimen of the music popular among the peasantry of England. It has been taken down from recitation in the hop-districts of Kent; and as far as the editors of this publication are enabled to ascertain, it is now for the first time printed. Its merits are quite sufficient to recommend it to higher circles of musical taste than those to which it has previously been confined.

"The superstition upon which this song is founded is prevalent in many parts of England, but is not confined to that country. It is believed in most parts of Europe, with some variation of detail, that a peculiar charm and efficacy belong to the early dew gathered on May morning. Among the most conspicuous of its virtues is that alluded to in the song—its power of preserving female loveliness."

In June we published "Fall, oh Fall!" We add Sir H. R. Bishop's note to it also.

### FALL, OH FALL!

"'Now, oh Now!'—A melody full of taste and feeling, the composition of Dowland. In the year 1588, John Dowland, then at the age of twenty-six, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor in Music at Oxford. His compositions consisted chiefly of part Songs, Madrigals, and Music for the Lute,—for his performance on which instrument, as well as for his singing, he was highly admired, as appears from the testimony of Shakspeare in the *Passionate Pilgrim* :—

"'DOWLAND to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.'

"Dowland's 'First Booke of Songs or Ayres of foure Parts, with Tablature for the Lute,' was published in 1595; and some years afterwards he produced a work bearing the quaint title of 'Lachrimæ, or Seaven Teares figured in Seaven passionate Pavans (the Pavan was a solemn and stately kind of dance), with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almands, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or Violins, in five Parts.' Anthony Wood, in the *Fasti Oxonienses*, says of Dowland, that 'he was the rarest musician that the age did behold.' This eulogium, however, must refer to Dowland's playing on the lute; for,



considered as a composer, he was inferior to Bird, Dr. Bull, Morley, Thomas Weelkes, and other English musical writers of the same period. Dr. Burney, in his *General History of Music*, has taken some pains to underrate Dowland's merits as a composer: but Burney should be read with some caution; for, although a scientific musician, a learned historian, and an elegant writer, he was not, in many cases, a just critic. Dowland is certainly deserving of praise; and the very points of objection to him upon which Burney particularly remarks, are to be found in those compositions of Purcell on which the Doctor, in a subsequent criticism, has lavished the full need of admiration. One of Dowland's latest works was a translation from the Latin of a then celebrated treatise on music, by a German styling himself Andreas Ornithoparcus. The preface to this translation is dated from Dowland's house in Fetter Lane, the 10th of April, 1609."

In our present number for July, we publish one formerly known by the designation "Tom Bowling," but now by the first words of Mackay's admirable lines. Here is the interesting note upon it by Bishop:

#### YOU LOVE ME NOT.

"One of those beautiful melodies which Charles Dibdin composed for his own sea-songs. The vast number of Dibdin's musical productions—of a great portion of which he wrote the words and music—is at once a proof of his industry and the amazing fertility of his genius. It is said that his dramatic pieces, and those entertainments of which he was both the author and composer, and in which he was the sole performer, altogether contained upwards of twelve hundred songs. Some of Dibdin's songs in *The Deserter*; his ballad, 'Then farewell, my trim-built wherry,' in *The Waterman*; 'I locked up all my treasure,' and 'While the lads of the village,' in *The Quaker*,—have long been established favourites. Time has had no other effects on them, nor on the plain but expressive melodies of many of his sea-songs, than to heighten their charm and increase their popularity. It is, perhaps, worthy of notice, that shortly after the termination of his engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, Dibdin attempted a 'new species of public amusement,' which was somewhat similar in its nature to the ingenious and much-admired *Marionettes* of the present day. Dibdin's exhibition, however, appears to have been of a musical character; though whether on that occasion his figures sang, or rather were supposed to sing,—whether any aspiring Mandane made her *debut* in the opera of *Artaxerxes*, or any pretty Polly was brought forward in *The Beggar's Opera*,—we are unable to say."

From our valuable contributor, Charles G. Leland, we have the following translations of HUNGARIAN POPULAR SONGS. We trust that everything relating to that brave but unfortunate and betrayed people will be as interesting and welcome to our readers now, as when the "Kossuth excitement was fresh"—that they will not turn away "tired of Hungary." The American people, the "foundations of whose national existence were laid in revolution and cemented with the blood of rebellion," are not likely to forget so soon the lessons taught by her own experience, but will continue to cherish a warm sympathy for that oppressed and suffering country.

#### HUNGARIAN POPULAR SONGS.

(Translated from Wolff's Volkspoesie.)

*Mondásza, rozsarn, mért olly piros az ajkad?*

"Tell me, my rose, why are thy lips so red?  
'I've bitten them myself,' the maiden said.  
Bitten, perhaps, but not with teeth of thine,  
BANDI, I fear, hath kissed thee, darling mine!

"And, darling, whence the pearl-drop in thine eye?  
'I've washed myself in dew,' was her reply.  
That is no dew-drop, but a tear I see:  
And thou didst think when Bandi's bride thoud'st be."

*Bécs városa nyugatról keletre.*

(From the time of Leopold the Second.)

"VIENNA!—from the Westward to the East—  
Thy storm comes roaring here;  
It brings to Hungary a grief increased,  
With tempests dark and drear;  
Ah, who can tell, thou city proud and free,  
How oft Hungarian blood hath flown for thee!

"OH DANUBE!—heartpulse of our Fatherland!  
How foamed thy roaring flood!  
When we, for victory panting, on thy strand  
Poured out our own life-blood!  
Oh, riven by thy shore, and on its heath,  
Well might Hungarian hearts grow cold in death.

"I'll bear my tears away with me to Pesth,  
I'll bear them to Belgrade;  
To sprinkle o'er the graves where heroes rest,  
In battle-burial laid.  
Where for the Fatherland your blood was shed,  
My bitter tears shall flow, ye silent dead!"

*Nyisd ki, rozsárn, az ajtót!*

"Hey! darling, push thy door ajar,  
I'm no Slovak, but the Magyar;  
I wait—what can'st thou be about—  
Know'st thou who lingers here without?

SHE.

"Yes, well I know, but little care,  
For oaths like thine are light as air;  
Thou swearest love with joy and glee,  
Then turn'st around and laugh'st at me."

*Ne menj, rozsárn, a tarlóra!*

"Rosa! ne'er to harvest go!  
Hand like thine is weak to mow:  
Should those fingers wounded be,  
Who would bake my bread for me?

"Yet with six oxen, I  
Would gladly plough the field,  
If pretty Rose were by,  
Her little help to yield."

#### ENIGMAS.

THE SOLUTION to our Poetical Enigma for May, entitled "Friar Bacon Anticipated," by Ellsworth, who, by the way, is inimitable in this line of composition,—is *Smoke Jack*. That to the Rebus in the same number, is "Common sense underlies all sense." The solution to the enigma for June, by Aeldric, is "Pageant," and of the Rebus, "Piques lead love equal to Prayer."

PUCK has been attempting to effect some sort of an arrangement with Meister Karl, to use his influence with us, having an eye to procuring the setting apart of a column or so, to be devoted to advertisements. Whether the thing can be done or no requires more consideration than we now have time for; but being naturally inclined to good-nature, we will print his first few, just to see how it looks, by no means pledging ourself to its continuance, however.

#### PUCK'S ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

"The man who won't advertise deserves to break, and the man who would spend half a day in trying to sponge a notice *gratis* out of an editor, is in the scale of social ethics, two degrees lower than a grown-up theatrical check-beggar."—SENECA.

Puck wondered, on reading the above quotation from the illustrious Roman moralist, what Seneca would have thought of the penitent who confessed with tears, before the congregation, that he had sinned greatly in always selling the best of goods at two per cent. less than his rivals, and that he greatly feared that he couldn't break

himself of the habit. Such an instance of roundabout-ative meanness deserves the extremity of censure, since it was, in reality, only another form of begging a notice. *Apropos* of advertising, Puck has determined to open his "columns" to this business. Nothing required for the first insertion, if it's good—and the remainder in proportion. Preference invariably given to the fair "sects." Among those already received we have the following:

MISS PRY begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she still continues to keep up her INTELLIGENCE OFFICE at the old stand, and in the old style. Information as to all the most recent births, marriages, and deaths in the city thankfully received and instantly disseminated. Recent arrangements which have been entered into with a number of intelligent domestics in the most varied family circles, will enable her to inform all concerned or unconcerned of everything relating to everybody. All of the incidents which occurred at the latest balls, dinners, or parties, continually on hand, as well as an authentic account of the numbers of those to be invited to the coming, with satisfactory reasons why certain persons have been asked, and others omitted. As MISS PRY believes that she can conscientiously aver that not a single flirtation has occurred in any corner of the city, for ten years, of which she has not known, to use the words of the *Poet*, "all the truth and a great deal more than the truth," she would call especial attention to her *engagement list*, containing at all times the names of never less than *one hundred couples*, who have professed matrimonial intentions. COME EARLY! Come one, come all!! *At the original shop. Don't mistake!!*

An extremely interesting, beautiful, and modest young lady, who is of good family; understands knitting, pickling, theorem-painting, is a member of a fashionable church, and can talk French, is desirous of meeting a gentleman equally accomplished, who would soothe in her company, with the silken tie, the downward path of life. Address "PARNELA" care of PUCK.

P.S. *Has great expectations.*

TO ADOPTERS.—Wanted, an elderly gentleman, endowed with a large fortune and good wine-cellar, to adopt a young man, gifted with all that could be expected in an exemplary son. The applicant is modest and retiring to excess, virtuous to a fault, and having passed the greater portion of his life in Paris, is, of course, well educated. Can amuse his future papa with a copious selection of rich, racy, and piquant after-dinner anecdotes, generally relating to the ladies. Can get up excellent dinner-parties, take a hand at whist with the old ladies, and make himself the life and soul of society, anywhere. Address "EUCHRE."

GREAT INVENTION.—The undersigned, having taken out a patent for his newly-invented machine for mashing potatoes on the Archimedian principle, respectfully calls the attention of all housewives to this triumph of Yankee art. Model to be seen at Puck's office. Address, "SCRUTATOR."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUCK has recently received a letter, which was—"inadvertently or intentionally"—addressed to PLUCK. Not wishing to be behindhand in generosity, in return for the L which our correspondent has given us, we respectfully beg leave to present him with our initial letter, which will leave us the name of LUCK—and no bad name either. Not that we care particularly to be deprived of all title to the cognomen which our anonymous friend bestows. We own to nothing in common with the poor rogue who stood at a butcher's door eyeing a sheep's head and pluck,

"And only wished he had the pluck  
To pluck that pluck away!"

#### A CONUNDRUM.

Puck respectfully requests that the unknown enemy

who communicated the following, if he have any more of the same sort on hand, will send them in before the warm weather commences. It would require a good nervous system to endure many such, with the thermometer above 90°.

"Why are the Sun and Moon only worth a ha'penny?"  
Answer.—"Because they are two far-things!"

#### QUESTION IN MARKET STREET.



STRANGER.—"Can you show me the house of William Penn?"

DASHING BUSINESS MAN.—"House of Pen? Don't know him—must have failed!"

#### A TRUE STORY.



It happened a few years since to MEISTER KARL to be wending his way one summer evening through the streets of London. He had engaged to meet that evening a party of friends at the *soirée* given by that illustrious nobleman, BARON NICHOLSON, Lord Chief Justice of the Judge and Jury Club. At a corner of the Strand, he was accosted by an individual clad in the garb of decent poverty, who earnestly entreated him to buy a little glass bottle containing several very minute copper coins. "But I bought some of you yesterday," replied the Meister.

"Can't have too much of a good thing, Sir," replied the hawker. "Only a penny, Sir—beautiful bottle, never seed the like, I desay—containing two werry little browns, each of the value of the sixteenth and fourteenth division of a farden separatively. Vot you doesn't require yourself your friends may vant."



"But, I tell you that you've sold me some already," replied Karl, trying to push on.

"Sell you again, Sir, *pr'aps*," was the reply. "Now do buy *run*—only a penny. Besides," he continued hastily, as if fearful of being overheard, "If you'll only buy *run* I'll tell you how to get them coins out without breakin' or bendin' the little bottle. It's a great dodge, Sir, and you may grow rich a bettin' on it."

This last idea was irresistibly ludicrous. Karl forked over the lucre—the hawker hastily pressed into his hand a small slip of paper and vanished.

It was not until late in the evening that the Meister bethought him of his bottle and the secret. Displaying the former to his friends, he inquired if any of them could inform him how the coins could be extracted, without breaking or bending the glass. The entire party declared themselves ignorant, and one daring individual offered to bet supper that it couldn't be done.

"I can do it," replied Karl.

"But how?" chorussed all.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but wait a minute,—the secret is written on this folded paper."

In breathless silence the mystic scroll was opened. On it appeared, in coarse, irregular characters

**NITRIC ACID WILL DISSOLVE THE COPPER!**

#### LEGAL ANECDOTE.

"Did you ever know J.?" inquired one of a "fast crowd" lately in our hearing. "J. was a demed good lawyer, and, like some of 'em, rather an odd fish. He never undertook to plead a defence, without spreading out the purity and disinterestedness of his motives, so that any one who heard him would think that he never saw a fee, and did it all out of pure philanthropy. One day he began in the usual style:

"I rise, impelled by no selfish consideration, and inspired only by a conviction of right on behalf of this poor man." So he went on for five minutes, until his client, who regarded it all as a public complaint of his own meanness and poverty, blushed up to the hair and cried out:

"Dern it, I ain't so poor nuther! I don't want you to lose by me. *Only just you git me off and see if I don't fork up handsome.*"

#### PAPER FOLDERS.

"Has thee got any *paper-folders*?" inquired an elderly Quaker of a Stationer.

"None in the shop, Sir, but you'll find fifty or sixty at work up stairs, and some real pretty girls among 'em too."

"Friend," replied Broadbrim, "thou shouldst have my hat, were I only sure that thou wouldst not put a feather in it, and wear it for a Kossuth vanity."



A YOUNG LADY SETTING HER FACE AGAINST WHISKERS AND MUSTACHIOS.

#### AN INTELLIGENT MAN.

"Do you think Mr. Smith's an intelligent man?" inquired one of a Westerner.

"As regards Smith's capacity," replied Buckeye, "I won't pretend to pronounce. All I know is, that when the great Soloman, arrayed in all his glory, was a walking about castin' the intellectooal blessin's of wisdom upon all mankind, that 'ere Smith *was down a sink hole!*"

A friend of ours, a poet of the first water, has lately been seized by a temporary passion for punning, and being a very near neighbour, pops in with every fresh flash of fancy, and having let it off, away he goes amid shouts of laughter—his own included—partly at the fun of the thing itself, and partly at the folly of such means of wasting time. The other day, in walks my gentleman, and propounds the following query:—

"If your sister invited a young (French) girl to tea, what opera would it remind you of? Give it up? *Acis and Galatea!*" Eyes are opened wide, eyebrows raised to a lofty arch form, the corners of the mouth gradually curve upward, exploding into a laugh. (Exit Punster.)

Presently after, door opens again; a head protrudes through the narrow opening, and asks, "Who was the first person that swindled the Greek Slave? Give it up? Hiram Powers. Cause why, he chiselled her out of a block of marble." (Exit Punster and laughter repeated.)

Another brief interval, and another appearance, and another query, "Why is the American Hare like an eminent official of the Jewish Synagogue? Give it up? Because he's a Rabbi to a t." (Rabbit.)

Some one said lately, that puns are divisible into three several kinds, as follows:—first-rate good; first-rate bad; and, an intermediate class, termed *squaks*—the latter on no account to be tolerated—we leave our readers to define which of the three the foregoing belong to.

#### FIRST-RATE BAD.

Why is a good-for-nothing dog thrown overboard in the Atlantic, like the wild-cat money of the West?

Because it's a worthless cur-in-sea! (currency).

—*Appropos* of this we chronicle a contribution from VILIAM. "Vy is a half-drowned puppy like a first-rate stuff for veskits?"

"Cos he's *wel-wet*" (velvet).

—Why are poems, of which the first letters of the several lines form a person's name, like the Infernal Regions?

Because they're *A-cross-styz*.

—Why is an unwounded tar, after a naval engagement, like an extensive dealer in dry-goods?

Because he's a *whole sailor*.

—Why is a cat ascending a ladder like the American Panther?

Because it's a *cat-a-mountin*.

—Why are harvest times like certain interjections? Because they're *hey-days*.

#### DARING ROBBERY.

"Mrs. Jenks," exclaimed a bustling old lady, "I heerd you was robbed last night. Now, do tell me all about it. What *did* the critters steal?"

"They stole my plate," answered Mrs. J. quietly.

"Massy on us! you don't say so! Why, how much was it worth?"

"About two shillin's," was the reply.

"*Two shillin's!* Why what sort o' plate are you talking about?"

"A small chiney one, marm."

Nothing seems easier than to tell a story, and yet, in reality, nothing is more difficult than to tell a story well. Most of us recollect the anecdote of the Frenchman who was so much pleased with a pun he one day overheard, that nothing would satisfy him but he must repeat it himself. It was observed one day in a crowd, in which was our Frenchman, that "Napoleon was a *great* man, but we scrape nutmegs on a *grater*."

Johnny Crapeau, to insure success to the joke which he is about to father, buys forthwith a huge tin grater, and coming among some friends, says, "Vat you tink, eh? Napoleon was one great man, but this"—pulling the shining instrument out of his pocket—"this is one nutmeg-grater! By gar! what for you no laugh?" And he departed in great wrath at the sober faces of his friends.

One of my acquaintances is equally unlucky with his stories. For instance, he was set a laughing one day with the conundrum, "Why is Banvard, whose panorama of the Mississippi has just been burned, like an orphan? Because he hasn't got a pa-nor-a-ma." Away runs Jack to meet his cronies. "Why is Banvard," he exclaimed, "whose big picture of the Mississippi has just been destroyed, like an orphan? D'ye give it up?" "Of course we do," we all answered, most of us, by the way, anticipating some sort of a bull from so celebrated a blunderer. "Because," cried Jack, his features broadening into a grin, and looking expectantly around, "because he has neither father nor mother! Wh—why! d—d odd you don't laugh! Everybody laughed at the joke when I first heard it."

Speaking about blunders, an amusing typographical error met my eye the other day. A bookseller's advertisement of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," was made to read "Mopes of an Old Mouse!" This reminds me of a late newspaper paragraph which announced that the Delaware lumbermen were floating down an unusually large number of *rats* this season. The accidental omission of an *f* explains this otherwise very funny statement.

On the conclusion of a peace between England and France, during the reign of Napoleon, the happy event was celebrated in London by a grand illumination, and the house of the French Consul was, amongst others, brilliantly lit up in honour of the occasion. A portion of its decorations consisted of the words "PEACE AND CONCORD," composed of small glass lamps in variegated colours. A party of English sailors, in the best of spirits from the grog they had imbibed, stopped in front of this display, which they knew belonged to the official of their late enemy. One of their number, more learned than the rest, was called upon to read it, which he had no sooner done than the whole party, with the most hearty good-will, commenced demolishing the windows, and would soon have rendered the premises a total wreck, but that the police arrested and walked them off to the lock-up. On being examined in the morning before a magistrate, it turned out that the word "CONCORD" had been understood to mean CONQUERED, which they swore they never were. Apologies were duly tendered and accepted, and the county paid the damages.

It was an important part of the education of an Englishman at that time, that a Frenchman was his natural foe, and assiduously inculcated, like one of the dogmas of his church catechism. One of the honest tars above described, held, during his night of durance vile, the following conversation with a comrade (who had been a prisoner of war with the late foe) upon the subject of the elegant accomplishment, a fluent use of the French language. "Well, Jack," said he, "as you have been so long in limbo among them 'ere monk. ' Frenchmen, I spose you know a good bit of their lingo?" "Why, no, messmate," replied the other, "for, d'ye see, I couldn't make head nor tail on't. Why, would you believe it? They call a hat a *chopper*, and a horse they call a *shovel*!"

#### WATER IN FRANCE.

"I don't understand how they can ever have inundations in France," said BEPPO, recently to Meister Karl.

"And why?"

"Because, they say, that water is always *Peau* (low) there."

Bepo was informed that if he hoped to be tolerated in Karl's sauctum, he must "*behave*."

On this subject—the acquisition of French—it is of course well known, that all over the *continent* of Europe, that language is spoken with fluency and in tolerable purity by most well-educated people:—not to possess facility in its use is regarded as vulgarity. Well, it is related of an English gentleman, named Ward, possessing a keen wit, being at a brilliant assembly of the *élite* of Vienna, a distinguished lady of that city frequently, during the evening, amused herself and immediate circle of friends, by saying smart and uncourteous things to annoy him. "By the way," added she, "how is it that your countrywomen speak French so *very* imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our own native tongue." "Madam," retorted Ward, but with the blindest manner possible, "I know not, unless it be that the French army have not been twice to our capital to teach it, as they have at yours."

#### OBITUARY.

PRINCE FELIX DE SCHWARZENBERG.—Prince Felix Louis John Frederick de Schwarzenberg, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and President of the Administration of the Austrian Empire, was the second son of the late Joseph Prince de Schwarzenberg, and was born the 2d of October, 1800. On the 21st of November, 1848, he was raised to the high office which he continued to hold till the hour of his death. His early years were devoted to pleasure. At times he took part in military life; he held the rank of Lieutenant Field-Marshal in the Imperial army, and served with distinction under Marshal Radetsky in Italy. He had filled the diplomatic posts of Austrian Minister at Turin and Naples, which latter appointment he still held on the outbreak of the revolution in March, 1848. Nothing seemed, as yet, to have marked him out for the highest office in the empire. After the fall of Prince Metternich, the old adherents of the former Government were successively called upon to mount the breach. Count Ficquelmont and Baron Wessenberg attempted the duties of Minister, and an appeal was also made to the leading members of the Liberal party, who had suddenly become conspicuous members of the State. The failure of all these expedients was rapid and complete. In this state of the Government, Prince Schwarzenberg accepted the first office. With a headstrong tenacity and courage, which seemed to take no account of the dangers before him, he at once repudiated all concession and compromise, and resolved to suffer no abatement of the Imperial power as long as he was its representative. The result of the work he undertook is fresh in the knowledge of Europe. To his untiring energy and wonderful ability, the Imperial House of Hapsburg owes its complete victory over the revolution of 1848, and its restoration to a state of despotism more absolute than before. Schwarzenberg achieved this in three and a half years. The Prince has died while in the active service of his Imperial master. A stroke of apoplexy proved fatal to him on the 5th ult., at Vienna.

Prince Felix de Schwarzenberg was the younger son of a distinguished noble Austrian house, which for ages has given warriors and statesmen to the empire. His elder brother, John Adolphus Prince de Schwarzenberg, is the present head of the family; the other surviving brother is a Cardinal, and Prince Archbishop of Prague. The late Prince acquired, many years ago, great notoriety in England by his elopement with Lady E.

NAVARRA.—Death has taken away another of the wretched instruments of Neapolitan tyranny. Navarra, the notorious President of the Criminal Court, died on the 22d ult. It is feared that Morelli, another perverter of justice, will succeed him, in which case a repetition of Navarra's judicial atrocities may be looked for.

MAJOR RICHARDSON, known in the literary world as the author of several very clever and popular novels, "Wacousta," "Canadian Brothers," "Hardscrabble," &c.,



(the latter first published in this Magazine in 1849), recently died in New York, the Democrat of that city says, if not literally of starvation, at all events by disease engendered by frequent want of the necessaries of life. His life had been one of great vicissitudes and adventure. He was an Englishman by birth, and had been attached to the British army. He was also a correspondent in Canada of the London Times; he was a man of very expensive habits, which accounts for his poverty, and his pride would not allow him to let his situation be known to his friends.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY, the gentleman who was sent by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to India to report on the possibility of growing supplies of cotton in that country, died at sea on the 15th of April, on his way home. He was a barrister by profession, and was author of a popular work on America, entitled "The Western World."

MARSHAL GERARD died on the 17th of April. He was in his 80th year. He is the fourth marshal whom France has lost during the last few months. Soult, Sebastiani, Marmont, preceded him at short intervals to the grave. The death of the last left Gérard, who received his *baton* immediately on the accession of Louis Philippe, *doyen* of the marshals. Marshal Reille, created in 1847, succeeded to this rank. Gérard commanded a division of Grouchy's corps in the Emperor's last campaign. Hearing the roar of cannon in the direction of Waterloo, he made earnest attempts to persuade Grouchy to march in that direction to join the Emperor, and the deaf ear that his commanding officer turned to his urgent appeal is deplored by M. de Lamartine, the latest historian of that bloody field.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.—This venerable and widely-known philanthropist died in New York on the evening of May the 7th, in the eighty-first year of his age. He joined the Society of Friends in early life, impelled thereto by his religious convictions. The following tribute to his estimable qualities is from the pen of Lydia Maria Child.

"He was a man of remarkable endowments, both of head and heart. His clear discrimination, his unconquerable will, his total unconsciousness of fear, his extraordinary tact in circumventing plans he wished to frustrate, would have made him illustrious as the general of an army; and these qualities might have become faults, if they had not been balanced by an unusual degree of conscientiousness and benevolence. He battled courageously, not from ambition, but from an inborn love of truth. He circumvented as adroitly as the most practised politician; but it was always to defeat the plans of those who oppressed God's poor—never to advance his own self-interest."

ARMAND MARRAST.—This able and distinguished man is deceased. The following eloquent obituary is from the pen of his friend, and sometime colleague, Lamartine, and first appeared in *La Presse*. The translation given is from the New York Evening Mirror.

"This morning, at eleven o'clock, a modest funeral conveyance, followed by a blind brother of the departed, supported by other brothers in tears, surrounded by a cortège of friends and former colleagues, issued, without official honours, from a house of humble appearance, in one of the most plebeian of the districts of Paris. This procession repaired first to the church, to receive the last benediction to the dead, and thence to a cemetery in the suburbs, where the corpse descended into the earth, without a voice, other than that of religion, being heard above the bier. There was present, however, many a head teeming with thoughts, many a heart teeming with tenderness, many a bosom teeming with words. But we commend this silence about things perishable on the threshold of things eternal; it is more eloquent and more religious than our idle harangues. There are seasons and circumstances when the roar of cannon is inaudible; there are moments when we seize the sound of a sigh.

"This man, who was thus borne to his final repose, and who expired almost forgotten, and in a condition of life so near to poverty, that he left scarce wherewith to purchase his coffin's length in the field of Sepulchres, held, not long since, in his hand, the power, the destiny, the public treasury of France, and was President of the Sovereign Assembly of his country.

"This man was Armand Marrast.

"I attended at his sepulture, for there is something still more base than to desert adversity—it is to desert the tomb. It is this sentiment that also leads me to pen, in the name of his afflicted family, these few lines of the epitaph of a colleague. These lines will raise no controversies. Let them have an asylum from every journal not incapable of respecting grief. Party differences should vanish on the day of funerals. In the wars of thought, as in the others, there should be a truce allowed to bury the dead. Let us efface then, for the time, the man of politics from our breasts, and suffer to speak but the man of emotion. A coffin is a bad platform whence to talk to men of their passions and opinions—that spot where human passions and opinions have their end, and where the words we utter here below go directly to soar aloft and reverberate through the calm depths of eternity. Death obliterates, death forgives, death rallies; let us do likewise, and not judge. The temporal man is by this time in presence of a Judge more just and more merciful than we.

"Armand Marrast descended from one of those families of which the antiquity in our Southern provinces constitutes the nobility; a stock apparently Spanish, which sent some offshoots across the Pyrenees. His mother, who still survives to mourn him, was, it is said, one of those superior women, at once by nature, by sentiment, and by education, who form sons after their own image. This son himself, endowed with a prodigality of intellect, of imagination, of memory, of literary taste, of predilection for prose, poetry, music, received his primary education under an ecclesiastic in the house of his father. This teacher having been afterwards placed at the head of the college of Orthez, took his pupil along with him to consummate his tuition. To this boy, at the age of seventeen, he committed the professorship of Rhetoric.

"These precocious talents brought him to the notice of General Lamark, then deputy from that province. The latter counselled the young professor to try his fame in Paris, and recommended him to his friends of the liberal party. This recommendation decided, to all appearance, the political destiny of the young man. He took up the creed and the passions of his first patrons. Some inconsiderate expressions of his, uttered over the body of Manuel, occasioned his exclusion from the career of public teaching. He then threw himself, in a moment of anger and with all his weapons of a man of letters, into the ranks of journalism. It was a fault and a misfortune, from which flowed, in my opinion, other subsequent faults and misfortunes.

"Journalism is the hot-house of glory: it ripens it in a few days, and consumes it quite as quickly. The newspaper has the disadvantages of the tribune—it makes a great noise, but it is the noise of a day; the evening extinguishes it, the night annihilates it. Save some rare exceptions, there remains of the Journalist and the Orator but a name and no works. It is sad, but it is just; time has no ears for them, because it is to what is fugitive in its passions, opinions, interests, that they address themselves. The future forgets them, because they forget the future.\* How could they spare the time to think of it?

\* "In this touch or two of a master hand, we have the philosophical explanation of the contemporary injustice to the great intellects of the world. And in its grand law of compensation, what an eloquent warning to true ambition to build upon the widening basis of the future! But true ambition needs no warning; its aspiration is a necessity. And to the false, the admonition would be idle."—(Trans.)

They are the demi-gods of the moment. Spendthrifts of their destiny, they enjoy fast; they waste their wealth in small change; they are not wise enough to lay up a treasure to be found by posterity in their tomb.

"Journalism has still another inconvenience. It deals in personality. It wounds at the heart, it strikes at opinions. It has need of *effect* to stimulate constantly the public attention; it has to seek this *effect* in exaggerated anger, in cutting sarcasm, in insulting denunciation. It is at this cost that it draws the blood and tears of the opposite party; it is at this cost that it wins the applause and the smiles of the party it serves. Unfortunate temptation of the intellectual journalist! The pen is in hand, it glides smoothly; a portrait odious or ludicrous is hit off at a stroke, a name is wounded, a man is ruined. Repentance comes to-morrow, but it is too late.

"Then the cry of his remorse is stifled, to hear but the applaudings of his vanity. Again the cruelty is repeated, and the writer is never sure of having stricken hard enough until the adversary shrieks or groans beneath the pen. One may have been kind-hearted, and thus appear inhuman; the intention was to laugh, the effect was to kill. Thus used Aristophanes to do at Athens. Marrast was, by nature, far superior to Aristophanes. His ironies—all of talent, none of heart—were but the sportings of his vigour. His railleries were from his trade, his repentances were from his soul. I myself have been sometimes the butt of them, without ever harbouring the least resentment. His goodness punished him sufficiently for the exuberance of his wit.

"He wrote at first in the *Tribune*, a journal too like a pamphlet. He expiated his excesses in the prisons. He escaped them with the audacity and dexterity of a captive who sports with locks. Having taken refuge in England, he married there and waited an amnesty. The death of Carrel—that French Junius—gave him the conduct of the *National*. It is well known what he made it—a daily masterpiece of railleries, of sarcasms, of parliamentary portraiture, of political justice and injustice, often of atticism, sometimes of statesmanship. Unfortunately this masterpiece is in scattered leaves—ask them of the winds.

"It was no longer time; the revolution knocked at the parliament doors for entrance into a Republic, the throne was vacated by the retreat of the King beyond Paris, the Chambers violated, fire-arms piled in the public squares; a half way measure could now be but a short suspension of hostilities, sure to be followed by a struggle the more bloody; an intestine struggle, organized in the government itself, between the victors still unsatisfied and the vanquished as little resigned. A frank and decided course alone responded to the circumstances, and could alone succeed in preserving society; a truce was possible but in a Republic. This was demonstrated; Marrast saw it and took a place in the government.

"Let us draw the curtain over this government, or rather over this truce, which is termed the Provisional Government. It has, these four years back, been the butt of controversy, of resentments deserved or not, of invective to every one disposed to assail it. I shall not seek to rescue it. If there be, one day, for this government, justice, impartiality, indulgence, or glory, it will find them but where Marrast is gone to seek them—in the tomb. But since every trial stands in need of witnesses, let me, too, depose my testimony in the solemn presence of the calumniated clay which we have just entombed.—During the whole existence of this difficult government, placed on every precipice which could occasion his slipping into the excesses of victory or the excesses of weakness—Marrast showed himself the reverse of what might be augured from his impetuosity of intellect and mobility of character—he showed himself *moderate* and *unswerving* in his moderation. It was the character of his every hour, and in the number there were tragic hours, wherein it was requisite to expose life

in order to save conscience.—Such is the truth. I aver it before God and before men. He has since been robbed of his glory, earned by many a toilsome day, by many a sleepless night; he has been robbed of his character, of his courage, of his disinterestedness, of his very probity. But death restores him all."

"Marrast quitted public life for a moment, after the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. He re-entered it after the days of June as representative of Paris. He was Reporter of the Constitution, a little after, President of the Assembly. He here unfolded another power of his intellect—that of governing an Assembly by means of its own self-respect, and of swaying it by respecting it.

"The Constitution once in operation, he fell into public ingratitude. To this he was resigned, and even felt it with the satisfaction of one who expected from humanity but what humanity has to give. He wrapped himself in his oblivion and obscurity as with an historical vestment which well becomes the vanquished, and which is no more put off until exchanging it for the shroud. Poverty answered for his conscience. He did not even parade it, like the Cynical Athenian, by a pride which would be superior to another pride. He concealed it, he combatted it by labour and resignation. His death has been ascribed to the sadness of a fallen ambition. This is another calumny. His heart was broken before his fall or his elevation. Obscurity became his disposition. He loved solitude and leisure; he had, like a child, something of merriment that sported with his misery—like an old man, something of repose which looks to eternity for requital. He felt his night approaching before his evening, and he accustomed himself to the tomb by solitude and even separation from his friends.

"We have just laid him in this last bed, amid a tearful and respectful people. This attitude of the spectators before a grave redeems many an injustice and many a levity of popular opinion. France has some villainous years, but she has also sublime moments. She is dust, it is true, sometimes; but this dust is never mire.

"May his soul repose in peace! may his family be consoled, and his country be not forgetful! He leaves behind him the sole edifice which it is given to the longest life to erect upon the earth, I mean a name. This name has been attached by accident to a brief time, but to great things; and of all those great things, he, perhaps, has done the most difficult—he has touched a revolution, without staining his hands therein with a drop of blood, an atom of spoil, or a single tear!

"And yet he dies fallen, you say! It is true. He believed in God and in the people. The people have deceived him; God will not deceive him. Let us pray for his soul!"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.—A Washington letter, in the Baltimore Patriot, announces the death of John Howard Payne, Esq., our Consul at Tunis, and the author of several dramatic works, and a number of other literary productions, including the popular song of "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Payne was among the first of our successful dramatists. He was the author of the tragedy of Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin, and a number of other pieces, which are among the standard acting dramas of the day.

JOHN HAVILAND.—We regret that the want of sufficient information prevents the publication in the present number of such a notice as this eminent architect deserves. Numerous buildings in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities, attest his talent; among others, the building in the latter named city, commonly called the Tombs, a noble design in the Egyptian style,—and the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia, castellated Gothic, are conspicuous. His plans for prison architecture are universally acknowledged to be so superior to all others that they have formed the models for other similar structures in Europe as well as in this country.



## LIBRARY TABLE.

THE following is a list of books before us, which have been received since making up our last number. The full and proper notices of them are necessarily postponed until our next.

- THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA.** By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. 12mo., pp. 295. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- QUEECHY.** By the author of "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD." 2 vols., 12mo., pp. 806. New York: G. P. PUTNAM.
- A PILGRIMAGE TO EGYPT.** By J. V. C. SMITH. 12mo., pp. 383. Boston: GOULD & LINCOLN. From J. W. MOORE.
- HUNGARY, IN 1851.** By CHARLES L. BRACE. 12mo., pp. 419. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
- THE CAVALIERS OF ENGLAND.** By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. 12mo., pp. 428. New York: REDFIELD. From A. HART.
- PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.** By N. PARKER WILLIS. 12mo., pp. 527. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. From A. HART.
- PYNNSHURST: HIS WANDERINGS AND WAYS OF THINKING.** By DONALD McLEOD. 12mo., pp. 431. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.
- LILLIAN, AND OTHER POEMS.** By WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. 12mo., pp. 290. New York: REDFIELD. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON.** By JOHN P. KENNEDY. 12mo., pp. 598. New York: G. P. PUTNAM. From A. HART.
- BRONCHITIS AND KINDRED DISEASES.** By W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D. 12mo., pp. 350. New York: REDFIELD. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART.** By JOHN TIMBS. 12mo., pp. 327. Philadelphia: A. HART.
- THE GLORY OF CHRIST.** By GARDINER SPRING. 2 vols., 12mo., pp. 613. New York: M. W. DODD. From W. S. MARTIEN.
- NOTES ON THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS.** By ALBERT BARNES. 12mo., pp. 506. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.
- HISTORY OF ENGLAND, IN VERSE.** By HANNAH TOWNSEND. 12mo., pp. 146. Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.
- REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIALS.** Edited by Rev. STEPHEN DODD. 12mo., pp. 69. New York: M. W. DODD.
- THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE.** By MARGARETTA MORE. 12mo., pp. 174. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER. From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
- HOMOEOPATHY, A THEORETIC DEMONSTRATION.** By M. EDGEWORTH LAZARUS, M.D. 12mo., pp. 69. New York: WILLIAM RADDE.
- ELEMENTARY LATIN GRAMMAR AND EXERCISES.** By Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ. 12mo., pp. 246. Philadelphia: BLANCHARD & LEA.
- THE PRINCIPLES OF COURTESY.** By GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY. 12mo., pp. 300. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- THE DALTONS; OR, THREE ROADS IN LIFE.** By CHARLES LEVER. 8vo., pp. 370. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.
- ARRAH NEIL.** By G. P. R. JAMES. 8vo., pp. 160. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.
- WAU-NAN-GEE; OR, THE MASSACRE OF CHICAGO.** By MAJOR RICHARDSON. 8vo., pp. 126. New York: H. LONG & BROTHER.
- ODE, KOSSUTH LAJOS.**—Addressed to the Governor of Hungary in Massachusetts. By WILLIAM DOWE. Printed for Presentation.
- THE TWO FAMILIES.** By the author of "ROSE DOUGLAS," 12mo., pp. 261. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR.** By HENRY MAYHEW. Part 18. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.
- ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.** By RICHARD CHENEVIX FRENCH. 12mo., pp. 236. New York: REDFIELD. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- THE ABBEY OF INNISMOYLE.** By GRACE KENNEDY. 18mo., pp. 173. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.
- AN EXPOSITION OF SOME OF THE LAWS OF THE LATIN GRAMMAR.** By GESSNER HARRISON, M.D. 12mo., pp. 290. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,** April. New York: LEONARD SCOTT & CO.
- SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,** May. Richmond: MACFARLANE & FERGUSON.
- THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW,** May. New York: CHAMPION BISSELL.
- BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,** April and May. New York: LEONARD SCOTT & CO.
- THE SHEKINAH; A QUARTERLY REVIEW,** April. Bridgeport, Ct.: S. B. BRITTAN.
- THE PENNSYLVANIA FARM JOURNAL,** May. Lancaster, Pa.: A. M. SPANGLER.
- THE KNICKERBOCKER,** May. New York: SAMUEL HUESTON.
- THE MASONIC JOURNAL,** April and May. Marietta, Ga.: J. B. RANDALL & I. N. LOOMIS.
- THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL,** May. Philadelphia: B. R. LOXLEY.
- LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION,** No. 22. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.
- TO-DAY.**—A Boston Literary Journal, edited by CHARLES HALE. REDDING & CO.
- CHURCH'S BIZARRE, FOR FIRESIDE AND WAYSIDE.** Philadelphia: CHURCH & CO.
- NORTON'S LITERARY GAZETTE.** New York: CHARLES B. NORTON.
- SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.** Charleston, S. C.: WALKER, RICHARDS & CO.
- THE MUSICAL TIMES.** New York: D. M. COLE.
- BLEAK HOUSE, No. 3.** By CHARLES DICKENS. 12mo., pp. 48. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,** April. New York: LEONARD SCOTT & CO. From W. B. ZIEBER.
- THE NECROMANCER; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF HENRY VIII.** By GEO. W. M. REYNOLDS. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON. 8vo., pp. 210.
- ECLECTIC MAGAZINE FOR MAY.** New York: W. H. BIDWELL. 8vo., pp. 144.
- THE OPAL, FOR MAY.** Edited by the Patients of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y.
- SUMMER GLEANINGS.** By JOHN TODD, D.D. Northampton: HOPKINS, BRIDGMAN & CO. 12mo., pp. 231. From THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
- BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,** for May. New York: LEONARD, SCOTT & CO. From ZIEBER.
- CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.** Vol. 2. (Complete in itself.) Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN, pp. 189.

# You Love Me Not.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

WORDS BY CHARLES MACKAY.

*Very slow, and plaintively.*



Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The music is marked *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.



First vocal entry. The melody begins with the lyrics "You love me not as once you loved; Your". The piano accompaniment is marked *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *pp* (pianissimo), and *p* (piano).



Second vocal entry. The melody continues with the lyrics "face your truth de - nies; And when you speak of faith un-changed, I doubt you, by your". The piano accompaniment continues with the same dynamic markings.



eyes. A spi - rit looks from you to me, Dis - co-ver'd, tho' un - seen, Whose

whis-pers min - gle with your vow, And tell me what you mean! And tell me what you

mean!

*pp p f p cres. f pp*

## SECOND VERSE.

The secret sympathies of love  
 Give warning to my pride;  
 Your look, your smile, your very touch,  
 Reveal what you would hide.  
 I cannot prove the truths I feel,  
 But, ah! my heart is sore:—  
 The dreams of happy love are past;  
 The world is mine no more!

## FASHIONS.



*Bridal Costume.*—Robe of rich white moire antique,—the corsage made high to the throat. A single flounce of point d'Angleterre covers nearly two-thirds of the jupe, and is headed by a ruche of tulle. The corsage is trimmed in front with two rows of point d'Angleterre, and between these rows of lace are small bows of white satin riband. The lowest bow—that at the point of the corsage—has long, flowing ends, reaching nearly to the edge of the jupe. The loose sleeves are of the usual form, but slit up, at the back part of the arm, to the height of the elbow, and edged with rows of lace like that in front of the corsage. Bridal veil of tulle illusion, edged with a broad hem. It is fixed with pins over a wreath of orange-blossoms, intermingled with white roses. Slippers of white figured silk.

The new evening costumes most distinguished for novelty of style include, among others, one consisting of white moire antique. The skirt is open on each side, and the edges of the opening are attached by a trimming of rows or frills of lace, each headed by a small cordon of violets. This trimming is disposed in the échelle manner, the cordons of violets being fastened at each end by agrafes of the same flowers, with long, drooping blades of grass, the latter flowing like narrow riband. A small bouquet of violets, with drooping blades of grass, is placed on each shoulder at the upper part of the sleeve; and three cordons of violets, issuing from the bouquets, pass along the front of the corsage and down the centre, where they are fastened by a bouquet of the same flowers.



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THE FINE ARTS, 97.—Art for the Cottager.—Decorations of the Roman Catacombs.—Michael Angelo as a Poet.—Tuerlinck's Statue of Margaret of Austria.—School of Art at Malines.—Genoese Monument to Christopher Columbus.—The Last Descendant of Columbus.—French Vandalism in Genoa.—Monument to Marshal Ney.—Parisian Improvements.—Colour in Female Apparel.

MUSICAL ITEMS.—Cruvelli and Belletti.—Madame Giulienne.—The Operatic-Star War in London.—History of Music.—Charles Braham.—Johanna Wagner.—Mdle. Speyer, the eminent Jewish Pianiste.—Lablache and Grisi.—Mdle. Clauss.—Ernst.—Musical Instruction.—German School of Music.

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